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The

WORKS

of

SHAKESPEARE,

Volume the ſixth:

containing,

Henry V;
Henry VI. *Part* I;
Henry VI. *Part* II;
Henry VI. *Part* III.

LONDON:
Printed for J. *and* R. TONSON *in the Strand.*

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HENRY V.

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Perſons represented.

King Henry *the fifth*:
Dukes of Bedford, *and* Gloſter, *his Brothers:*
Duke of Exeter, *his Uncle.*
Duke of York. *Archbiſhop of* Canterbury.
Earls of Warwick, Weſtmoreland, Salisbury,
and Cambridge. *Biſhop of* Ely. *Lord* Scroop.
Sir Thomas Grey, *and Sir* Thomas Erpingham.
Gower, Fluellen, Jamy, *and* Macmorris, *Officers*;
Bates, Court, *and* Williams, *Soldiers in the King's Army:*
Nym, Piſtol, *and* Bardolph, *Soldiers in the ſame*;
Boy, their Companion. a Herald. Chorus.
Charles *the ſixth, the* French *King:*
Dauphin, his Son. Conſtable of France.
Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, *and* Burgundy.
Lords Grandprée, *and* Rambures. *an Embaſſador.*
Governor of Harfleur. Mountjoy, *a Herald.*
a Meſſenger. a French *Gentleman.*

Isabel, *the* French *Queen:*
Catherine, *her Daughter.*
Alice, *a Lady attending* Catherine.
Hoſteſs, Wiſe to Piſtol.

Divers other Attendants, Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, &c. French *and* Engliſh.

Scene, diſperſ'd; *in* England, *and* France.

HENRY V.

ACT I.

Enter Chorus.

O, for a muſe of fire, that would aſcend
The brighteſt heaven of invention!
A kingdom for a ſtage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the ſwelling ſcene!
Then ſhould the warlike *Harry*, like himſelf,
Aſſume the port of *Mars*; and, at his heels,
Leaſh'd in like hounds, ſhould famine, ſword, and fire,
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraiſed ſpirit, that hath dar'd,
On this unworthy ſcaffold, to bring forth
So great an object: Can this cock-pit hold
The vaſty field of *France?* or may we cram,
Within this wooden O, the very caſques
That did affright the air at *Agincourt?*
O, pardon! ſince a crooked figure may
Atteſt, in little place, a million;

And let us, cyphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work:
Suppose, within the girdle of these walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
Whose high-upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts aſunder:
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thouſand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puiſſance:
Think, when we talk of horſes, that you ſee them
Printing their proud hoofs i'the receiving earth:
For 'tis your thoughts that now muſt deck our kings,
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times;
Turning the accompliſhment of many years
Into an hour-glaſs; For the which ſupply,
Admit me chorus to this hiſtory;
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play. [*Exit.*

SCENE I. London. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Enter the Archbiſhop of CANTERBURY,
and the Biſhop of ELY.

CAN. My lord, I'll tell you,—that ſelf bill is urg'd,
Which, in the eleventh year o'the laſt king's reign,
Was like, and had indeed againſt us paſſ'd,
But that the ſcambling and unquiet time
Did puſh it out of farther queſtion.

ELY. But how, my lord, ſhall we reſiſt it now?

CAN. It muſt be thought on. If it paſs againſt us,
We loſe the better half of our poſſeſſion:
For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By teſtament have given to the church,

Would they ſtrip from us; being valu'd thus,—
As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,
Full fifteen earls, and fifteen hundred knights;
Six thouſand and two hundred good eſquires;
And, to relief of lazars, and weak age,
Of indigent faint ſouls, paſt corporal toil,
A hundred alms-houſes, right well ſupply'd;
And to the coffers of the king, beſide,
A thouſand pounds by the year: Thus runs the bill.
Ely. This would drink deep.
Can. 'Twould drink the cup and all.
Ely. But what prevention?
Can. The king is full of grace, and fair regard:
Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.
Can. The courſes of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no ſooner left his father's body,
But that his wildneſs, mortify'd in him,
Seem'd to die too: yea, at that very moment,
Conſideration like an angel came,
And whip'd the offending *Adam* out of him;
Leaving his body as a paradiſe,
To envelop and contain celeſtial ſpirits.
Never was ſuch a ſudden ſcholar made:
Never came reformation in a flood,
With ſuch a heady current, ſcouring faults;
Nor never hydra-headed wilfulneſs
So ſoon did loſe his ſeat, and all at once,
As in this king.
Ely. We are bleſſed in the change.
Can. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wiſh
You would desire, the king were made a prelate:

Hear him debate of common-wealth affairs,
You would ſay — it hath been all-in-all his ſtudy:
Liſt his diſcourſe of war, and you ſhall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in muſick:
Turn him to any cauſe of policy,
The *Gordian* knot of it he will unlooſe,
Familiar as his garter; that, when he ſpeaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is ſtill,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To ſteal his ſweet and honey'd ſentences;
So that the art and practic part of life
Muſt be the miſtreſs to this theorique:
Which is a wonder, how his grace ſhould glean it;
Since his addiction was to courſes vain;
His companies unletter'd, rude, and ſhallow;
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, ſports;
And never noted in him any ſtudy,
Any retirement, any ſequeſtration
From open haunts and popularity.
Ely. The ſtrawberry grows underneath the nettle;
And wholſome berries thrive and ripen beſt,
Neighbour'd by fruit of baſer quality:
And ſo the prince obſcur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildneſs; which, no doubt,
Grew like the ſummer graſs, faſteſt by night,
Unſeen, yet creſcive in his faculty.
Can. It muſt be ſo: for miracles are ceaſ'd;
And therefore we muſt needs admit the means,
How things are perfected.
Ely. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urg'd by the commons? Doth his majeſty

Incline to it, or no?
Can. He ſeems indifferent;
Or, rather, ſwaying more upon our part,
Than cheriſhing the exhibiters againſt us:
For I have made an offer to his majeſty,—
Upon our ſpiritual convocation;
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
As touching *France*,—to give a greater ſum,
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predeceſſors part withal.
Ely. How did this offer ſeem receiv'd, my lord?
Can. With good acceptance of his majeſty:
Save, that there was not time enough to hear
(As, I perceiv'd, his grace would fain have done)
The ſeverals, and unhidden paſſages,
Of his true titles to ſome certain dukedoms;
And, generally, to the crown and ſeat of *France*,
Deriv'd from *Edward*, his great grandfather.
Ely. What was the impediment that broke this off?
Can. The *French* ambaſſador, upon that inſtant,
Crav'd audience: and the hour, I think, is come,
To give him hearing; Is it four o'clock?
Ely. It is.
Can. Then go we in, to know his embaſſy:
Which I could, with a ready gueſs, declare,
Before the *Frenchman* ſpeaks a word of it.
Ely. I'll wait upon you; and I long to hear it. [*Ex.*

SCENE II. *The ſame. A Room of State in the ſame.*
Enter King Henry, *and Train of Nobles*; *Dukes of* Bedford, Gloſter, *and* EXETER; *Earl of* WESTMORELAND, &c.

Kin. Where is my gracious lord of *Canterbury?*
Exe. Not here in presence.
Kin. Send for him, good uncle. [*Exit an Att.*
Wes. Shall we call in the ambaſſador, my liege?
Kin. Not yet, my cousin; we would be resolv'd,
Before we hear him, of ſome things of weight,
That taſk our thoughts, concerning us and *France.*

Enter Canterbury, *and* Ely.

Can. God, and his angels, guard your ſacred throne,
And make you long become it!
Kin. Sure, we thank you.
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed;
And juſtly and religiouſly unfold,
Why the law *Salique*, which they have in *France*,
Or ſhould, or ſhould not, bar us in our claim.
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you ſhould faſhion, wreſt, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your underſtanding ſoul
With opening titles miſcreate, whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth;
For God doth know, how many, now in health,
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence ſhall incite us to:
Therefore take heed how you impawn our perſon,
How you awake the ſleeping ſword of war;
We charge you in the name of God, take heed:
For never two ſuch kingdoms did contend,
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltleſs drops
Are every one a woe, a ſore complaint,
'Gainſt him, whose wrong gives edge unto the ſword
That makes ſuch waſte in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration, ſpeak, my lord:

And we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That what you ſpeak is in your conſcience waſh'd
As pure as ſin with baptism. [peers,
CAN. Then hear me, gracious ſovereign,—and you
That owe yourſelves, your lives, and ſervices,
To this imperial throne;—There is no bar
To make againſt your highneſs' claim to *France*,
But this, which they produce from *Pharamond*,—
In terram Salicam mulieres né ſuccedant,
No woman ſhall ſucceed in Salique *land:*
Which *Salique* land the *French* unjuſtly gloze
To be the realm of *France*, and *Pharamond*
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,
That the land *Salique* is in *Germany*,
Between the floods of *Sala* and of *Elbe:*
Where *Charles* the great, having ſubdu'd the *Saxons*,
There left behind and ſettl'd certain *French*;
Who, holding in diſdain the *German* women
For ſome unhoneſt manners of their life,
Eſtabliſh'd there this law,—to wit, No female
Should be inheritrix in *Salique* land;
Which *Salique*, as I ſaid, 'twixt *Elbe* and *Sala*,
Is, at this day, in *Germany* call'd—*Meiſen*.
Thus doth it well appear, the *Salique* law
Was not deviſed for the realm of *France:*
Nor did the *French* poſſeſs the *Salique* land
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of king *Pharamond*,
Idly ſuppos'd the founder of this law;
Who dy'd within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty ſix; and *Charles* the great

16 v. *Note*.

Subdu'd the *Saxons*, and did ſeat the *French*
Beyond the river *Sala*, in the year
Eight hundred five. Beſides, their writers ſay,
King *Pepin*, which depoſed *Childerick*,
Did, as heir general, being deſcended
Of *Blithild*, which was daughter to king *Clothair*,
Make claim and title to the crown of *France*.
Hugh Capet alſo,—that usurp'd the crown
Of *Charles* the duke of *Lorain*, ſole heir male
Of the true line and ſtock of *Charles* the great,—
To fine his title with ſome ſhow of truth,
(When, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught).
Convey'd himſelf as heir to the lady *Lingare*,
Daughter to *Charlemain*, who was the ſon
To *Lewis* the emperor, and *Lewis* the ſon
Of *Charles* the great. Alſo king *Lewis* the ninth,
Who was ſole heir to the usurper *Capet*,
Could not keep quiet in his conſcience,
Wearing the crown of *France*, 'till ſatiſfy'd
That fair queen *Isabel*, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the lady *Ermengare*,
Daughter to *Charles* the foreſaid duke of *Lorain*;
By the which marriage, the line of *Charles* the great
Was re-united to the crown of *France*.
So that, as clear as is the ſummer's ſun,
King *Pepin*'s title, and *Hugh Capet*'s claim,
King *Lewis* his ſatiſfaction, all appear
To hold in right and title of the female:
So do the kings of *France* unto this day;
Howbeit they would hold up this *Salique* law,
To bar your highneſs claiming from the female;
And rather choose to hide them in a net,

Than amply to unbare their crooked titles,
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors. [claim?
Kin. May I, with right and conſcience, make this
Can. The ſin upon my head, dread ſovereign!
For in the book of *Numbers* is it writ—
When the ſon dies, let the inheritance
Deſcend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
Look back unto your mighty anceſtors:
Go, my dread lord, to your great grandſire's grave,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike ſpirit,
And your great uncle's, *Edward* the black prince;
Who on the *French* ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of *France*;
Whiles his moſt mighty father on a hill
Stood ſmiling, to behold his lyon's whelp
Forage in blood of *French* nobility.—
O noble *Engliſh*, that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of *France*;
And let another half ſtand laughing by,
All out of work, and cold for action!
Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puiſſant arm renew their feats:
You are their heir, you ſit upon their throne;
The blood and courage, that renowned them,
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puiſſant liege
Is in the very *May*-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprizes.
Exe. Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
Do all expect that you ſhould rouze yourſelf,
As did the former lions of your blood. [and might;
Wes. They know, your grace hath cause, and means,

[8] imbarre

So hath your highneſs; never king of *England*
Had nobles richer, and more loyal ſubjects;
Whoſe hearts have left their bodies here in *England*,
And lye pavilion'd in the fields of *France*.
CAN. O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
With blood, and ſword, and fire, to win your right:
In aid whereof, we of the ſpiritualty
Will raiſe your highneſs ſuch a mighty ſum,
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your anceſtors.
Kin. We muſt not only arm to invade the *French*;
But lay down our proportions to defend
Againſt the *Scot*, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.
CAN. They of thoſe marches, gracious ſovereign,
Shall be a wall ſufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.
Kin. We do not mean the courſing ſnatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the *Scot*,
Who hath been ſtill a giddy neighbour to us:
For you ſhall read, that my great grandfather
Never went with his forces into *France*,
But that the *Scot* on his unfurniſh'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulneſs of his force;
Galling the gleaned land with hot aſſays;
Girding with grievous ſiege caſtles, and towns;
That *England*, being empty of defence,
Hath ſhook and trembl'd at the ill neigbourhood.
CAN. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd,
For hear her but exampl'd by herſelf,— [my liege:
When all her chivalry hath been in *France*,

And ſhe a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herſelf not only well defended,
But taken, and impounded as a ſtray,
The king of *Scots*; whom ſhe did ſend to *France*,
To fill king *Edward*'s fame with priſoner kings;
And make her chronicle as rich with praiſe,
As is the ouſe and bottom of the ſea
With ſunken wreck and ſumleſs treaſuries.
Wes. But there's a ſaying, very old and true,—
If that you will France *win*,
Then with Scotland *firſt begin:*
For once the eagle *England* being in prey,
To her unguarded neſt the weazel *Scot*
Comes ſneaking, and ſo ſucks her princely eggs;
Playing the mouſe, in abſence of the cat,
To taint and havock more than ſhe can eat.
Exe. It follows then, the cat muſt ſtay at home:
Yet that is but a crude neceſſity;
Since we have locks to ſafeguard neceſſaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The adviſed head defends itſelf at home:
For government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one conſent;
Congruing in a full and natural cloſe,
Like muſick.
Can. True: therefore doth heaven divide
The ſtate of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or but,
Obedience: for ſo work the honey bees;
Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach

[6] their [16] tame and [18] cruſh'd [25] Congreeing

The art of order to a peopl'd kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of ſorts:
Where ſome, like magiſtrates, correct at home:
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad:
Others, like ſoldiers, armed in their ſtings,
Make boot upon the ſummer's velvet bud;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor:
Who, busy'd in his majeſty, ſurveys
The ſinging maſon building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
The poor mechanick porters crouding in
Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate;
The ſad-ey'd juſtice, with his ſurly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,—
That many things, having full reference
To one conſent, may work contrariouſly:
As many arrows, looſed ſeveral ways,
Fly to one mark;
As many ſeveral ways meet in one town;
As many freſh ſtreams run in one ſelf ſea;
As many lines close in the dial's center;
So may a thouſand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well born
Without defeat. Therefore to *France*, my liege.
Divide your happy *England* into four;
Whereof take you one quarter into *France*,
And you withal ſhall make all *Gallia* ſhake:
If we, with thrice that power left at home,
Cannot defend our own door from the dog,
Let us be worry'd; and our nation lose

The name of hardineſs, and policy.
Kin. Call in the meſſengers ſent from the dauphin.
[*Exeunt ſome Attendants. King takes his Throne.*
Now are we well reſolv'd: and,—by God's help;
And yours, the noble ſinews of our power,—
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces: Or there we'll ſit,
Ruling, in large and ample empery,
O'er *France*, and all her almoſt kingly dukedoms;
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombleſs, with no remembrance over them:
Either our hiſtory ſhall, with full mouth,
Speak freely of our acts; or elſe our grave,
Like *Turkiſh* mute, ſhall have a tongueleſs mouth,
Not worſhip'd with a waxen epitaph.—
Enter certain Embaſſadors, *and Train, uſher'd.*
Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleaſure
Of our fair couſin dauphin; for, we hear,
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.
Emb. Pleaſeth your majeſty, to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge;
Or ſhall we ſparingly ſhew you far off
The dauphin's meaning, and our embaſſy?
Kin. We are no tyrant, but a chriſtian king;
Unto whose grace our paſſion is as ſubject;
As are our wretches fetter'd in our priſons:
Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plainneſs,
Tell us the dauphin's mind.
Emb. Thus then, in few.
Your highneſs, lately ſending into *France*,
Did claim ſome certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predeceſſor, *Edward* the third.

In anſwer of which claim, the prince our maſter
Says,—that you ſavour too much of your youth,
And bids you be advis'd; there's nought in *France*,
That can be with a nimble galliard won;
You cannot revel into dukedoms there:
He therefore ſends you, meeter for your ſpirit,
This tun † of treasure; and, in lieu of this,
Desires you, let the dukedoms, that you claim,
Hear no more of you. This the dauphin ſpeaks.
Kin. What treasure, uncle?
Exe. Tennis-balls, my liege.
Kin. We are glad, the dauphin is ſo pleasant with us;
His present, and your pains, we thank you for:
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will, in *France*, by God's grace, play a ſet,
Shall ſtrike his father's crown into the hazard:
Tell him, he hath made a match with ſuch a wrangler,
That all the courts of *France* will be diſturb'd
With chaces. And we underſtand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what uſe we made of them.
We never valu'd this poor ſeat of *England*;
And therefore, living hence, did give ourſelf
To barbarous licence, As 'tis ever common,
That men are merrieſt when they are from home:
But tell the dauphin,—I will keep my ſtate,
Be like a king, and ſhew my ſail of greatneſs,
When I do rouze me in my throne of *France*:
For that I have lay'd by my majeſty,
And plodded like a man for working-days;
But I will rise there with ſo full a glory,
That I will dazzle all the eyes of *France*,

Yea, ſtrike the dauphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleasant prince,—this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-ſtones; and his ſoul
Shall ſtand ſore charged for the waſteful vengeance
That ſhall fly with them: for many a thousand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands;
Mock mothers from their ſons, mock caſtles down;
And ſome are yet ungotten, and unborn,
That ſhall have cause to curſe the dauphin's ſcorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal; And in whose name,
Tell you the dauphin, I am coming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
So, get you hence in peace: and tell the dauphin,—
His jeſt will ſavour but of ſhallow wit,
When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it.—
Convey them with ſafe conduct.—Fare you well.
[*Exeunt* Embaſſadors.

Exe. This was a merry meſſage.
Kin. We hope to make the ſender bluſh at it.
[*coming from his Throne*.
Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour,
That may give furtherance to our expedition:
For we have now no thought in us, but *France*;
Save those to God, that run before our buſineſs.
Therefore, let our proportions for these wars
Be ſoon collected; and all things thought upon,
That may, with reasonable ſwiftneſs, add
More feathers to our wings: for, God before,
We'll chide this dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore, let every man now taſk his thought,

That this fair action may on foot be brought. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter Chorus.

Now all the youth of *England* are on fire,
And ſilken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;
Now thrive the armorers, and honour's thought
Reigns ſolely in the breaſt of every man:
They ſell the paſture now, to buy the horſe;
Following the mirror of all chriſtian kings,
With winged heels, as *Engliſh Mercuries.*
For now ſits expectation in the air;
And hides a ſword, from hilts unto the point,
With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets,
Promis'd to *Harry*, and his followers.
The *French*, advis'd by good intelligence
Of this moſt dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear; and with pale policy
Seek to divert the *Engliſh* purposes.
O, *England*,—model to thy inward greatneſs,
Like little body with a mighty heart,—
What might'ſt thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But ſee thy fault! *France* hath in thee found out
A neſt of hollow bosoms, which ſhe fills
With treacherous crowns: and three corrupted men—
One, *Richard* earl of *Cambridge*; and the ſecond,
Henry lord *Scroop* of *Maſham*; and the third,
Sir *Thomas Grey* knight of *Northumberland*,—
Have, for the gilt of *France*, (o, guilt indeed!)

27 he

Confirm'd conſpiracy with fearful *France*;
And by their hands this grace of kings muſt die,
(If hell and treaſon hold their promiſes)
Ere he take ſhip for *France*, e'en in *Southampton*.
Linger your patience on; and well digeſt
The abuſe of diſtance, while we force a play.
The ſum is pay'd; the traitors are agreed;
The king is ſet from *London*; and the ſcene
Is now tranſported, gentles, to *Southampton*:
There is the play-houſe now, there muſt you ſit:
And thence to *France* ſhall we convey you ſafe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow ſeas
To give you gentle paſs; for, if we may,
We'll not offend one ſtomach with our play.
But, 'till the king come forth, and not 'till then,
Unto *Southampton* do we ſhift our ſcene. [*Exit.*

SCENE I. *The ſame. A Street.*

Enter BARDOLPH, *and* NYM, *meeting.*

Bar. Well met, corporal *Nym.*

Nym. Good morrow, lieutenant *Bardolph.*

Bar. What, are ancient *Piſtol* and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I ſay little; but when time ſhall ſerve, there ſhall be ſmiles;—but that ſhall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink, and hold out mine iron: It is a ſimple one; But what though? it will toaſt cheese; and it will endure cold, as another man's ſword will: and there's an end.

Bar. I will beſtow a breakfaſt, to make you friends; and we'll be all three ſworn brothers to *France*: let it be ſo, good corporal *Nym.*

Nym. 'Faith, I will live ſo long as I may, that's the

[4] and in [5] wee'l

certain of it; and, when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: that is my reſt, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bar. It is certain, corporal, that he is marry'd to *Nell Quickly*: and, certainly, ſhe did you wrong; for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell; things muſt be as they may: Men may ſleep; and they may have their throats about them at that time; and, ſome ſay, knives have edges. It muſt be as it may: though patience be a tired mare, yet ſhe will plod. There muſt be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter PISTOL, *and the* Hoſteſs.

Bar. Here comes ancient *Piſtol*, and his wife:— good corporal, be patient here.—How now, mine hoſt *Piſtol?*

Pis. Baſe tike, call'ſt thou me-hoſt?
Now, by this hand I ſwear, I ſcorn the term;
Nor ſhall my *Nell* keep lodgers.

Hoſ. No, by my troth, not long: for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, that live honeſtly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-houſe ſtraight. [Nym, *and* Piſtol, *eye one another, and draw.*] O wel-a-day, lady, if he be not drawn now! we ſhall ſee wilful adultery and murther committed.

Bar. Good ancient,—good corporal,—offer nothing here. [*going between them.*

Nym. Piſh!

Pis. Piſh for thee, *Iseland* dog; thou prick-ear'd cur of *Iseland.*

Hoſ. Good corporal *Nym*, ſhew the valour of a man,

[25] not hewne now [27] Good lieutenant

and put up your ſword.

Nym. Will you ſhog off? I would have you *ſolus*.

Pis. *Solus*, egregious dog? O viper vile!
The *ſolus* in thy moſt marvellous face;
The *ſolus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy;
And, which is worſe, within thy naſty mouth!
I do retort the *ſolus* in thy bowels:
For I can talk; and *Piſtol*'s cock is up,
And flaſhing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not *Barbaſon*; you cannot conjure me. I have an humour to knock you indifferently well: If you grow foul with me, *Piſtol*, I will ſcour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms: If you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may; and that's the humour of it.

Pis. O braggard vile, and damned furious wight!
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;
Therefore exhale.

Bar. Hear me, hear me what I ſay:—he that ſtrikes the firſt ſtroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a ſoldier.

Pis. An oath of mickle might, and fury ſhall abate.—
Give me thy fiſt, [*to* Nym.] thy fore-foot to me give;
Thy ſpirits are moſt tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms; that is the humour of it. [again.

Pis. *Coupe le gorge*, that's the word?—I thee defy
O hound of *Crete*, think'ſt thou my ſpouse to get?
No; to the ſpital go,
And from the powd'ring tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar kite of *Creſſid*'s kind,

Doll Tear-ſheet ſhe by name, and her eſpouſe:
I have, and I will hold, the *quondam Quickly*
For the only ſhe; and—*Pauca*, there's enough.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine hoſt *Piſtol*, you muſt come to my maſter,—and you hoſteſs;—he is very ſick, and would to bed.—Good *Bardolph*, put thy face between his ſheets, and do the office of a warming-pan: 'faith, he's very ill.

Bar. Away, you rogue.

Hoſ. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of theſe days: the king has kill'd his heart.—Good huſband, come home preſently. [*Ex.* Hoſteſs, *and* Boy.

Bar. Come, ſhall I make you two friends? We muſt to *France* together; Why, the devil, ſhould we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pis. Let floods o'er-ſwell, and fiends for food howl [on!

Nym. You'll pay me the eight ſhillings, I won of you at betting?

Pis. Baſe is the ſlave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have; that's the humour of it.

Pis. As manhood ſhall compound; Puſh home.

Bar. By this ſword, he that makes the firſt thruſt, I'll kill him; by this ſword, I will.

Pis. Sword is an oath, and oaths muſt have their [courſe.

Bar. Corporal *Nym*, an thou wilt be friends, be friends: an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too: Pry'thee, put up.

Nym. I ſhall have my eight ſhillings, I won of you at betting?

Pis. A noble ſhalt thou have, and preſent pay;
And liquor likewiſe will I give to thee,
And friendſhip ſhall combine, and brotherhood:

---

[6] your Hoſteſſe

I'll live by *Nym*, and *Nym* ſhall live by me;—
Is not this juſt?—for I ſhall ſutler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

Nym. I ſhall have my noble?

Pis. In caſh moſt juſtly pay'd.

Nym. Well then, that's the humour of it.

Re-enter Hoſteſs.

Hoſ. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to ſir *John*: Ah, poor heart! he is ſo ſhak'd of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is moſt lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The king hath run bad humours on the knight, that's the even of it.

Pis. *Nym*, thou haſt ſpoke the right;
His heart is fracted, and corroborate.

Nym. The king is a good king: but it muſt be as it may; he paſſes ſome humours, and careers.

Pis. Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins, we will live. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Southampton. *A Hall of Council.*

Enter Bedford, Exeter, *and* Westmoreland.

Bed. 'Fore God, his grace is bold, to truſt these traitors.

Exe. They ſhall be apprehended by and by.

Wes. How ſmooth and even they do bear themſelves!
As if allegiance in their bosoms ſat,
Crowned with faith, and conſtant loyalty.

Bed. The king hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.

Wes. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours,—

That he ſhould, for a foreign purſe, ſo ſell
His ſovereign's life to death and treachery!

Trumpets. Enter King Henry; *the Lords* SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE, *Sir* Thomas GREY, *and Others.*

Kin. Now ſits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My lord of *Cambridge*,—and my kind lord of *Maſham*,—
And you, my gentle knight,—give me your thoughts:
Think you not, that the powers we bear with us
Will cut their paſſage through the force of *France*;
Doing the execution, and the act,
For which we have in head aſſembl'd them?

Scr. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his beſt.

Kin. I doubt not that: ſince we are well perſuaded,
We carry not a heart with us from hence,
That grows not in a fair conſent with ours;
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wiſh
Succeſs and conqueſt to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd, and lov'd,
Than is your majeſty; there's not, I think, a ſubject,
That ſits in heart-grief and uneasineſs
Under the ſweet ſhade of your government.

Gre. Even those, that were your father's enemies,
Have ſteep'd their galls in honey; and do ſerve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

Kin. We therefore have great cause of thankfulneſs;
And ſhall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,
According to the weight and worthineſs.

Scr. So ſervice ſhall with ſteeled ſinews toil;
And labour ſhall refreſh itſelf with hope,
To do your grace inceſſant ſervices.

Kin. We judge no leſs.—Uncle of *Exeter*,

Enlarge the man committed yeſterday,
That rail'd againſt our perſon: we conſider,
It was exceſs of wine that ſet him on;
And, on his more advice, we pardon him.
SCR. That's mercy, but too much ſecurity:
Let him be puniſh'd, ſovereign; leſt example
Breed, by his ſufferance, more of ſuch a kind.
KIN. O, let us yet be merciful.
CAM. So may your highneſs, and yet puniſh too.
GRE. Sir, you ſhew great mercy, if you give him life,
After the taſte of much correction.
KIN. Alas, your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orisons 'gainſt this poor wretch:
If little faults, proceeding on diſtemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how ſhall we ſtretch our eye,
When capital crimes, chew'd, ſwallow'd, and digeſted,
Appear before us?—We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though *Cambridge*, *Scroop*, and *Grey*,—in their dear care
And tender preservation of our perſon,—
Would have him puniſh'd. And now to our *French* cauſes;
Who are the late commiſſioners?
CAM. I one, my lord;
Your highneſs bad me aſk for it to-day.
SCR. So did you me, my liege.
GRE. And me, my royal ſovereign.
KIN. Then, *Richard* earl of *Cambridge*, there ╤ is yours;—
There ╤ yours, lord *Scroop* of *Maſham*;—and, ſir knight,
Grey of *Northumberland*, this ╤ ſame is yours;—
Read them; and know, I know your worthineſs.—
My lord of *Weſtmoreland*,—and uncle *Exeter*,—
We will aboard to-night.—Why, how now, gentlemen?
What ſee you in thoſe papers, that you loſe

So much complexion?—look ye, how they change!
Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you there,
That hath ſo cowarded and chac'd your blood
Out of appearance.

Cam. I do confeſs my fault; and do ſubmit me
To your highneſs' mercy.

Scr. Gre. To which we all appeal.

Kin. The mercy, that was quick in us but late,
By your own counſel is ſuppreſſ'd and kill'd:
You muſt not dare, for ſhame, to talk of mercy;
For your own reaſons turn into your boſoms,
As dogs upon their maſters, worrying them.—
See you, my princes, and my noble peers,
These *Engliſh* monſters: My lord of *Cambridge* here,—
You know, how apt our love was, to accord
To furniſh him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conſpir'd,
And ſworn unto the practiſes of *France*,
To kill us here in *Hampton*: to the which,
This knight,—no leſs for bounty bound to us
Than *Cambridge* is,—hath likewiſe ſworn.—But, o,
What ſhall I ſay to thee, lord *Scroop*; thou cruel,
Ingrateful, ſavage, and inhuman creature!
Thou, that didſt bear the key of all my counſels,
That knew'ſt the very bottom of my ſoul,
That almoſt might'ſt have coin'd me into gold,
Would'ſt thou have practic'd on me for thy uſe?
May it be poſſible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one ſpark of evil,
That might annoy my finger? 'tis ſo ſtrange,
That, though the truth of it ſtands off as groſs

As black from white, my eye will ſcarcely ſee it.
Treaſon, and murther, ever kept together,
As two yoak-devils ſworn to either's purpoſe,
Working ſo groſſly in a natural cauſe,
That admiration did not whoop at them;
But thou, 'gainſt all proportion, didſt bring in
Wonder, to wait on treaſon, and on murther:
And whatſoever cunning fiend it was,
That wrought upon thee ſo prepoſt'rouſly,
H'ath got the voice in hell for excellence:
All other devils, that ſuggeſt by treaſons,
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd
From gliſt'ring ſemblances of piety;
But he, that temper'd thee, bad thee ſtand up,
Gave thee no inſtance why thou ſhould'ſt do treaſon,
Unleſs to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that ſame dæmon, that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vaſty *Tartar* back,
And tell the legions—I can never win
A ſoul ſo eaſy as that *Engliſhman*'s.
O, how haſt thou with jealouſy infected
The ſweetneſs of affiance! Shew men dutiful?
Why, ſo didſt thou: Or ſeem they grave, and learned?
Why, ſo didſt thou: Come they of noble family?
Why, ſo didſt thou: Seem they religious?
Why, ſo didſt thou: Or are they ſpare in diet;
Free from groſs paſſion, or of mirth, or anger;
Conſtant in ſpirit, not ſwerving with the blood;
Garniſh'd and deck'd in modeſt complement;
Not working with the eye, without the ear,

[10] Hath [11] And other

And, but in purged judgment, truſting neither?
Such, and ſo finely boulted, didſt thou ſeem:
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man, the beſt indu'd,
With ſome ſuſpicion. I will weep for thee;
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man.—Their faults are open,
Arreſt them to the anſwer of the law;—
And God acquit them of their practices!

Exe. I arreſt thee of high-treaſon, by the name of *Richard* earl of *Cambridge.*—I arreſt thee of high-treaſon, by the name of *Henry* lord *Scroop* of *Maſham.*—I arreſt thee of high-treaſon, by the name of *Thomas Grey* knight of *Northumberland.*

Scr. Our purpoſes God juſtly hath diſcover'd;
And I repent my fault, more than my death:
Which I beſeech your highneſs to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me,—the gold of *France* did not ſeduce;
Although I did admit it as a motive,
The ſooner to effect what I intended:
But God be thanked for prevention;
Which I in ſufferance heartily will rejoice,
Beſeeching God, and you, to pardon me.

Gre. Never did faithful ſubject more rejoice
At the diſcovery of moſt dangerous treaſon,
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myſelf,
Prevented from a damned enterprize:
My fault, but not my body, pardon, ſovereign.

Kin. God quit you in his mercy! Hear your ſentence.
You have conſpir'd againſt our royal perſon,
Join'd with an enemy, and from his coffers

---

4 make thee full fraught man, and beſt   32 enemy proclaim'd,

Receiv'd the golden earneſt of our death;
Wherein you would have ſold your king to ſlaughter,
His princes and his peers to ſervitude,
His ſubjects to oppreſſion and contempt,
And his whole kingdom unto deſolation:
Touching our perſon, ſeek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's ſafety muſt ſo tender,
Whose ruin you three ſought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death:
The taſte whereof, God, of his mercy, give you
Patience to endure; and true repentance
Of all your dear offences. — Bear them hence. —
[*Exeunt Conſpirators, guarded*.
Now, lords, for *France*; the enterprize whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war;
Since God ſo graciouſly hath brought to light
This dangerous treason, lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginnings, we doubt not now
But every rub is ſmoothed in our way.
Then, forth, dear countrymen; let us deliver
Our puiſſance into the hand of God,
Putting it ſtraight in expedition.
Chearly to ſea; the ſigns of war advance:
No king of *England*, if not king of *France*. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE III. London. *Before a Tavern.*

Enter PISTOL, Hoſteſs, NYM, BARDOLPH, *and the* Boy.

Hoſ. Pry'thee, honey-ſweet husband, let me bring thee to *Staines*.

5 into 21 on

Pis. No; for my manly heart doth yern. —
Bardolph, be blith; — *Nym*, rouze thy vaunting veins; —
Boy, briſtle thy courage up;
For *Falſtaff* he is dead, and we muſt yern therefore.

Bar 'Would, I were with him, whereſome'er he is, either in heaven, or in hell.

Hoſ. Nay, ſure, he's not in hell; he's in *Arthur*'s boſom, if ever man went to *Arthur*'s boſom. 'A made a fine end; and went away, an it had been any chryſſom' child; 'a parted juſt between twelve and one, e'en at turning of the tide: for after I ſaw him fumble with the ſheets, and play with flowers, and ſmile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his noſe was as ſharp as a pen, and 'a babbl'd of green fields. How now, ſir *John?* quoth I: what, man! be o' good cheer: So 'a cry'd out—God, God, God! three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a ſhould not think of God; I hop'd, there was no need to trouble himſelf with any ſuch thoughts yet: So 'a bad me lay more cloaths on his feet: I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any ſtone; then I felt to his knees, and they were as cold as any ſtone; and ſo upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any ſtone.

Nym. They ſay, he cry'd out of ſack.

Hoſ. Ay, that 'a did.

Bar. And of women.

Hoſ. Nay, that 'a did not.

Boy. Yes, that 'a did; and ſaid, they were devils incarnate.

Hoſ. 'A could never abide carnation; 'twas a colour he never lik'd.

Boy. 'A ſaid once, the devil would have him about women.

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9 finer 10 parted ev'n juſt 14 and a Table of

Hoſ. 'A did in ſome ſort, indeed, handle women: but then he was rheumatick; and talk'd of the whore of *Babylon*.

Boy. Do you not remember, 'a ſaw a flea ſtick upon *Bardolph*'s noſe; and 'a ſaid, it was a black ſoul burning in hell-fire.

Bar. Well, the fuel is gone, that maintain'd that fire: that's all the riches I got in his ſervice.

Nym. Shall we ſhog? the king will be gone from *Southampton*.

Pis. Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy lips. [*kiſſing her.*

Look to my chattels, and my moveables:
Let ſenſes rule; the word is, Pitch and pay:
Truſt none;
For oaths are ſtraws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And hold-faſt is the only dog, my duck;
Therefore, *caveto* be thy counſellor.
Go, clear thy cryſtals.—Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to *France!* like horſe-leeches, my boys;
To ſuck, to ſuck, the very blood to ſuck!

Boy. And that's but unwholſome food, they ſay.

Pis. Touch her ſoft mouth, and march.

Bar. Farewel, hoſteſs. [*kiſſing her.*

Nym. I cannot kiſs, that is the humour of it; but adieu.

Pis. Let huswif'ry appear; keep cloſe, I thee command.

Hoſ. Farewel; adieu. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. France. *A Room in ſome Palace.*
Enter the French *King, and Train of Nobles*;
the Dauphin, Conſtable, *&c.*

Fr.K. Thus come the *Engliſh* with full power upon us;
And more than carefully it us concerns,
To anſwer royally in our defences.
Therefore the dukes of *Berry*, and of *Bretagne*,
Of *Brabant*, and of *Orleans*, ſhall make forth,—
And you, prince dauphin,—with all ſwift diſpatch,
To line, and new repair, our towns of war,
With men of courage, and with means defendant:
For *England* his approaches makes as fierce,
As waters to the ſucking of a gulph.
It fits us then, to be as provident
As fear may teach us, out of late examples
Left by the fatal and neglected *Engliſh*
Upon our fields.
Dau. My moſt redoubted father,
It is moſt meet, we arm us 'gainſt the foe:
For peace itſelf ſhould not ſo dull a kingdom,
(Though war, nor no known quarrel, were in queſtion)
But that defences, muſters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, aſſembl'd, and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
Therefore, I ſay, 'tis meet we all go forth,
To view the ſick and feeble parts of *France:*
And let us do it with no ſhew of fear;
No, with no more, than if we heard that *England*
Were buſy'd with a whitſun' morris-dance:
For, my good liege, ſhe is ſo idly king'd,
Her ſcepter ſo fantaſtically born
By a vain, giddy, ſhallow, humourous youth,
That fear attends her not.
Con. O, peace, prince dauphin!
You are too much miſtaken in this king:

Queſtion your grace the late embaſſadors,—
With what great ſtate he heard their embaſſy,
How well ſupply'd with noble counſellors,
How modeſt in exception, and, withal,
How terrible in conſtant resolution,—
And you ſhall find, his vanities fore-ſpent
Were but the out-ſide of the *Roman Brutus*,
Covering diſcretion with a coat of folly;
As gard'ners do with ordure hide those roots,
That ſhall firſt ſpring, and be moſt delicate.
Dau. Well, 'tis not ſo, my lord high conſtable.
But, though we think it ſo, it is no matter:
In caſes of defence, 'tis beſt to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he ſeems,
So the proportions of defence are fill'd;
Which, of a weak and niggardly projection,
Doth, like a miser, ſpoil his coat, with ſcanting
A little cloth.
Fr.K. Think we king *Harry* ſtrong;
And, princes, look, you ſtrongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been fleſh'd upon us;
And he is bred out of that bloody ſtrain,
That haunted us in our familiar paths:
Witneſs our too-much-memorable ſhame,
When *Creſſi* battle fatally was ſtruck,
And all our princes captiv'd, by the hand
Of that black name, *Edward* black prince of *Wales*;
Whiles that his mountain ſire,—on mountain ſtanding,
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden ſun,—
Saw his heroical ſeed, and ſmil'd to ſee him
Mangle the work of nature, and deface
The patterns that by God and by *French* fathers

Had twenty years been made. This is a ſtem
Of that victorious ſtock; and let us fear
The native mightineſs and fate of him.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Embaſſadors from *Harry* king of *England*
Do crave admittance to your majeſty.
Fr.K. We'll give them preſent audience.—Go, and
bring them. [*Exeunt* Meſ. *and certain Lords.*
You ſee, this chace is hotly follow'd, friends.
Dau. Turn head, and ſtop purſuit: for coward dogs
Moſt ſpend their mouths,when what they ſeem to threaten
Runs far before them. Good my ſovereign,
Take up the *Engliſh* ſhort; and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head:
Self-love, my liege, is not ſo vile a ſin,
As ſelf-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, with EXETER *and Train.*

Fr.K. From our brother of *England?*
Exe. From him; and thus he greets your majeſty.
He wills you, in the name of God almighty,
That you diveſt yourſelf, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories, that, by gift of heaven,
By law of nature, and of nations, 'long
To him, and to his heirs; namely, the crown,
And all wide-ſtretched honours that pertain,
By cuſtom, and the ordinance of times,
Unto the crown of *France.* That you may know,
'Tis no ſiniſter, nor no aukward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vaniſh'd days,
Nor from the duſt of old oblivion rak'd,
He ſends you this ‡ moſt memorable line,
In every branch truly demonſtrative;

23 longs

Willing you, over-look this pedigree :
And, when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his moſt fam'd of famous anceſtors,
Edward the third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him the native and true challenger.
Fr.K. Or elſe what follows ?
Exe. Bloody conſtraint ; for if you hide the crown
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it :
And therefore in fierce tempeſt is he coming,
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a *Jove*,
That, if requiring fail, he will compel.
He bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown ; and to take mercy
On the poor ſouls, for whom this hungry war
Opens his vaſty jaws : and on your head
Turns he the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead mens' blood, the pining maidens' groans,
For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
That ſhall be ſwallow'd in this controverſy.
This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my meſſage ;
Unleſs the dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expreſly I bring greeting too.
Fr.K. For us, we will conſider of this further :
To-morrow ſhall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother of *England*.
Dau. For the dauphin,
I ſtand here for him ; What to him from *England?*
Exe. Scorn, and defiance ; ſlight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not miſbecome
The mighty ſender, doth he prize you at.
Thus ſays my king : and, if your father's highneſs

Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you ſent his majeſty,
He'll call you to ſo loud an anſwer for it,
That caves and womby vaultages of *France*
Shall chide your treſpaſs, and return your mock
In ſecond accent of his ordinance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair reply,
It is againſt my will: for I desire
Nothing but odds with *England*; to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with those *Paris* balls.

Exe. He'll make your *Paris Louvre* ſhake for it,
Were it the miſtreſs court of mighty *Europe:*
And, be aſſur'd, you'll find a difference,
(As we, his ſubjects, have in wonder found)
Between the promise of his greener days,
And these he maſters now; now he weighs time,
Even to the utmoſt grain; which you ſhall read
In your own loſſes, if he ſtay in *France.*

Fr.K. To-morrow ſhall you know our mind at full.

Exe. Diſpatch us with all ſpeed, leſt that our king
Come here himſelf to queſtion our delay;
For he is footed in this land already.

Fr.K. You ſhall be ſoon diſpatch'd, with fair conditions:
A night is but ſmall breath, and little pause,
To anſwer matters of this conſequence. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter Chorus.

Thus with imagin'd wing our ſwift ſcene flies,

In motion of no leſs celerity
Than that of thought. Suppoſe, that you have ſeen
The well-appointed king at *Hampton* peer
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With ſilken ſtreamers the young *Phœbus* fanning.
Play with your fancies; and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle, ſhip-boys climbing:
Hear the ſhrill whiſtle, which doth order give
To ſounds confus'd: behold the threaden ſails,
Born with the inviſible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd ſea,
Breaſting the lofty ſurge: O, do but think,
You ſtand upon the rivage, and behold
A city on the inconſtant billows dancing;
For ſo appears this fleet majeſtical,
Holding due courſe to *Harfleur*. Follow, follow!
Grapple your minds to ſternage of this navy;
And leave your *England*, as dead midnight, ſtill,
Guarded with grandſires, babies, and old women,
Either paſt, or not arriv'd to, pith and puiſſance:
For who is he, whoſe chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to *France?*
Work, work, your thoughts, and therein ſee a ſiege;
Behold the ordinance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded *Harfleur*.
Suppoſe, the embaſſador from the *French* comes back;
Tells *Harry*— that the king doth offer him
Catharine, his daughter; and with her, to dowry,
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner
With linſtock now the deviliſh cannon touches,

3 at Dover Peer 5 fayning

[*Alarum; and Chambers go off.*
And down goes all before him. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind. [*Exit.*

SCENE I. *The ſame. Before* Harfleur.

Other Alarums, Firings, &c. *Enter King* Henry, *and Forces, with Scaling-ladders.*

Kin. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or cloſe the wall up with our *Engliſh* dead!
In peace, there's nothing ſo becomes a man,
As modeſt ſtillneſs, and humility:
But when the blaſt of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tyger;
Stiffen the ſinews, ſummon up the blood,
Diſguiſe fair nature with hard-favour'd rage:
Then lend the eye a terrible aſpéct;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,
Like the braſs cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully, as doth a galled rock
O'er-hang and jutty his confounded baſe,
Swill'd with the wild and waſteful ocean.
Now ſet the teeth, and ſtretch the noſtril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every ſpirit
To his full height!—On, on, you nobleſt *Engliſh*,
Whoſe blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers, that, like ſo many *Alexanders*,
Have, in theſe parts, from morn 'till even fought,
And ſheath'd their ſwords for lack of argument.
Diſhonour not your mothers; now atteſt,
That thoſe, whom you call'd fathers, did beget you!
Be copy now to men of groſſer blood,
And teach them how to war!—And you, good yeomen,

[14] commune up [31] me of

Whoſe limbs were made in *England*, ſhew us here
The mettle of your paſture; let us ſwear,
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not;
For there is none of you ſo mean and baſe,
That hath not noble luſtre in your eyes.
I ſee you ſtand like greyhounds in the ſlips,
Straining upon the ſtart. The game's a foot;
Follow your ſpirit: and, upon this charge,
Cry—God for *Harry! England!* and ſaint *George!*
[*Exeunt, ſounding a Charge.*

SCENE II. *The ſame.*

Enter other Forces, and paſs over; then, NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, *and* Boy.

BAR. On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!

NYM. Pray thee, lieutenant, ſtay; the knocks are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a caſe of lives: the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-ſong of it.

PIS. The plain-ſong is moſt juſt: for humours do [abound;
Knocks go and come; God's vaſſals drop and die;
And ſword, and ſhield,
In bloody field,
Doth win immortal fame.

Boy. 'Would, I were in an ale-houſe in *London!* I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and ſafety.

PIS. And I:
If wiſhes would prevail with me,
My purpoſe ſhould not fail with me,
But thither would I hie.

Boy. As duly, (but not as truly) as bird doth ſing on bough.

7 ſtraying 16 Pray thee Corporall,

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Got's plud!—Up to the preaches you raſcals! will you not up to the preaches?

[*driving them forward with his Partizan.*

Pis. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould!
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage!
Good bawcock, bate thy rage! uſe lenity, ſweet chuck!

Nym. These be good humours! — your honour wins bad humours. [*Exeunt* NYM, PISTOL, *and* BARDOLPH, *driven in by* FLUELLEN.

Boy. As young as I am, I have obſerv'd these three ſwaſhers. I am boy to them all three: but all they three, though they would ſerve me, could not be man to me; for, indeed, three ſuch anticks do not amount to a man. For *Bardolph*,—he is white-liver'd, and red-fac'd; by the means whereof, a' faces it out, but fights not. For *Piſtol*,—he hath a killing tongue, and a quiet ſword; by the means whereof, a' breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For *Nym*,—he hath heard, that men of few words are the beſt men; and therefore he ſcorns to ſay his prayers, leſt a' ſhould be thought a coward: but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds; for a' never broke any man's head, but his own; and that was againſt a poſt, when he was drunk. They will ſteal any thing, and call it—purchaſe. *Bardolph* ſtole a lute-caſe; bore it twelve leagues, and ſold it for three half-pence. *Nym*, and *Bardolph*, are ſworn brothers in filching; and in *Calais* they ſtole a fire-ſhovel: I knew, by that piece of ſervice, the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets, as their gloves, or their handkerchiefs: which makes much againſt my manhood, if I ſhould take from another's pocket, to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I muſt leave them, and ſeek ſome better ſervice: their villany goes againſt my weak ſtomach, and therefore I muſt caſt it up. [*Exit.*

Re-enter FLUELLEN; *to him* GOWER.

Gow. Captain *Fluellen*, you muſt come preſently to the mines; the duke of *Gloſter* would ſpeak with you.

Flu. To the mines! tell you the duke, it is not ſo goot to come to the mines: For, look you, the mines is not according to the diſciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not ſufficient; for, look you, th'athverſary (you may diſcuſs unto the duke, look you) is digt himſelf four yards under the countermines: by *Cheſhu*, I think a' will plow up all, if there is not petter directions.

Gow. The duke of *Gloſter*, to whom the order of the ſiege is given, is altogether directed by an *Iriſhman*; a very valiant gentleman, i'faith.

Flu. It is captain *Mac-morris*, is it not?

Gow. I think, it be.

Flu. By *Cheſhu*, he is an aſs, as in the 'orld; I will verify as much in his peard: he has no more directions in the true diſciplines of the wars, look you, of the *Roman* diſciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter MAC-MORRIS, *and* JAMY,
at a Diſtance.

Gow. Here a' comes; and the *Scots* captain, captain *Jamy*, with him.

Flu. Captain *Jamy* is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition, and knowledge, in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by *Cheſhu*, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the 'orld, in the diſciplines of the priſtine wars of the *Romans*.

JAM. I ſay, gud-day, captain *Fluellen.*

FLU. God-den to your worſhip, goot captain *Jamy.*

GOW. How now, captain *Mac-morris?* have you quit the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

MAC. By *Chriſh*, la, tiſh ill done; the work iſh give over, the trumpet ſound the retreat. By my hand, I ſwear, and my father's ſoul, the work iſh ill done; it iſh give over: I would have blowed up the town, ſo *Chriſh* ſave me, la, in an hour. O, tiſh ill done, tiſh ill done; by my hand, tiſh ill done!

FLU. Captain *Mac-morris*, I peſeech you now, will you vouchſafe me, look you, a few diſputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the diſciplines of the war, the *Roman* wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly, to ſatiſfy my opinion, and, partly, for the ſatiſfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military diſcipline; that is the point.

JAM. It ſall be vary gud, gud feith, gud captains bath: and I ſall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occaſion; that ſall I, mary.

MAC. It is no time to diſcourſe, ſo *Chriſh* ſave me: the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes; it is no time to diſcourſe. The town is beſeech'd, and the trumpet call us to the breach; and we talk, and (by *Chriſh*) do nothing; 'tis ſhame for us all: ſo God ſa'me, 'tis ſhame to ſtand ſtill; it is ſhame, by my hand: and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there iſh nothing done, ſo *Chriſh* ſa'me, la.

JAM. By the meſs, ere theiſe eyes of mine take themſelves to ſlumber, ayle do gud ſervice, or ayle lig i'th' grund for it; ay, or go to death; and ayle pay't as valorouſly as I may, that ſall I ſuerly do, that is the breff and the long: Mary, I wad full fain heard ſome queſtion 'tween you tway.

FLU. Captain *Mac-morris*, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation—

MAC. Of my nation? What iſh my nation? iſh a villain, and a baſtard, and a knave, and a raſcal?—What iſh my nation? Who talks of my nation?

FLU. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, captain *Mac-morris*, peradventure, I ſhall think you do not use me with that affability as in diſcretion you ought to use me, look you; being as goot a man as yourſelf, both in the diſciplines of war, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

MAC. I do not know you ſo good a man as myſelf: ſo *Chriſh* ſave me, I will cut off your head.

GOW. Gentlemen both, you will miſtake each other.

JAM. Au! that's a foul fault. [*Parley ſounded.*

GOW. The town ſounds a parley.

FLU. Captain *Mac-morris*, when there is more petter opportunity to be required, look you, I will be ſo pold as to tell you, I know the diſciplines of war; and there is an end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The ſame. Before a Gate.*

Governor, *and Others, upon the walls*; *below, the* Engliſh *Forces.*

Flouriſh. Enter King Henry, *and Train.*

Kin. How yet reſolves the governor of the town?
This is the lateſt parle we will admit:
Therefore, to our beſt mercy give yourſelves;
Or, like to men proud of deſtruction,
Defy us to our worſt: for, as I am a ſoldier,
(A name, that, in my thoughts, becomes me beſt)
If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half-atchieved *Harfleur*,
'Till in her aſhes ſhe lie buried.
The gates of mercy ſhall be all ſhut up;
And the fleſh'd ſoldier,—rough, and hard of heart,—
In liberty of bloody hand, ſhall range
With conſcience wide as hell; mowing like graſs
Your freſh fair virgins, and your flow'ring infants.
What is it then to me, if impious war,—
Array'd in flames, like to the prince of fiends,—
Do, with his ſmirch'd complexion, all fell feats
Enlink'd to waſte and deſolation?
What is't to me, when you yourſelves are cause,
If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation?
What rein can hold licentious wickedneſs,
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
We may as bootleſs ſpend our vain command
Upon the enraged ſoldiers in their ſpoil,
As ſend precépts to the leviathan
To come aſhore. Therefore, you men of *Harfleur*,
Take pity of your town, and of your people,
Whiles yet my ſoldiers are in my command;
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O'er-blows the filthy and contagious clouds

Of heady murther, ſpoil, and villany.
If not, Why, in a moment, look to ſee
The blind and bloody ſoldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your ſhrill-ſhrieking daughters;
Your fathers taken by the ſilver beards,
And their moſt reverend heads daſh'd to the walls;
Your naked infants ſpitted upon pikes;
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of *Jewry*
At *Herod*'s bloody-hunting ſlaughtermen.
What ſay you? will you yield, and this avoid?
Or, guilty in defence, be thus deſtroy'd?
Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The dauphin, whom of ſuccour we entreated,
Returns us — that his powers are not yet ready
To raiſe ſo great a ſiege. Therefore, dread king,
We yield our town, and lives, to thy ſoft mercy:
Enter our gates; diſpoſe of us, and ours;
For we no longer are defenſible.
Kin. Open your gates. — Come, uncle *Exeter*,
Go you and enter *Harfleur*; there remain,
And fortify it ſtrongly 'gainſt the *French*:
Use mercy to them all for us, good uncle.
The winter coming on, and ſickneſs growing
Upon our ſoldiers, we will retire to *Calais*.
To-night in *Harfleur* will we be your gueſt;
To-morrow for the march are we addreſt.
[*Flouriſh*; *and Exeunt* Engliſh *to the Town*.

SCENE IV. Roan. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter the Lady CATHARINE, *and* ALICE.

CAT. Alice, tu as eſté en Angleterre, et tu parles bien

4 Deſire

le language.

Ali. *Un peu, madame.*

Cat. *Je te prie, m'enſeignez; il faut que j'apprenne á parler. Comment appellez vous — la main, en Anglois?*

Ali. *La main? ell' eſt appellée* — de hand.

Cat. De hand. *Et les doigts?*

Ali. *Les doigts? ma foy, je oublie — les doigts; mais je me ſouviendray. Les doigts? Je penſe, qu'ils ſont appellé* — de fingers; *oui*, de fingers.

Cat. *La main*, de hand; *les doigts*, de fingers: *Je penſe, que je ſuis le bon eſcolier; je gagnée deux mots d'Anglois viſtement. Comment appellez vous — les ongles?*

Ali. *Les ongles? les appellons* — de nails.

Cat. De nails. *Eſcoutez; dites moi, ſi je parle bien:* De hand, de fingers, de nails.

Ali. *C'eſt bien dit, madame; il eſt fort bon Anglois.*

Cat. *Dites moi en Anglois — le bras.*

Ali. De arm, *madame.*

Cat. *Et le coude.*

Ali. De elbow.

Cat. De elbow. *Je m'en faitz la repetition de tous les mots que vous m'avez apprinſe dés á preſent.*

Ali. *Il eſt trop difficile, madame, comme je penſe.*

Cat. *Excuſez moi, Alice; Eſcoutez:* De hand, de fingers, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.

Ali. De elbow, *madame.*

Cat. *O ſeigneur Dieu! je m'en oublie;* De elbow. *Comment appellez vous — le col?*

Ali. De neck, *madame.*

Cat. De neck: *Et le menton?*

Ali. De chin.

Cat. De ſin. *Le col*, de neck; *le menton*, de ſin.

[6] v. *Note.*

Ali. *Oui. Sauf voſtre honneur; en verité, vous prononcez les mots auſſi droict que les natifs d'Angleterre.*

Cat. *Je ne doute point d'apprendre, par la grace de Dieu; et en peu de temps.*

Ali. *N'avez vous pas déja oublié ce que je vous ay enſeignée?*

Cat. *Non; je reciteray á vous promptement.* De hand, de fingers, de mails,—

Ali. De nails, *madame.*

Cat. De nails, de arm, de ilbow,—

Ali. *Sauf voſtre honneur,* de elbow.

Cat. *Ainſi dis je*; de elbow, de neck, *et* de ſin. *Comment appellez vous—les pieds, et la robe?*

Ali. De foot, *madame*; *et* de con.

Cat. De foot, *et* de con? *O ſeigneur Dieu! ces ſont mots de ſon mauvais, corruptible, groſſe, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'uſer: Je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les ſeigneurs de France, pour tout le monde. Il faut,* de foot, *et* de con, *neant-moins. Je reciteray une autre fois ma leçon enſemble:* De hand, de fingers, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de neck, de ſin, de foot, de con.

Ali. *Excellent, madame!*

Cat. *C'eſt aſſez pour une fois; allons nous en diſner.*

SCENE V. *The ſame. Another Room in the ſame.*

Enter the French *King, the* Dauphin, *the Duke of* Bourbon, *the Conſtable of* France, *and Others.*

Fr.K. 'Tis certain, he hath paſs'd the river *Some.*
Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in *France*; let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.
Dau. *O Dieu vivant!* ſhall a few ſprays of us,—

The emptying of our fathers' luxury,—
Our ſyens, put in wild and ſavage ſtock,
Spirt up ſo ſuddenly into the clouds,
And over-grow their grafters?
Bov. *Normans*, but baſtard *Normans*, *Norman* baſtards!
Mort de ma vie! if thus they march along
Unfought withal, but I will ſell my dukedom,
To buy a ſlobbery and a dirty farm
In that nook-ſhotten iſle of *Albion*.
Con. *Dieu de batailles!* where have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull?
On whom, as in deſpight, the ſun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can ſodden water,
A drench for ſur-rein'd jades, their barley broth,
Decoct their cold blood to ſuch valiant heat?
And ſhall our quick blood, ſpirited with wine,
Seem froſty? O, for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping iſicles
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more froſty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields;
Poor — we may call them, in their native lords.
Dau. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us; and plainly ſay,
Our mettle is bred out; and they will give
Their bodies to the luſt of *Engliſh* youth,
To new-ſtore *France* with baſtard warriors.
Bov. They bid us — to the *Engliſh* dancing-ſchools,
And teach *lavolta*'s high, and ſwift *corranto*'s;
Saying, our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are moſt lofty run-aways.
Fr.K. Where is *Montjoy*, the herald? ſpeed him hence;
Let him greet *England* with our ſharp defiance. —

Up, princes; and, with ſpirit of honour edg'd,
More ſharper than your ſwords, hie to the field:
Charles De-la-bret, high conſtable of *France*;
You dukes of *Orleans*, *Bourbon*, and of *Berry*,
Alenson, *Brabant*, *Bar*, and *Burgundy*;
Jaques Chatillion, *Rambures*, *Vaudemont*,
Beaumont, *Grandprée*, *Rouſſi*, and *Fauconberg*,
Foix, *Leſtrale*, *Bouciqualt*, and *Charolois*;
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,
For your great ſeats, now quit you of great ſhames.
Bar *Harry England*, that ſweeps through our land
With pennons painted in the blood of *Harfleur*:
Ruſh on his hoſt, as doth the melted ſnow
Upon the valleys; whose low vaſſal ſeat
The *Alps* doth ſpit and void his rheum upon:
Go down upon him,—you have power enough,—
And, in a captive chariot, into *Roan*
Bring him our prisoner.
  Con. This becomes the great.
Sorry am I, his numbers are ſo few,
His ſoldiers ſick, and famiſh'd in their march;
For, I am ſure, when he ſhall ſee our army,
He'll drop his heart into the ſink of fear,
And, for atchievement, offer us his ranſom.
  Fr.K. Therefore, lord conſtable, haſte on *Montjoy*;
And let him ſay to *England*, that we ſend
To know what willing ranſom he will give.—
Prince dauphin, you ſhall ſtay with us in *Roan*.
  Dau. Not ſo, I do beſeech your majeſty.
  Fr.K. Be patient, for you ſhall remain with us.—
Now, forth, lord conſtable, and princes all;
And quickly bring us word of *England*'s fall. [*Exeunt*.

9 Kings v. *Note*.

SCENE VI. *Camp of the* Engliſh *Forces in* Picardy.

Enter Gower, *and* Fluellen, *meeting.*

Gow. How now, captain *Fluellen?* come you from the bridge?

Flu. I aſſure you, there is very excellent ſervice committed at the pridge.

Gow. Is the duke of *Exeter* ſafe?

Flu. The duke of *Exeter* is as magnanimous as *Agamemnon*; and a man that I love and honour with my ſoul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my livings, and my uttermoſt powers: he is not (Got be praised and bleſſed!) any hurt in the 'orld; but keeps the pridge moſt valiantly, with excellent diſcipline. There is an ancient lieutenant there at the pridge,— I think, in my very conſcience, he is as valiant a man as *Mark Antony*; and he is a man of no eſtimation in the 'orld; but I did ſee him do gallant ſervice.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is call'd—ancient *Piſtol.*

Gow. I know him not.

Enter Pistol.

Flu. Do you not know him? Here comes the man.

Pis. Captain, I thee beſeech to do me favours.
The duke of *Exeter* doth love thee well:

Flu. Ay, I praise Got; and I have merited ſome love at his hands.

Pis. *Bardolph*, a ſoldier, firm and ſound of heart,
Of buxom valour, hath,—by cruel fate,
And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddeſs blind,
That ſtands upon the rowling reſtleſs ſtone,—

Flu. By your patience, ancient *Piſtol.* Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to ſignify to you — that fortune is plind : And ſhe is painted alſo with a wheel ; to ſignify to you, which is the moral of it, that ſhe is turning, and inconſtant, and variations, and mutabilities: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a ſpherical ſtone, which rowls, and rowls, and rowls ;— Surely, the poet is make an excellent deſcription of fortune ; fortune, look you, is an excellent moral.

Pis. Fortune is *Bardolph*'s foe, and frowns on him ;
For he hath ſtoln a *pax*, and hanged muſt 'a be.
Damn'd death !
Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,
And let not hemp his wind-pipe ſuffocate :
But *Exeter* hath given the doom of death,
For *pax* of little price.
Therefore, go ſpeak, the duke will hear thy voice ;
And let not *Bardolph*'s vital thread be cut
With edge of penny-cord, and vile reproach :
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Ancient *Piſtol*, I do partly underſtand your meaning:

Pis. Why then rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at : for if, look you, he were my prother, I would deſire the duke to use his goot pleasure, and put him to executions ; for diſciplines ought to be used.

Pis. Die, and be damn'd ; and *figo* for thy friendſhip !

Flu. It is well.

Pis. The fig of *Spain !* [*Exit* Pistol.

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit raſcal ; I

[5] variation ;

remember him now; a bawd, a cut-purſe.

Flu. I'll aſſure you, a' utter'd as prave 'ords at the pridge, as you ſhall ſee in a ſummer's day: But it is very well; what he has ſpoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is ſerve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue; that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himſelf, at his return into *London*, under the form of a ſoldier. And ſuch fellows are perfect in great commanders' names: and they will learn you by rote, where ſervices were done;— at ſuch and ſuch a ſconce, at ſuch a breach, at ſuch a convoy; who came off bravely, who was ſhot, who diſgraced, what terms the enemy ſtood on; and this they con perfectly in phraſe of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: And what a beard of the general's cut, and a horrid ſhout of the camp, will do among foming bottles, and ale-waſh'd wits, is wonderful to be thought on! But you muſt learn to know ſuch ſlanders of the age, or elſe you may be marvellouſly miſtook.

Flu. I tell you what, captain *Gower*;—I do perceive, he is not the man that he would gladly make ſhew to the 'orld he is; if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum heard.*] Hark you, the king is coming; and I muſt ſpeak with him from the pridge.

Enter King Henry, *and Forces*; Gloster, *and Others, with him.*

Got pleſs your majeſty!

Kin. How now, *Fluellen?* cameſt thou from the [bridge?

Flu. Ay, ſo please your majeſty. The duke of *Exeter* has very gallantly maintain'd the pridge: the *French* is gone off, look you; and there is gallant and moſt prave paſſages: Marry, th'athverſary was have poſſeſſion of the pridge; but he is enforced to retire, and the duke of *Exeter* is maſter of the pridge: I can tell your majeſty, the duke is a prave man.

Kin. What men have you loſt, *Fluellen?*

Flu. The perdition of th'athverſary hath been very great, reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath loſt never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one *Bardolph*, if your majeſty know the man: his face is all pupuncles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames of fire; and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, ſometimes plew, and ſometimes red; but his noſe is executed, and his fire's out.

Kin. We would have all ſuch offenders ſo cut off:— and we give expreſs charge, that, in our marches through the country, there be nothing compell'd from the villages, nothing taken but pay'd for; none of the *French* upbraided, or abused in diſdainful language; For, when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gameſter is the ſooneſt winner.

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

Mon. You know me by my habit.

Kin. Well then, I know thee; What ſhall I know of [thee?

Mon. My maſter's mind.

Kin. Unfold it.

Mon. Thus ſays my king;—Say thou to *Harry* of *England*, Though we ſeem'd dead, we did but ſleep; Advantage is a better ſoldier, than raſhneſs. Tell him, we could have rebuk'd him at *Harfleur*; but that we thought not good to bruise an injury, 'till it were full ripe: now we ſpeak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial; *England* ſhall repent his folly, ſee his weakneſs, and admire our ſufferance. Bid him, therefore, conſider of his ranſom; which muſt proportion the loſſes we have born, the ſubjects we have loſt, the diſgrace we have digeſted; which in weight to re-anſwer, his pettineſs would bow under. For our loſſes, his exchequer is too poor; for the effuſion of our blood, the muſter of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our diſgrace, his own perſon, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthleſs ſatiſfaction. To this, add—defiance: and tell him, for concluſion, he hath betray'd his followers, whoſe condemnation is pronounc'd. So far my king and maſter; ſo much my office.

Kin. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mon. *Moutjoy.*

Kin. Thou doſt thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy king,—I do not ſeek him now;
But could be willing to march on to *Calais,*
Without impeachment: for, to ſay the ſooth,
(Though 'tis no wisdom, to confeſs ſo much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage)
My people are with ſickneſs much enfeebl'd;
My numbers leſſen'd; and thoſe few I have,
Almoſt no better than ſo many *French*;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought, upon one pair of *Engliſh* legs
Did march three *Frenchmen.*—Yet, forgive me, God,
That I do brag thus!—this your air of *France*
Hath blown that vice in me; I muſt repent.
Go, therefore, tell thy maſter,—here I am;
My ranſom, is this frail and worthleſs trunk;
My army, but a weak and ſickly guard;

Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
Though *France* himſelf, and ſuch another neighbour,
Stand in our way. There's † for thy labour, *Montjoy.*
Go, bid thy maſter well adviſe himſelf:
If we may paſs, we will; if we be hinder'd,
We ſhall your tawny ground with your red blood
Diſcolour: and ſo, *Montjoy*, fare you well.
The ſum of all our anſwer is but this:
We would not ſeek a battle, as we are;
Nor, as we are, we ſay, we will not ſhun it;
So tell your maſter.

Mon. I ſhall deliver ſo. Thanks to your highneſs.
[*Exit* MONTJOY.

Glo. I hope, they will not come upon us now.

Kin. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.—
March to the bridge; it now draws toward night:—
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourſelves;
And on to-morrow bid them march away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The* French *Camp*, *near* Agincourt.

Enter the Conſtable *of* France, *the Lord* RAMBURES, *the Duke of* ORLEANS, Dauphin, *and Others.*

Con. Tut! I have the beſt armour of the world.— 'Would, it were day!

Orl. You have an excellent armour; but let my horſe have his due.

Con. It is the beſt horſe of *Europe.*

Orl. Will it never be morning?

Dau. My lord of *Orleans*, and my lord high conſtable, you talk of horſe and armour,—

Orl. You are as well provided of both, as any prince in the world, *Dau.* What a long night is this! — I will not change my horſe with any that treads but on four paſterns. *Ha, ha!* he bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs; *le cheval volant*, the *Pegaſus*, *qui a les narines de feu*. When I beſtride him, I ſoar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth ſings, when he touches it; the baſeſt horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of *Hermes*.

Orl. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beaſt for *Perſeus*: he is pure air, and fire; and the dull elements of earth, and water, never appear in him, but only in patient ſtilneſs, while his rider mounts him: he is, indeed, a horſe; and all other jades you may call — beaſts.

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a moſt abſolute and excellent horſe.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the ſea; turn the ſands into eloquent tongues, and my horſe is argument for them all: 'tis a ſubject for a ſovereign to reason on, and for a ſovereign's ſovereign to ride on; and for the world (familiar to us, and known) to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him. I once writ a ſonnet in his praise; and began thus, *Wonder of nature*,—

Orl. I have heard a ſonnet begin ſo to one's miſtreſs.

3 v. *Note*. 29 and unknown

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I compos'd to my courſer; for my horſe is my miſtreſs.

Orl. Your miſtreſs bears well.

Dau. Me well; which is the preſcript praiſe, and perfection, of a good and particular miſtreſs.

Con. Nay; for, methought, yeſterday your miſtreſs ſhrewdly ſhook your back.

Dau. So, perhaps, did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridl'd.

Dau. O! then, belike, ſhe was old and gentle; and you rode like a kerne of *Ireland*, your *French* hoſe off, and in your ſtrait troſſers.

Con. You have good judgment in horſemanſhip.

Dau. Be warn'd by me then: they that ride ſo, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs; I had rather have my horſe to my miſtreſs.

Con. I had as lief have my miſtreſs a jade.

Dau. I tell thee, conſtable, my miſtreſs wears her own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boaſt as that, if I had a ſow to my miſtreſs.

Dau. *Le chien eſt retournè a ſon propre vomiſſement, et la truie lavée au bourbier:* thou mak'ſt uſe of any thing.

Con. Yet I do not uſe my horſe for my miſtreſs; or any ſuch proverb, ſo little kin to the purpoſe.

Ram. My lord conſtable, the armour, that I ſaw in your tent to-night, are thoſe ſtars, or ſuns, upon it?

Con. Stars, my lord,

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my ſky ſhall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear a many ſuperfluouſly;

12 Stroſſers 23 *la leuye*

and 'twere more honour, ſome were away.

Con. Ev'n as your horſe bears your praiſes; who would trot as well, were ſome of your brags diſmounted.

Dau. 'Would, I were able to load him with his deſert. Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way ſhall be paved with *Engliſh* faces.

Con. I will not ſay ſo, for fear I ſhould be fac'd out of my way: But I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the *Engliſh*.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty priſoners?

Con. You muſt firſt go yourſelf to hazard, ere you have them.

Dau. 'Tis midnight, I'll go arm myſelf. [*Exit.*

Orl. The dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the *Engliſh*.

Con. I think, he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that ſhe may tread out the oath. [*France.*

Orl. He is, ſimply, the moſt active gentleman of

Con. Doing is activity; and he will ſtill be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow; he will keep that good name ſtill.

Orl. I know him to be valiant. [than you.

Con. I was told that, by one that knows him better

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry, he told me ſo himſelf; and he ſaid, he car'd not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. By my faith, ſir, but it is; never any body ſaw it, but his lacquey: 'tis a hooded valour; and, when it appears, it will bate.

Orl. Ill will never ſaid well.

Con. I will cap that proverb, with — There is flattery in friendſhip.

Orl. And I will take up that, with — Give the devil his due.

Con. Well plac'd: there ſtands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb, with — A pox of the devil!

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much — A fool's bolt is ſoon ſhot.

Con. You have ſhot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the firſt time you were over-ſhot.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My lord high conſtable, the *Engliſh* lie within fifteeen hundred paces of your tent.

Con. Who hath meaſur'd the ground?

Meſ. The lord *Grandprée*.

Con. A valiant and moſt expert gentleman. 'Would, it were day! Alas, poor *Harry* of *England!* he longs not for the dawning, as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peeviſh fellow is this king of *England*, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers ſo far out of his knowledge!

Con. If the *Engliſh* had any apprehenſion, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear ſuch heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That iſland of *England* breeds very valiant creatures; their maſtiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. Fooliſh curs! that run winking into the mouth of a *Ruſſian* bear, and have their heads cruſh'd like rotten apples: You may as well ſay — that's a valiant flea, that dare eat his breakfaſt on the lip of a lion.

Con. Juſt, juſt; and the men do ſympathize with the maſtiffs, in robuſtious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and ſteal, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay, but these *Engliſh* are ſhrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then ſhall we find to-morrow — they have only ſtomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm; Come, ſhall we about it?

Orl. It is now two o'clock: but, let me ſee,—by ten,
We ſhall have each a hundred *Engliſhmen*. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Chorus.

Now entertain conjecture of a time,
When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,
Fills the wide veſſel of the univerſe.
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night
The hum of either army ſtilly ſounds,
That the fixt centinels almoſt receive
The ſecret whiſpers of each other's watch:
Fire anſwers fire; and through their paly flames
Each battle ſees the other's umber'd face:
Steed threatens ſteed, in high and boaſtful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
The armourers, accompliſhing the knights,

With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll;
And the third hour of drowzy morning's nam'd.
Proud of their numbers, and ſecure in ſoul,
The confident and over-luſty *French*
Do the low-rated *Engliſh* play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediouſly away. The poor condemned *Engliſh*,
Like ſacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger; and their geſture ſad,
And war-worn coats, inveſting lank-lean cheeks,
Preſented them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghoſts, O, now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry—Praise and glory on his head!
For forth he goes, and visits all his hoſt;
Bids them good morrow, with a modeſt ſmile;
And calls them—brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note,
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night:
But freſhly looks, and over-bears attaint,
With chearful ſemblance, and ſweet majeſty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:
A largeſs univerſal, like the ſun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,

---

[13] Inveſting lanke leane Cheeks, and Warre-worne Coats,

Thawing cold fear. Then, mean and gentle all,
Behold, as may unworthineſs define,
A little touch of *Harry* in the night:
And ſo our ſcene muſt to the battle fly;
Where (o, for pity!) we ſhall much diſgrace—
With four or five moſt vile and ragged foils,
Right ill diſpos'd, in brawl ridiculous,—
The name of *Agincourt:* Yet, ſit and ſee;
Minding true things by what their mockeries be. [*Exit.*

SCENE I. *The* Engliſh *Camp*.

Enter King Henry, Bedford, *and* GLOSTER.

Kin. *Gloſter*, 'tis true, that we are in great danger;
The greater therefore ſhould our courage be.—
Good morrow, brother *Bedford*.—God almighty!
There is ſome ſoul of goodneſs in things evil,
Would men obſervingly diſtil it out;
For our bad neighbour makes us early ſtirrers,
Which is both healthful, and good husbandry:
Beſides, they are our outward conſciences,
And preachers to us all; admoniſhing,
That we ſhould dreſs us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himſelf.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Good morrow, old ſir *Thomas Erpingham:*
A good ſoft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churliſh turf of *France*.

Erp. Not ſo, my liege; this lodging likes me better,
Since I may ſay—Now lye I like a king.

Kin. 'Tis good for men to love their preſent pains,
Upon example; ſo the ſpirit is eaſed:

---

[1] feare, that meane

And, when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowzy grave, and newly move
With caſted ſlough and freſh legerity.
Lend me thy cloak, ſir *Thomas*. — Brothers both,
[*throwing the Cloak about him.*
Commend me to the princes in our camp;
Do my good morrow to them; and, anon,
Deſire them all to my pavilion.
Glo. We ſhall, my liege. [*Exeunt* Glo. *and* Bed.
Erp. Shall I attend your grace?
Kin. No, my good knight;
Go with my brothers to my lords of *England*:
I and my boſom muſt debate a while,
And then I would no other company.
Erp. The Lord in heaven bleſs thee, noble *Harry*!
[*Exit* Erpingham.
Kin. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou ſpeak'ſt chearfully.
Enter Pistol.
Pis. *Qui va lá?*
Kin. A friend.
Pis. Diſcuſs unto me, Art thou officer?
Or art thou baſe, common, and popular?
Kin. I am a gentleman of a company.
Pis. Trail'ſt thou the puiſſant pike?
Kin. Even ſo: What are you?
Pis. As good a gentleman as the emperor.
Kin. Then you are a better than the king.
Pis. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold;
A lad of life, an imp of fame;
Of parents good, of fiſt moſt valiant:
I kiſs his dirty ſhoe, and from my heart-ſtrings

20 *Che vous lá*

I love the lovely bully. What is thy name?

Kin. *Harry le Roi.*

Pis. *Le Roi?* — a *Corniſh* name; —
Art thou of *Corniſh* crew?

Kin. No, I am a *Welſhman.*

Pis. Know'ſt thou *Fluellen?*

Kin. Yes.

Pis. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate,
Upon ſaint *Davy*'s day.

Kin. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, leſt he knock that about yours.

Pis. Art thou his friend?

Kin. And his kinsman too.

Pis. The *figo* for thee then!

Kin. I thank you: God be wi' you!

Pis. My name is *Piſtol* call'd. [*Exit.*

Kin. It ſorts well with your fierceneſs.

Enter GOWER, *and* FLUELLEN.

Gow. Captain *Fluellen,*—

Flu. So! in the name of *Cheſhu Chriſt*, ſpeak fewer. It is the greateſt admiration in the univerſal 'orld, when the true and ancient prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of *Pompey* the great, you ſhall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle nor pibble pabble in *Pompey*'s camp; I warrant you, you ſhall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the ſobriety of it, and the modeſty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you heard him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an aſs, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we ſhould alſo, look you, be an aſs, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb; in your own conſcience now?

Gow. I will ſpeak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beſeech you, that you will.

[*Exeunt* Gow. *and* Flu.

Kin. Though it appear a little out of faſhion,
There is much care and valour in this *Welſhman*.

Enter Bates, Court, *and* Williams.

Cou. Brother *John Bates*, is not that the morning, which breaks yonder?

Bat. I think, it be: but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Wil. We ſee yonder the beginning of the day, but, I think, we ſhall never ſee the end of it.—Who goes there?

Kin. A friend.

Wil. Under what captain ſerve you?

Kin. Under ſir *Thomas Erpingham*.

Wil. A good old commander, and a moſt kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our eſtate?

Kin. Even as men wreck'd upon a ſand, that look to be waſh'd off the next tide.

Bat. He hath not told his thought to the king?

Kin. No; nor it is not meet, he ſhould. For, though I ſpeak it to you, I think, the king is but a man, as I am: the violet ſmells to him, as it doth to me; the element ſhews to him, as it doth to me; all his ſenſes have but human conditions: his ceremonies lay'd by, in his nakedneſs he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they ſtoop, they ſtoop with the like wing; therefore when he ſees reaſon of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the ſame reliſh as ours are: Yet, in reaſon, no man ſhould poſseſs him with any appearance of fear, leſt he, by ſhewing it, ſhould diſhearten his army.

Bat. He may ſhew what outward courage he will: but, I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wiſh himſelf in *Thames* up to the neck; and ſo I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, ſo we were quit here.

Kin. By my troth, I will ſpeak my conſcience of the king; I think, he would not wiſh himſelf any where, but where he is.

Bat. Then, 'would he were here alone; ſo ſhould he be ſure to be ranſomed, and a many poor men's lives ſaved.

Kin. I dare ſay, you love him not ſo ill, to wiſh him here alone; howſoever you ſpeak this, to feel other men's minds: Methinks, I could not die any where ſo contented, as in the king's company; his cauſe being juſt, and his quarrel honorable.

Wil. That's more than we know.

Bat. Ay, or more than we ſhould ſeek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's ſubjects: if his cauſe be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Wil. But, if the cauſe be not good, the king himſelf hath a heavy reck'ning to make; when all thoſe legs, and arms, and heads, chopt off in a battle, ſhall join together at the latter day, and cry all—We dy'd at ſuch a place; ſome, ſwearing; ſome, crying for a ſurgeon; ſome, upon their wives left poor behind them; ſome, upon the debts they owe; ſome, upon their children rawly left: I am afeard, there are few die well, that die in a battle; For how can they charitably diſpoſe of any thing, when blood is their argument? now, if theſe men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to diſobey, were againſt all proportion of ſubjection.

Kin. So, if a ſon, that is by his father ſent about merchandize, do ſinfully miſcarry upon the ſea, the imputation of his wickedneſs, by your rule, ſhould be impoſed upon his father that ſent him: or if a ſervant, under his maſter's command, tranſporting a ſum of money, be aſſail'd by robbers, and die in many irreconcil'd iniquities, you may call the buſineſs of the maſter the author of the ſervant's damnation: But this is not ſo: the king is not bound to anſwer the particular endings of his ſoldiers, the father of his ſon, nor the maſter of his ſervant; for they purpoſe not their death, when they purpoſe their ſervices. Beſides, there is no king, be his cauſe never ſo ſpotleſs, if it come to the arbitrement of ſwords, can try it out with all unſpotted ſoldiers: ſome, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murther; ſome, of beguiling virgins with the broken ſeals of perjury; ſome, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle boſom of peace with pillage and robbery: Now, if theſe men have defeated the law, and out-run native puniſhment, though they can out-ſtrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle, war is his vengeance; ſo that here men are puniſh'd, for before-breach of the king's laws, in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have born life away; and where they would be ſafe, they periſh: then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of thoſe impieties for the which they are now viſited. Every ſubject's duty is the king's; but every ſubject's ſoul is his own. Therefore ſhould every ſoldier in the wars do as every ſick man in his bed, waſh every moth out of his conſcience: and dying ſo, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was bleſſedly loſt, wherein ſuch preparation was gained: and, in him that eſcapes, it were not ſin to think, that, making God ſo free an offer, he let him out-live that day, to ſee his greatneſs, and to teach others how they ſhould prepare.

Wil. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head, the king is not to anſwer it.

Bat. I do not desire he ſhould anſwer for me; and yet I determine to fight luſtily for him.

Kin. I myſelf heard the king ſay, he would not be ranſom'd.

Wil. Ay, he ſaid ſo, to make us fight chearfully: but, when our throats are cut, he may be ranſom'd, and we ne'er the wiſer.

Kin. If I live to ſee it, I will never truſt his word after.

Wil. You pay him then! that's a perilous ſhot out of an elder gun, that a poor and a private diſpleaſure can do againſt a monarch· you may as well go about to turn the ſun to ice, with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never truſt his word after! come, 'tis a fooliſh ſaying.

Kin. Your reproof is ſomething too round; I ſhould be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Wil. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

Kin. I embrace it.

Wil. How ſhall I know thee again?

Kin. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou dar'ſt acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Wil. Here's my † glove; give me another of thine.

Kin. There †.

Wil. This will I alſo wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me, and ſay, after to-morrow, *This is my glove*, by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

Kin. If ever I live to ſee it, I will challenge it.

Wil. Thou dar'ſt as well be hang'd.

Kin. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

Wil. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bat. Be friends, you *Engliſh* fools, be friends; we have *French* quarrels enough, if you could tell how to reckon.

Kin. Indeed, the *French* may lay twenty *French* crowns to one, they will beat us; for they bear them on their ſhoulders: But it is no *Engliſh* treaſon, to cut *French* crowns; and, to-morrow, the king himſelf will be a clipper. [*Exeunt* Soldiers.

Upon the king! let us our lives, our ſouls,
Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and
Our ſins, lay on the king; —we muſt bear all.
O hard condition! twin-born with greatneſs,
Subjected to the breath of every fool,
Whoſe ſenſe no more can feel but his own wringing!
What infinite heart's-eaſe muſt kings neglect,
That private men enjoy?
And what have kings, that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, ſave general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?

What kind of god art thou, that ſuffer'ſt more
Of mortal griefs, than do thy worſhippers?
What are thy rents, what are thy comings-in,
O ceremony,—ſhew me but thy worth,—
What is thy roul of adoration?
Art thou aught elſe but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art leſs happy being fear'd,
Than they in fearing.
What drink'ſt thou oft, inſtead of homage ſweet,
But poiſon'd flattery? O, be ſick, great greatneſs,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!
Think'ſt thou, the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canſt thou, when thou command'ſt the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'ſt ſo ſubtly with a king's repoſe,
I am a king, that find thee: and I know,
'Tis not the balm, the ſcepter, and the ball,
The ſword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The enter-tiſſu'd robe of gold and pearl,
The farſed title running 'fore the king,
The throne he ſits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high ſhore of this world,
No, not all theſe, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all theſe, lay'd in bed majeſtical,
Can ſleep ſo ſoundly as the wretched ſlave;
Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to reſt, cram'd with diſtreſſful bread;
Never ſees horrid night, the child of hell;
But, like a lacquey, from the riſe to ſet,

5 thy Soule 13 Thinks

Sweats in the eye of *Phæbus*, and all night
Sleeps in *Elyſium*; next day, after dawn,
Doth riſe, and help *Hyperion* to his horſe;
And follows ſo the ever-running year,
With profitable labour, to his grave:
And, but for ceremony, ſuch a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with ſleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The ſlave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it; but in groſs brain little wots,
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whoſe hours the peasant beſt advantages.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your abſence,
Seek through your camp to find you.
Kin. Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent:
I'll be before thee.
Erp. I ſhall do't, my lord. [*Exit.*
Kin. O God of battles, ſteel my ſoldiers' hearts!
Poſſeſs them not with fear; take from them now
The ſenſe of reck'ning, leſt the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them! Not to-day, o Lord,
O not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compaſſing the crown!
I *Richard*'s body have interred new;
And on it have beſtow'd more contrite tears,
Than from it iſſu'd forced drops of blood:
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chantries, where the ſad and ſolemn prieſts

[22] reckning of th'oppoſed

Sing ſtill for *Richard*'s ſoul. More will I do :
Though all that I can do, is nothing worth ;
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Enter GLOSTER.

GLO. My liege!
Kin. My brother *Gloſter*'s voice.—
I know thy errand, I will go with thee :—
The day, my friends, and all things ſtay for me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The* French *Camp.*

Enter Dauphin, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, *and Others.*

ORL. The ſun doth gild our armour; up, my lords.
Dau. *Montez cheval:*—My horſe! *valet! lacquay!* ha!
ORL. O brave ſpirit!
Dau. *Via! l'eau et terre.*
ORL. *Rien plus? l'air et feu.*

Enter Conſtable.

Dau. *Ciel!* cousin *Orleans*,—Now, my lord conſtable?
Con. Hark, how our ſteeds for preſent ſervice neigh.
Dau. Mount them, and make inciſion in their hides;
That their hot blood may ſpin in *Engliſh* eyes,
And daunt them with ſuperfluous courage. Ha!
RAM. What, will you have them weep our horſes' [blood?
How ſhall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. The *Engliſh* are embattl'd, you *French* peers.
Con. To horſe, you gallant princes! ſtraight to horſe!
Do but behold yon' poor and ſtarved band,
And your fair ſhew ſhall ſuck away their ſouls,
Leaving them but the ſhales and huſks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands;

16 v. *Note*. 23 doubt

Scarce blood enough in all their ſickly veins,
To give each naked curtle-ax a ſtain,
That our *French* gallants ſhall to-day draw out,
And ſheath for lack of ſport: let us but blow on them,
The vapour of our valour will o'er-turn them.
'Tis positive 'gainſt all exceptions, lords,
That our ſuperfluous lacqueys, and our peasants,—
Who, in unneceſſary action, ſwarm
About our ſquares of battle,—were enough
To purge this field of ſuch a hilding foe;
Though we upon this mountain's baſis by
Took ſtand for idle ſpeculation:
But that our honours muſt not. What's to ſay?
A very little little let us do,
And all is done. Then let the trumpets ſound
The tucket ſonuance, and the note to mount:
For our approach ſhall ſo much dare the field,
That *England* ſhall couch down in fear, and yield.

Enter GRANDPREE.

GRA. Why do you ſtay ſo long, my lords of *France?*
Yon' island carrions, deſperate of their bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:
Their ragged curtains poorly are let looſe,
And our air ſhakes them paſſing ſcornfully.
Big *Mars* ſeems bankrupt in their beggar'd hoſt,
And faintly through a ruſty bever peeps.
Their horſemen ſit like fixed candleſticks,
With torch-ſtaves in their hand: and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, drooping the hide and hips;
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes;
And in their palled mouths the jymold bit
Lies foul with chaw'd graſs, ſtill and motionleſs;

31 pale dull mouthes

And their executors, the knaviſh crows,
Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.
Deſcription cannot ſuit itſelf in words,
To démonſtrate the life of ſuch a battle
In life ſo lifeleſs as it ſhews itſelf. [death.
Con. They have ſaid their prayers, and they ſtay for
Dau. Shall we go ſend them dinners, and freſh ſuits,
And give their faſting horſes provender,
And after fight with them?
Con. I ſtay but for my guard; On, to the field:
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And uſe it for my haſte. Come, come away;
The ſun is high, and we out-wear the day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Before the Camp.*

Enter the Hoſt of England; BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, SALISBURY, *and* WESTMORLAND.

GLO. Where is the king?
BED. The king himſelf is rode to view their battle.
WES. Of fighting men they have full threeſcore thouſand.
EXE. There's five to one; beſides, they all are freſh.
SAL. God's arm ſtrike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.
God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:
If we no more meet, 'till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully, — my noble lord of *Bedford*, —
My dear lord *Gloſter*, — and my good lord *Exeter*, —
And my kind kinſman, — warriors all, adieu! [thee!
BED. Farewel, good *Saliſbury*; and good luck go with
EXE. Farewel, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day.
And yet I do thee wrong, to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour. [*Ex.* SAL.

Bed. He is as full of valour, as of kindneſs;
Princely in both.
Wes. O, that we now had here
Enter King Henry.
But one ten thouſand of thoſe men in *England*,
That do no work to-day!
Kin. What's he, that wiſhes ſo?
My couſin *Weſtmorland?* — No, my fair couſin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enough
To do our country loſs; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater ſhare of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wiſh not one man more.
By *Jove*, I am not covetous for gold;
Nor care I, who doth feed upon my coſt;
It yerns me not, if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my deſires:
But, if it be a ſin to covet honour,
I am the moſt offending ſoul alive.
No, 'faith, my coz', wiſh not a man from *England:*
God's peace! I would not loſe ſo great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would ſhare from me,
For the beſt hope I have. O, do not wiſh one more:
Rather proclaim it, *Weſtmorland*, through my hoſt,—
That he, which hath no ſtomack to this fight,
Let him depart; his paſſport ſhall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purſe:
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowſhip to die with us.
This day is call'd — the feaſt of *Criſpian:*
He, that out-lives this day, and comes ſafe home,
Will ſtand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouze him at the name of *Criſpian*.

He, that ſhall live this day, and ſee old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feaſt his friends,
And ſay — to-morrow is ſaint *Criſpian:*
Then will he ſtrip his ſleeve, and ſhew his ſkars.
Old men forget; all ſhall not be forgot;
But he'll remember, with advantages,
What feats he did that day: Then ſhall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as houſhold words,—
Harry the king, *Bedford*, and *Exeter*,
Warwick and *Talbot*, *Saliſbury* and *Gloſter*,—
Be in their flowing cups freſhly remember'd.
This ſtory ſhall the good man teach his ſon;
And *Criſpin Criſpian* ſhall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it ſhall be remembered:
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he, to-day that ſheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er ſo vile,
This day ſhall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in *England*, now abed,
Shall think themſelves accurſ'd, they were not here;
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any ſpeaks,
That fought with us upon ſaint *Criſpin*'s day.

Re-enter SALISBURY.

SAL. My ſovereign lord, beſtow yourſelf with ſpeed:
The *French* are bravely in their battles ſet,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

KIN. All things are ready, if our minds be ſo.

WES. Periſh the man, whose mind is backward now!

KIN. Thou doſt not wiſh more help from *England*, couſin?

WES. God's will, my liege, would you and I alone,

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[1] ſee this day, and live   [5] forget; yet all

Without more help, might fight this battle out.
Kin. Why, now thou haſt unwiſh'd five thouſand men;
Which likes me better, than to wiſh us one. —
You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

MON. Once more I come to know of thee, king *Harry*,
If for thy ranſom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy moſt aſſured overthrow:
For, certainly, thou art ſo near the gulph,
Thou needs muſt be englutted. Beſides, in mercy,
The conſtable desires thee — thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their ſouls
May make a peaceful and a ſweet retire
From off these fields, where (wretches) their poor bodies
Muſt lie and feſter.
Kin. Who hath ſent thee now?
MON. The conſtable of *France*.
Kin. I pray thee, bear my former anſwer back;
Bid them atchieve me, and then ſell my bones.
Good God! why ſhould they mock poor fellows thus?
The man, that once did ſell the lion's ſkin
While the beaſt liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
A many of our bodies ſhall, no doubt,
Find native graves; upon the which, I truſt,
Shall witneſs live in braſs of this day's work:
And those that leave their valiant bones in *France*,
Dying like men, though bury'd in your dunghills,
They ſhall be fam'd; for there the ſun ſhall greet them,
And draw their honours reeking up to heaven;
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
The ſmell whereof ſhall breed a plague in *France*.
Mark then a bounding valour in our *Engliſh*;

[32] abounding

That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Breaks out into a ſecond courſe of miſchief,
Killing in relapſe.
Let me ſpeak proudly; — Tell the conſtable,
We are but warriors for the working-day:
Our gayneſs, and our gilt, are all beſmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field;
There's not a piece of feather in our hoſt,
(Good argument, I hope, we ſhall not fly)
And time hath worn us into ſlovenry:
But, by the maſs, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poor ſoldiers tell me — yet ere night,
They'll be in freſher robes; or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the *French* ſoldiers' heads,
And turn them out of ſervice. If they do this,
(As, if please God, they ſhall) my ranſom then
Will ſoon be levy'd. Herald, ſave thy labour;
Come thou no more for ranſom, gentle herald;
They ſhall have none, I ſwear, but these my joints:
Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
Shall yield them little, tell the conſtable.
Mon. I ſhall, king *Harry*. And ſo fare thee well:
Thou never ſhalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*
Kin. I fear, thou'lt once more come again for ranſom.
Enter the Duke of York.
Yor. My lord, moſt humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward. [away: —
Kin. Take it brave *York.* — Now, ſoldiers, march
And how thou pleaſeſt, God, diſpoſe the day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Field of Battle.*

Alarums, as of a Battle join'd. Excurſions. Enter a

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[3] relapſe of Mortalitie.

Frenchman, *flying*; Pistol, *and* Boy, *following*.

Pis. Yield, cur.

Fre. *Je penſe, que vous eſtes le gentilhomme de bonne qualité.*

Pis. Quality! cality! — conſtrue me, —
Art thou a gentleman? What is thy name?
Diſcuſs.

Fre. *O ſeigneur Dieu!*

Pis. O, ſignieur *Dew* ſhould be a gentleman: —
Perpend my words, o ſignieur *Dew*, and mark; —
O ſignieur *Dew*, thou dy'ſt on point of fox,
Except, o ſignieur, thou do give to me
Egregious ranſom.

Fre. *O, prennez miſericorde! ayez pitié de moi!*

Pis. Moy ſhall not ſerve, I will have forty moys;
Or I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat,
In drops of crimson blood.

Fre. *Eſt il impoſſible d'eſchapper la force de ton bras?*

Pis. Braſs, cur!
Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'ſt me braſs?

Fre. *O, pardonnez moi!*

Pis. Say'ſt thou me ſo? is that a tun of moys? —
Come hither, boy; Aſk me this ſlave in *French*
What is his name.

Boy. *Eſcoutez; Comment eſtes vous appellé?*

Fre. *Monſieur le Fer.*

Boy. He ſays, his name is — maſter *Fer.*

Pis. Maſter *Fer!* I'll fer him, and ferk him, and ferret him: — diſcuſs the ſame in *French* unto him.

Boy. I do not know the *French* for fer, and ferret, and ferk.

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[5] Qualtity calmy cuſture [16] for I

Pis. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

Fre. *Que dit-il, monſieur?*

Boy. *Il me commande de vous dire, que vous vous teniez preſt; car ce ſoldat ici eſt diſpoſé tout á cette heure de couper voſtre gorge.*

Pis. *Oui, coupe le gorge, par ma foy, pesant,*
Unleſs thou give me crowns, brave crowns;
Or mangl'd ſhalt thou be by this my ſword.

Fre. *O, je vous ſupplie, pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner! Je ſuis gentilhomme de bonne maiſon; gardez ma vie, et je vous donneray deux cents eſcus.*

Pis. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to ſave his life: he is a gentleman of a good houſe; and, for his ranſom, he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pis. Tell him — my fury ſhall abate,
And I the crowns will take.

Fre. *Petit monſieur, que dit-il?*

Boy. *Encore qu'il eſt contre ſon jurement, de pardonner aucun priſonnier; neantmoins, pour les eſcus que vous lui promettez, il eſt content de vous donner la liberté, le franchiſement.*

Fre. *Sur mes genoux, je vous donne mille remerciemens: et je me eſtime heureux, que j'ai tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier,* comme *je penſe, le plus brave, valiant, et tres diſtingué ſeigneur d'Angleterre.*

Pis. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thouſand thanks: and eſteems himſelf happy, that he hath fall'n into the hands of one (as he thinks) the moſt brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy ſignieur of *England*.

Pis. As I ſuck blood, I will ſome mercy ſhew. —

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4 *tout asture* 24 *ie ne tombe* 26 *diſtinie*

Follow me, cur. [*Exit* PISTOL.

Boy. Suivez vous le grand capitain.

[*Exit* Frenchman, *after him.*

I did never know ſo full a voice iſſue from ſo empty a heart: but the ſaying is true,—The empty veſſel makes the greateſt ſound. *Bardolph*, and *Nym*, had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i'the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; and they are both hang'd; and ſo would this be, if he durſt ſteal any thing advent'rouſly. I muſt ſtay with the lacqueys, with the luggage of our camp: the *French* might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it, but boys. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *The ſame. Another Part of it.*

Alarums, &c. *Enter* Dauphin, ORLEANS, Conſtable,
BOURBON, *and divers Others.*

Con. O diable!

ORL. *O ſeigneur! — le jour eſt perdu, tout eſt perdu!*

Dau. Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all!
Reproach, reproach, and everlaſting ſhame
Sits mocking in our plumes. — *O meſchante fortune!* —
Do not run away. [*other Alarums.*

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dau. O perdurable ſhame! — let's ſtab ourſelves.
Be theſe the wretches, that we play'd at dice for?

ORL. Is this the king, we ſent to for his ranſom?

Bou. Shame, and eternal ſhame, nothing but ſhame!
Let us die inſtant: — Once more back again;
And he that will not follow *Bourbon* now,
Let him go hence, and, with his cap in hand,
Like a baſe pander, hold the chamber-door,

[1] *Sauve vous*

Whilſt by a ſlave, no gentler than my dog,
His faireſt daughter is contaminate.

Con. Disorder, that hath ſpoil'd us, friend us now:
Let us, on heaps, go offer up our lives.

Orl. We are enough, yet living in the field,
To ſmother up the *Engliſh* in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.

Bou. The devil take order now! I'll to the throng:
Let life be ſhort; elſe, ſhame will be too long. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The ſame. Another Part of it.*

Alarums. Enter King Henry, *and Forces;*
Exeter, *and Others, with him.*

Kin. Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen:
But all's not done, yet keep the *French* the field.

Exe. The duke of *York* commends him to your majeſty.

Kin. Lives he, good uncle? thrice, within this hour,
I ſaw him down; thrice up again, and fighting;
From helmet to the ſpur, all blood he was.

Exe. In which array (brave ſoldier) doth he lie,
Larding the plain: and by his bloody ſide
(Yoak-fellow to his honour-owing wounds)
The noble earl of *Suffolk* alſo lies.
Suffolk firſt dy'd: and *York*, all haggl'd o'er,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay inſteep'd,
And takes him by the beard; kiſſes the gaſhes,
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;
And cries aloud,—*Tarry, my couſin* Suffolk!
My ſoul ſhall thine keep company to heaven:
Tarry, ſweet ſoul, for mine, then fly a-breaſt;
As, in this glorious and well-foughten field,
We kept together in our chivalry!

Upon these words, I came, and cheer'd him up:
He ſmil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, ſays,—*Dear my lord,*
Commend my ſervice to my ſovereign.
So did he turn, and over *Suffolk*'s neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kiſſ'd his lips;
And ſo, eſpous'd to death, with blood he ſeal'd
A teſtament of noble-ending love:
The pretty and ſweet manner of it forc'd
Those waters from me, which I would have ſtop'd;
But I had not ſo much of man in me;
But all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.
Kin. I blame you not;
For, hearing this, I muſt perforce compound
With miſtful eyes, or they will iſſue too.—
[*a loud Alarum.*
But, hark! what new alarum is this ſame?—
The *French* have re-inforc'd their ſcatter'd men:—
Then every ſoldier kill his priſoners;
Give the word through. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The ſame. Another Part of it.*
Alarums. Enter GOWER, *and* FLUELLEN.

Flu. Kill the poys, and the luggage! 'tis expreſly againſt the law of arms: 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offer'd; In your conſcience now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly raſcals, that ran from the battle, ha' done this ſlaughter: beſides, they have burned, and carry'd away, all that was in the king's tent; wherefore the

16 mixtfull

king, moſt worthily, hath caus'd every ſoldier to cut his priſoner's throat. O, 'tis a gallant king!

Flu. Ay, he was born at *Monmouth*, captain *Gower*: What call you the town's name, where *Alexander* the pig was born?

Gow. *Alexander* the great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not, pig, great? the pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, ſave the phraſe is a little variations.

Gow. I think, *Alexander* the great was born in *Macedon*; his father was call'd — *Philip* of *Macedon*, as I take it.

Flu. I think, it is in *Macedon*, where *Alexander* is porn. I tell you, captain, — If you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant, you ſhall find, in the compariſons between *Macedon* and *Monmouth*, that the ſituations, look you, is both alike: There is a river in *Macedon*; and there is alſo moreover a river at *Monmouth*: it is call'd *Wye*, at *Monmouth*; but it is out of my prains, what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis ſo like as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is ſalmons in both. If you mark *Alexander*'s life well, *Harry* of *Monmouth*'s life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. *Alexander*, (Got knows, and you know) in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his diſpleaſures, and his indignations, and alſo being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his peſt friend *Clytus*.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that; he never kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made an end and finiſhed. I ſpeak but in the figures and compariſons of it: As *Alexander* is kill his friend *Clytus*, being in his ales and his cups; ſo alſo *Harry Monmouth*, being in his right wits and his goot judgments, is turn away the fat knight with the great-pelly doublet; he was full of jeſts, and gypes, and knaveries, and mocks, I am forget his name.

Gow. Sir *John Falſtaff.*

Flu. That is he: I'll tell you, there is goot men porn at *Monmouth*.

Gow. Here comes his majeſty.

Alarums. Enter King Henry, *and Forces*; Warwick, Gloster, Exeter, *and Others.*

Kin. I was not angry ſince I came to *France*,
Until this inſtant.—Take a trumpet, herald;
Ride thou unto the horſemen on yon' hill:
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our ſight:
If they'll do neither, we will come to them;
And make them ſkir away, as ſwift as ſtones
Enforced from the old *Aſſyrian* ſlings:
Beſides, we'll cut the throats of those we have;
And not a man of them, that we ſhall take,
Shall taſte our mercy: Go, and tell them ſo.
[*Exeunt a Herald, and Others.*

Exe. Here comes the herald of the *French*, my liege.

Enter Montjoy.

Glo. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be. [not,
Kin. How now! what means this herald? know'ſt thou
That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ranſom?
Com'ſt thou again for ranſom?

Mon. No, great king:
I come to thee for charitable licence,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field,
To book our dead, and then to bury them;
To ſort our nobles from our common men;
For many of our princes (woe the while!)
Lie drown'd and ſoak'd in mercenary blood:
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of princes; and the wounded ſteeds
Fret fetlock-deep in gore, and, with wild rage,
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead maſters,
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,
To view the field in ſafety, and diſpose
Of their dead bodies.

Kin. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not, if the day be ours, or no;
For yet a many of your horſe appear,
And gallop o'er the field.

Mon. The day is yours.

Kin. Praised be God, and not our ſtrength for it. —
What is this caſtle call'd, that ſtands hard by?

Mon. They call it — *Agincourt.*

Kin. Then call we this — the field of *Agincourt,*
Fought on the day of *Criſpin Criſpianus.*

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please your majeſty, and your great-uncle *Edward* the plack prince of *Wales,* as I have read in the chronicles, fought a moſt prave pattle here in *France.*

Kin. They did, *Fluellen.*

Flu. Your majeſty ſays very true: If your majeſties is remember'd of it, the *Welſhmen* did goot ſervice in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their

[9] and with wounded [17] horſemen peere

Monmouth caps; which, your majeſty know, to this hour is an honourable padge of the ſervice: and, I do believe, your majeſty takes no ſcorn to wear the leek upon ſaint *Tavy*'s day.

Kin. I wear it for a memorable honour:
For I am *Welſh*, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in *Wye* cannot waſh your majeſty's *Welſh* plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: Got pleſs it, and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace and his majeſty too!

Kin. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By *Cheſhu*, I am your majeſty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confeſs it to all the 'orld: I need not to be aſhamed of your majeſty, praised be Got, ſo long as your majeſty is an honeſt man.

Kin. God keep me ſo! — Our heralds, go with him;
Bring me juſt notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts. — Call yonder fellow hither.
[*ſeeing* WILLIAMS *among the Troops.*

Exe. Soldier, you muſt come to the king.
[*Exeunt* MONTJOY, *and Others.*

Kin. Soldier, why wear'ſt thou that glove in thy cap?

Wil. An't please your majeſty, 'tis the gage of one that I ſhould fight withal, if he be alive.

Kin. An *Engliſhman?*

Wil. An't please your majeſty; a raſcal, that ſwagger'd with me laſt night: who if 'a live, and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have ſworn to take him a box o'the ear: or, if I can ſee my glove in his cap, (which, he ſwore, as he was a ſoldier, he would wear, if alive) I would ſtrike it out ſoundly.

Kin. What think you, captain *Fluellen*; is it fit, this

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[27] alive

ſoldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain elſe, an't please your majeſty, in my conſcience.

Kin. It may be, his enemy is a gentleman of great ſort, quite from the anſwer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as goot a gentleman as the tevil is, as *Lucifer* and *Belzebub* himſelf, it is neceſſary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he be perjur'd, ſee you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain and a jack-ſauce, as ever his plack ſhoe trod upon Got's ground and his earth, in my conſcience, la.

Kin. Then keep thy vow, ſirrah, when thou meet'ſt the fellow.

Wil. So I will, my liege, as I live.

Kin. Who ſerv'ſt thou under?

Wil. Under captain *Gower*, my liege.

Flu. *Gower* is a goot captain; and is goot knowledge and literature in the wars.

Kin. Call him hither to me, ſoldier.

Wil. I will, my liege. [*Exit.*

Kin. Here, *Fluellen*; wear thou this † favour for me, and ſtick it in thy cap: When *Alenson* and myſelf were down together, I pluck'd this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to *Alenson*, and an enemy to our perſon; if thou encounter any ſuch, apprehend him, an thou doſt love me.

Flu. Your grace does me as great honours, as can be desired in the hearts of his ſubjects: I would fain ſee the man, that has but two legs, that ſhall find himſelf agrief'd at this glove, that is all; but I would fain ſee it once; an please Got of his grace, that I might ſee it.

Kin. Know'ſt thou *Gower*?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an please you.

Kin. Pray thee, go ſeek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. [*Exit.*

Kin. My lord of *Warwick*,—and my brother *Gloſter*,—
Follow *Fluellen* cloſely at the heels:
The glove, which I have given him for a favour,
May, haply, purchaſe him a box o'the ear;
It is the ſoldier's; I, by bargain, ſhould
Wear it myſelf. Follow, good couſin *Warwick*:
If that the ſoldier ſtrike him, (as, I judge
By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word)
Some ſudden miſchief may ariſe of it;
For I do know *Fluellen* valiant,
And, touch'd with choler, hot as gun-powder,
And quickly will return an injury:
Follow, and ſee there be no harm between them.—
Go you with me, uncle of *Exeter*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *The* Engliſh *Camp.*

Enter GOWER, *and* WILLIAMS.

Wil. I warrant, it is to knight you, captain.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Got's will and his pleaſure, captain, I peſeech you now, come apace to the king: there is more goot toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Wil. Sir, know you this glove? [*ſhewing that in his Cap.*

Flu. Know the glove? I know, the glove is a glove.

Wil. I know this; [*pointing to the Glove in* Fluellen's *Cap.*] and thus I challenge it. [*ſtrikes him.*

Flu. 'Sblud, an arrant traitor, as any's in the univerſal 'orld, or in *France*, or in *England*.

Gow. How now, ſir? you villain!

Wil. Do you think I'll be forſworn?

Flu. Stand away, captain *Gower*; I will give treaſon his payment in plows, I warrant you.

Wil. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat. — I charge you in his majeſty's name, apprehend him; he's a friend of the duke *Alenson*'s.

Enter Warwick, *and* Gloſter.

War. How now, how now! what's the matter?

Flu. My lord of *Warwick*, here is (praised be Got for it) a moſt contagious treason come to light, look you, as you ſhall desire in a ſummer's day. Here is his majeſty.

Enter King Henry, *and* Exeter.

Kin. How now! what's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your grace, has ſtrook the glove which your majeſty is take out of the helmet of *Alenson*.

Wil. My liege, that was my glove, here is † the fellow of it: and he, that I gave it to in change, promis'd to wear it in his cap; I promis'd to ſtrike him, if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your majeſty hear now, (ſaving your majeſty's manhood) what an arrant, raſcally, beggarly, lousy, knave it is: I hope, your majeſty is pear me teſtimony, and witneſs, and avouchments, that this is the glove of *Alenson*, that your majeſty is give me, in your conſcience now.

Kin. Give me thy glove, ſoldier; Look, here is † [the fellow of it:
'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'ſt to ſtrike;

4 into 28 and will avouch —

And thou haſt given me moſt bitter terms.

Flu. An pleaſe your majeſty, let his neck anſwer for it, if there is any martial law in the 'orld.

Kin. How canſt thou make me ſatiſfaction?

Wil. All offences, my liege, come from the heart; never came any from mine, that might offend your majeſty.

Kin. It was ourſelf thou didſt abuse.

Wil. Your majeſty came not like yourſelf: you appear'd to me but as a common man; witneſs the night, your garments, your lowlineſs; and what your highneſs ſuffer'd under that ſhape, I beſeech you, take it for your own fault, and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beſeech your highneſs, pardon me.

Kin. Here, uncle *Exeter*, fill this glove † with [crowns,
And give it to this fellow. — Keep it, fellow;
And wear it for an honour in thy cap,
'Till I do challenge it. — Give him the crowns: —
And, captain, you muſt needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly: — Hold, there is twelve-pence for you; and I pray you to ſerve Got, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and diſſentions, and, I warrant you, it is the petter for you.

Wil. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a goot will; I can tell you, it will ſerve you to mend your ſhoes: Come, wherefore ſhould you be ſo paſhful? your ſhoes is not ſo goot: 'tis a goot filling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter a Herald, *and Others.*

Kin. Now, herald; are the dead number'd?

Her. Here is the number of the ſlaughter'd *French.*
[*kneeling, and delivering Papers.*

Kin. What priſoners of good ſort are taken, uncle?

EXE. *Charles* duke of *Orleans*, nephew to the king;
John duke of *Bourbon*, and lord *Bouciqualt:*
Of other lords, and barons, knights, and 'ſquires,
Full fifteen hundred, beſides common men.

Kin. This note doth tell me of ten thouſand *French*,
That in the field lie ſlain: of princes, in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty ſix: added to theſe,
Of knights, eſquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thouſand and four hundred; of the which,
Five hundred were but yeſterday dub'd knights:
So that, in theſe ten thouſand they have loſt,
There are but ſixteen hundred mercenaries;
The reſt are — princes, barons, lords, knights, 'ſquires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of those their nobles that lie dead,—
Charles De-la-bret, high conſtable of *France*;
Jaques of *Chatillion*, admiral of *France*;
The maſter of the croſs-bows, lord *Rambures*;
Great-maſter of *France*, the brave ſir *Guiſchard Dolphin*;
John duke of *Alenson*; *Antony* duke of *Brabant*,
The brother to the duke of *Burgundy*;
And *Edward* duke of *Bar:* of luſty earls,
Grandprée, and *Rouſſi*, *Fauconberg*, and *Foix*,
Beaumont, and *Marle*, *Vaudemont*, and *Leſtrale*.
Here was a royal fellowſhip of death!—
Where is the number of our *Engliſh* dead?—
[*Herald ſhews him another Paper.*
Edward the duke of *York*, the earl of *Suffolk*,

Sir *Richard Ketly*, *Davy Gam* eſquire,
None elſe of name; and, of all other men,
But five and twenty. — O God, thy arm was here!
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Aſcribe we all. — When, without ſtratagem,
But in plain ſhock and even play of battle,
Was ever known ſo great and little loſs,
On one part and on the other? — take it, God,
For it is only thine.

Exe. 'Tis wonderful!

Kin. Come, go we in proceſſion to the village:
And be it death proclaimed through our hoſt,
To boaſt of this, or take that praiſe from God,
Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an pleaſe your majeſty, to tell how many is kill'd?

Kin. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgment,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conſcience, he did us great goot.

Kin. Do we all holy rites;
Let there be ſung, *Non nobis*, and *Te deum.*
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay,
We'll then to *Calais*; and to *England* then;
Where ne'er from *France* arriv'd more happier men.
[*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter Chorus.

Vouchſafe to those that have not read the ſtory,
That I may prompt them: and for ſuch as have,

[32] and of ſuch

I humbly pray them to admit the excuſe
Of time, of numbers, and due courſe of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented. Now we bear the king
Toward *Calais:* grant him there; and there being ſeen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
Athwart the ſea: Behold, the *Engliſh* beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives, and boys,
Whoſe ſhouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd ſea;
Which, like a mighty whiſler 'fore the king,
Seems to prepare his way: ſo let him land;
And, ſolemnly, ſee him ſet on to *London.*
So ſwift a pace hath thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon *Black-heath:*
Where that his lords desire him, to have born
His bruised helmet, and his bended ſword,
Before him, through the city: he forbids it,
Being free from vainneſs and ſelf-glorious pride;
Giving full trophy, ſignal, and oſtent,
Quite from himſelf, to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-houſe of thought,
How *London* doth pour out her citizens!
The mayor, and all his brethren, in beſt ſort,—
Like to the ſenators of the antique *Rome,*
With the plebeians ſwarming at their heels,—
Go forth, and fetch their conquering *Cæsar* in:
As, by a low but loving likelihood,
Were now the general of our gracious empreſs
(As, in good time, he may) from *Ireland* coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his ſword,
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him? much more, and much more cauſe,

27 lower, but by loving

Did they this *Harry*. Now in *London* place him.
And here the lamentation of the *French*
Invites,— the king of *England*'s ſtay at home,—
The emperor's coming in behalf of *France*,
To order peace between them :— But theſe now
We paſs in ſilence over; and omit
All the occurrences whatever chanc'd,
'Till *Harry*'s back-return again to *France*;
There muſt we bring him; and myſelf have play'd
The *interim*, by rememb'ring you — 'tis paſt.
Then brook abridgment; and your eyes advance,
After your thoughts, ſtraight back again to *France*.
[*Exit*.

SCENE I. France. *A Court of Guard.*

Enter GOWER, *and* FLUELLEN.

Gow. Nay, that's right; But why wear you your leek to-day? ſaint *Davy*'s day is paſt.

Flu. There is occaſions and cauſes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you, as my friend, captain *Gower*; The raſcally, ſcald, beggarly, louſy, pragging knave, *Piſtol*,— which you and yourſelf, and all the 'orld, know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits,— he is come to me, and prings me pread and ſalt yeſterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek: it was in a place where I could not breed no contentions with him; but I will be ſo pold as to wear it in my cap 'till I ſee him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my deſires.

Enter PISTOL.

Gow. Why, here he comes, ſwelling like a turkey-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his ſwellings, nor his tur-

[a] As yet the

key-cocks. — Got pleſs you, ancient *Piſtol!* you ſcurvy louſy knave, Got pleſs you!

Pis. Ha! art thou *Bedlam?* doſt thou thirſt, baſe *Trojan,*
To have me fold up *Parca*'s fatal web?
Hence! I am qualmiſh at the ſmell of leek.

Flu. I peſeech you heartily, [*taking the Leek from his Cap.*] ſcurvy louſy knave, at my deſires, and my requeſts, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek; becauſe, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digeſtions, does not agree with it, I would deſire you to eat it.

Pis. Not for *Cadwallader,* and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you. [*beating him.*] Will you be ſo goot, ſcald knave, as eat it?

Pis. Baſe *Trojan,* thou ſhalt die.

Flu. You ſay very true, ſcald knave, when Got's will is: I will deſire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals; come, there is ſauce for it. [*beating him again.*] You call'd me yeſterday, mountain 'ſquire; but I will make you to-day a 'ſquire of low degree. I pray you, fall to; [*beating again.*] if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain, you have aſtoniſh'd him.

Flu. I ſay, I will make him eat ſome part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days: — bite, I pray you; [*giving the Leek into his Hand.*] it is goot for your green wound, and your ploody coxcomb.

Pis. Muſt I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly; and out of doubt, and out of queſtion too, and ambiguities.

Pis. By this leek, [*eating of it.*] I will moſt horribly revenge. I eat, and eat, I ſwear.

Flu. Eat, I pray you: Will you have ſome more ſauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to ſwear by.

Pis. Quiet thy cudgel; thou doſt ſee, I eat.

Flu. Much goot do you, ſcald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away; the ſkin is goot for your proken coxcomb: When you take occasions to ſee leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at them; that is all.

Pis. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is goot: — Hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pis. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes, verily, and in truth, you ſhall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you ſhall eat.

Pis. I take † thy groat, in earneſt of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels; you ſhall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. Got be wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [*Exit.*

Pis. All hell ſhall ſtir for this.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave: Will you mock at an antient tradition, — begun upon an honourable reſpect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceaſed valour, — and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have ſeen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not ſpeak *Engliſh* in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an *Engliſh* cudgel: you find it otherwise; and, henceforth, let a *Welſh* correction teach you a good *Engliſh* condition. Fare ye well. [*Exit.*

Pis. Doth fortune play the huswy' with me now?
News have I, that my *Nell* is dead i'the 'ſpital
Of malady of *France*;

31 my *Doll*

And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs
Honour is cudgel'd. Well, bawd will I turn,
And ſomething lean to cut-purſe of quick hand.
To *England* will I ſteal, and there I'll ſteal:
And patches will I get unto these ſcars;
And ſwear, I got them in the *Gallia* wars. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The ſame. A Room in ſome Palace.*

Enter, at one Door, King Henry, *and Train of Nobles;* EXETER, *amongſt them, and* WESTMORLAND: *at another, the* French *King, and his Queen, the Lady* CATHARINE, ALICE, *and other Ladies, Lords,* &c. *Duke of* BURGUNDY, *and Train.*

Kin. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met! —
Unto our brother *France*, — and to our ſiſter, —
Health and fair time of day; — joy and good wiſhes
To our moſt fair and princely cousin *Catharine*; —
And (as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great aſſembly is contriv'd)
We do ſalute you, duke of *Burgundy*; —
And princes *French*, and peers, health to you all!

Fr.K. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Moſt worthy brother *England*; fairly met: —
So are you, princes *Engliſh*, every one.

Fr.Q. So happy be the iſſue, brother *England*,
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have born in them,
Againſt the *French*, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murthering basilisks:
The venom of ſuch looks, we fairly hope,

Have loſt their quality; and that this day
Shall change all griefs, and quarrels, into love.
Kin. To cry amen to that, we thus appear.
Fr. Q. You *Engliſh* princes all, I do ſalute you.
Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love, [our'd,
Great kings of *France* and *England!* That I have lab-
With all my wits, my pains, and ſtrong endeavours,
To bring your moſt imperial majeſties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightineſs on both parts beſt can witneſs.
Since then my office hath ſo far prevail'd,
That, face to face, and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted; let it not diſgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,—
What rub, or what impediment, there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangl'd peace,
Dear nurſe of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not, in this beſt garden of the world,
Our fertile *France*, put up her lovely viſage?
Alas! ſhe hath from *France* too long been chaſ'd;
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in it's own fertility.
Her vine, the merry chearer of the heart,
Unpruned, dies: her hedges even-pleach'd,
Like priſoners wildly over-grown with hair,
Put forth diſorder'd twigs: her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,
Doth root upon; while that the culter ruſts,
That ſhould deracinate ſuch ſavag'ry:
The even mead, that erſt brought ſweetly forth
The freckl'd cowſlip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the ſcythe, all uncorrected, rank,

[32] Sythe, withall

Conceives by idleneſs; and nothing teems,
But hateful docks, rough thiſtles, keckſies, burs,
Loſing both beauty and utility.
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildneſs;
Even ſo our houſes, and ourſelves, and children,
Have loſt, or do not learn, for want of time,
The ſciences that ſhould become our country;
But grow, like ſavages,— as ſoldiers will,
That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
To ſwearing, and ſtern looks, diffus'd attire,
And every thing that ſeems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour,
You are aſſembl'd: and my ſpeech entreats,
That I may know the let, why gentle peace
Should not expel theſe inconveniencies,
And bleſs us with her former qualities.
Kin. If, duke of *Burgundy*, you would the peace,
Whoſe want gives growth to the imperfections
Which you have cited, you muſt buy that peace
With full accord to all our juſt demands;
Whoſe tenures and particular effects
You have, enſchedul'd briefly, in your † hands.
Bur. The king hath heard them; to the which, as yet,
There is no anſwer made.
Kin. Well then, the peace,
Which you before ſo urg'd, lies in his anſwer.
Fr. K. I have but with a curſorary eye
O'er-glanc'd the articles: pleaſeth your grace
To appoint ſome of your council preſently
To ſit with us once more, with better heed
To re-ſurvey them, we will, ſuddenly,

[4] And all our

Paſs, or accept, and peremptory anſwer.[1]
Kin. Brother, we ſhall. — Go, uncle *Exeter*, —
And brother *Clarence*, — and you, brother *Gloſter*, —
Warwick, — and *Huntington*, — go with the king:
And take with you free power, to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms beſt
Shall ſee advantageable for our dignity,
Any thing in, or out of, our demands;
And we'll conſign thereto. — Will you, fair ſiſter,
Go with the princes, or ſtay here with us?
Fr. Q. Our gracious brother, I will go with them;
Haply, a woman's voice may do ſome good,
When articles, too nicely urg'd, be ſtood on.
Kin. Yet leave our cousin *Catharine* here with us;
She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.
Fr. Q. She hath good leave.
[*Exeunt All but* Hen. Cath. *and her Gentlewoman.*
Kin. Fair *Catharine*, and moſt fair!
Will you vouchſafe to teach a ſoldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-ſuit to her gentle heart?

Cat. Your majeſty ſhall mock at me; I cannot ſpeak your *England*.

Kin. O fair *Catharine*, if you will love me ſoundly with your *French* heart, I will be glad to hear you confeſs it brokenly with your *Engliſh* tongue. Do you like me, *Kate?*

Cat. *Pardonnez moi*, I cannot tell vat is — like me.

Kin. An angel is like you, *Kate*; and you are like an angel.

Cat. *Que dit-il? que je ſuis ſemblable á les anges?*

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[1] Paſſe our accept

Ali. *Oui, vrayment, (ſauf voſtre grace) ainſi dit-il.*

Kin. I ſaid ſo, dear *Catharine*; and I muſt not bluſh to affirm it.

Cat. *O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes ſont pleines des tromperies.*

Kin. What ſays ſhe, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Ali. *Oui*; dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de princeſs.

Kin. The princeſs is the better *Engliſh*-woman. — I'faith, *Kate*, my wooing is fit for thy underſtanding: I am glad, thou canſt ſpeak no better *Engliſh*; for, if thou could'ſt, thou would'ſt find me ſuch a plain king, that thou would'ſt think, I had ſold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to ſay — I love you: then, if you urge me farther than to ſay — Do you, in faith? I wear out my ſuit. Give me your anſwer; i'faith, do; and ſo clap hands, and a bargain: How ſay you, lady?

Cat. *Sauf voſtre honneur*, me underſtand vell.

Kin. Marry, if you would put me to verſes, or to dance for your ſake, *Kate*, why, you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor meaſure; and for the other, I have no ſtrength in meaſure, yet a reaſonable meaſure in ſtrength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my ſaddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it ſpoken, I ſhould quickly leap into a wife: Or, if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horſe for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and ſit like a jack-an-apes, never off: But, before God, *Kate*, I cannot look greenly, nor gaſp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in proteſtation; only downright oaths, which I never uſe 'till urg'd, nor never break for urging. If thou canſt love a fellow of this temper, *Kate*, whoſe face is not worth ſun-burning, that never looks in his glaſs for love of any thing he ſees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I ſpeak to thee plain ſoldier: If thou canſt love me for this, take me: if not, to ſay to thee — that I ſhall die, is true; but — for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou liv'ſt, dear *Kate*, take a fellow of plain and uncoined conſtancy; for he perforce muſt do thee right, becauſe he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for theſe fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhime themſelves into ladies' favours, — they do always reaſon themſelves out again. What! a ſpeaker is but a prater; a rhime is but a ballad. A good leg will fall; a ſtrait back will ſtoop; a black beard will turn white; a curl'd pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow: but a good heart, *Kate*, is the ſun and the moon; or (rather) the ſun, and not the moon; for it ſhines bright, and never changes, but keeps his courſe truly. If thou would have ſuch a one, take me: And take me; take a ſoldier, take a ſoldier; take a king. And what ſay'ſt thou then to my love? ſpeak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

CAT. Is it poſſible, dat I ſhould love de enemy of *France?*

Kin. No; it is not poſſible, you ſhould love the enemy of *France*, *Kate*: but, in loving me, you ſhould love the friend of *France*; for I love *France* ſo well, that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: And, *Kate*, when *France* is mine, and I am yours, thine yours is *France*, and you are mine.

CAT. I cannot tell vat is dat.

Kin. No, *Kate?* I will tell thee in *French*; which, I am ſure, will hang upon my tongue, like a new-marry'd wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be ſhook off. *Quand j'ay la poſſeſſion de France, et quand vous avez la poſſeſſion de moi*,—let me ſee, What then? Saint *Dennis* be my ſpeed!—*donc voſtre eſt France, et vous eſtes mienne.* It is as easy for me, *Kate*, to conquer the kingdom, as to ſpeak ſo much more *French*: I ſhall never move thee in *French*, unleſs it be to laugh at me.

CAT. *Sauf voſtre honneur, le Francois que vous parlez, eſt meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.*

Kin. No, 'faith, is't not, *Kate*: but thy ſpeaking of my tongue, and I thine, moſt truly falſely, muſt needs be granted to be much at one. But, *Kate*, doſt thou underſtand thus much *Engliſh?* canſt thou love me?

CAT. I cannot tell.

Kin. Can any of your neighbours tell, *Kate?* I'll aſk them. Come, I know, thou loveſt me: and at night, when you come into your closet, you'll queſtion this gentlewoman about me; and I know, *Kate*, you will (to her) diſpraise those parts in me, that—you love with your heart: but, good *Kate*, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princeſs, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'ſt mine, *Kate*, (as I have a ſaving faith within me, tells me—thou ſhalt) I get thee with ſcambling, and thou muſt therefore needs prove a good ſoldier-breeder: Shall not thou and I, between ſaint *Dennis* and ſaint *George*, compound a boy, half *French*, half *Engliſh*, that ſhall go to *Conſtantinople*, and take the *Turk* by the beard? ſhall we not? what ſay'ſt thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

Cat. I do not know dat.

Kin. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promiſe: do but now promiſe, *Kate*, you will endeavour for your *French* part of ſuch a boy; and, for my *Engliſh* moiety, take the word of a king and a batchelor. How anſwer you, *la plus belle Catharine du monde, mon tres chere et divine deeſſe?*

Cat. Your *majeſté* 'ave *fauſſe French* enough to deceive de moſt *ſage damoiſelle* dat is *en France*.

Kin. Now, fie upon my falſe *French!* By mine honour, in true *Engliſh*, I love thee, *Kate*: by which honour I dare not ſwear, thou loveſt me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou doſt, notwithſtanding the poor and untempting effect of my viſage. Now beſhrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars, when he got me; therefore was I created with a ſtubborn outſide, with an aſpect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, *Kate*, the elder I wax, the better I ſhall appear: my comfort is,—that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more ſpoil upon my face: thou haſt me, if thou haſt me, at the worſt; and thou ſhalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; And therefore tell me, moſt fair *Catharine*, will you have me? Put off your maiden bluſhes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empreſs; take me by the hand, and ſay—*Harry* of *England*, I am thine: which word thou ſhalt no ſooner bleſs mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud,—*England* is thine, *Ireland* is thine, *France* is thine, and *Henry Plantagenet* is thine; who, though I ſpeak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the beſt king, thou ſhalt find the beſt king of good-fellows. Come,

14 untempering

your anſwer in broken muſick; for thy voice is muſick, and thy *Engliſh* broken: therefore, queen of all, *Catharine*, break thy mind to me in broken *Engliſh*, Wilt thou have me?

Cat. Dat is as it ſhall pleaſe de *roi mon pere.*

Kin. Nay, it will pleaſe him well, *Kate*; it ſhall pleaſe him, *Kate*.

Cat. Den it ſhall alſo content me.

Kin. Upon that I kiſs your hand; and I call you — my queen.

Cat. *Laiſſez, mon ſeigneur, laiſſez, laiſſez: ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abbaiſſez voſtre grandeur, en baiſant la main d'une voſtre indigne ſerviteure*; *excuſez moi, je vous ſupplie, mon tres puiſſant ſeigneur.*

Kin. Then I will kiſs your lips, *Kate*.

Cat. *Les dames, et damoiſelles, pour eſtre baiſées devant leur nopces, il n'eſt pas la coutume de France.*

Kin. Madam my interpreter, what ſays ſhe?

Ali. Dat it is not be de faſhion *pour* de ladies of *France*, — I cannot tell vat is, *baiſer, en Engliſh*.

Kin. To kiſs.

Ali. Your majeſty *entendre* better *que moi*.

Kin. It is not a faſhion for the maids in *France* to kiſs before they are marry'd, would ſhe ſay?

Ali. *Oui, vrayment.*

Kin. O, *Kate*, nice cuſtoms curt'ſy to great kings. Dear *Kate*, you and I cannot be confin'd within the weak liſt of a country's faſhion: we are the makers of manners, *Kate*; and the liberty that follows our places, ſtops the mouth of all find-faults; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice faſhion of your country, in denying me a kiſs: therefore, patiently, and yielding.

[*kiſſes her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, *Kate:* there is more eloquence in a ſugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the *French* council; and they ſhould ſooner perſuade *Harry* of *England*, than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Re-enter the French *King, and his Queen;*
BURGUNDY, *Lords*, &c.

BUR. God ſave your majeſty! my royal cousin, Teach you our princeſs *Engliſh?*

Kin. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good *Engliſh.*

BUR. Is ſhe not apt?

Kin. Our tongue is rough, coz'; and my condition is not ſmooth: ſo that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot ſo conjure up the ſpirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeneſs.

BUR. Pardon the frankneſs of my mirth, if I anſwer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you muſt make a circle: if conjure up love in her in his true likeneſs, he muſt appear naked, and blind: Can you blame her then, being a maid yet rosy'd over with the virgin crimson of modeſty, if ſhe deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked ſeeing ſelf? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to conſign to.

Kin. Yet they do wink, and yield; as love is blind, and enforces.

BUR. They are then excus'd, my lord, when they ſee not what they do.

Kin. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to conſent to winking.

BUR. I will wink on her to conſent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well ſummer'd and warm kept, are like flies at *Bartholomew-tide*, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

Kin. This moral ties me over to time, and a hot ſummer; and ſo I ſhall catch the fly, your couſin, in the latter end, and ſhe muſt be blind too.

Bur. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

Kin. It is ſo: and you may, ſome of you, thank love for my blindneſs; who cannot ſee many a fair *French* city, for one fair *French* maid that ſtands in my way.

Fr. K. Yes, my lord, you ſee them perſpectively, the cities turn'd into a maid; for they are all girdl'd with maiden walls, that war hath not enter'd.

Kin. Shall *Kate* be my wife?

Fr. K. So please you.

Kin. I am content; ſo the maiden cities, you talk of, may wait on her: ſo the maid, that ſtood in the way for my wiſh, ſhall ſhew me the way to my will.

Fr. K. We have conſented to all terms of reaſon.

Kin. Is't ſo, my lords of *England?*

Wes. The king hath granted every article:
His daughter, firſt; and then, in ſequel, all,
According to their firm proposed natures.

Exe. Only, he hath not yet ſubſcribed this:— Where your majeſty demands,— that the king of *France*, having any occaſion to write for matter of grant, ſhall name your highneſs in this form, and with this addition, in *French*,— *Noſtre tres cher filz Henry roi d'Angleterre, heretier de France*; and thus in *Latin*,— *Præclariſſimus filius noſter Henricus, rex Angliæ, et hæres Franciæ.*

Fr.K. Nor this I have not, brother, ſo deny'd,
But your requeſt ſhall make me let it paſs.
Kin. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,
Let that one article rank with the reſt:
And, thereupon, give me your daughter.
Fr.K. Take her, fair ſon; and from her blood raiſe up
Iſſue to me: that the contending kingdoms
Of *France* and *England*, whoſe very ſhores look pale
With envy of each other's happineſs,
May ceaſe their hatred; and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and chriſtian-like accord
In their ſweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding ſword 'twixt *England* and fair *France*.
all. Amen!
Kin. Now, welcome, *Kate*:—and bear me witneſs all,
That here I kiſs her as my ſovereign queen.
[*Shouts, and Flouriſh of Inſtruments.*
Fr.Q. God, the beſt maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms ſuch a ſpousal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealouſy,
Which troubles oft the bed of bleſſed marriage,
Thruſt in between the paction of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league;
But *Engliſh* may as *French*, *French Engliſhmen*,
Receive each other!—God ſpeak this amen!
all. Amen!
Kin. Prepare we for our marriage:—on which day,
My lord of *Burgundy*, we'll take your oath,
And all the peers', for ſurety of our leagues.—
Then ſhall I ſwear to *Kate*,—and you to me;—

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And may our oaths well kept and proſp'rous be!
[*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Thus far, with rough and all-unable pen,
Our bending author hath purſu'd the ſtory;
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by ſtarts the full courſe of their glory.
Small time, but, in that ſmall, moſt greatly liv'd
This ſtar of *England:* fortune made his ſword;
By which the world's beſt garden he atchiev'd,
And of it left his ſon imperial lord.
Henry the ſixth, in infant bands crown'd king
Of *France* and *England*, did this king ſucceed;
Whoſe ſtate ſo many had the managing,
That they loſt *France*, and made his *England* bleed:
Which oft our ſtage hath ſhown; and, for their ſake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take. [*Exit.*

HENRY VI.

Part I.

Perſons repreſented.

King Henry *the ſixth.*
Duke of Bedford, *Uncle to the King, and Regent of* France.
Duke of Gloſter, *Uncle likewise to the King, and Protector.*
Thomas Beaufort, *Duke of* Exeter, *great Uncle to the King.*
Henry Beaufort, *great Uncle likewise to the King. and*
Biſhop of Wincheſter; *afterwards, Cardinal.*
Richard Plantagenet; *afterwards, Duke of* York.
Earl of Somerſet; *afterwards, Duke. Earl of* Salisbury.
Earl of Warwick. *Earl of* Suffolk. *Lord* Talbot, *and his Son.*
Edmund Mortimer, *claiming to be Earl of* March.
Sir Tho. Gargrave. *Sir* Will. Glansdale. *Sir* John Falſtaff.
Sir Will. Lucy. Mortimer*'s Keeper, and a Lawyer.*
Woodvile, *Lieutenant of the Tower. The Mayor of* London.
Maſter Vernon, *a* Yorkiſt. *Maſter* Baſſet, *a* Lancaſtrian.
Warders of the Tower, two; *Servants of* Gloſter, *two*;
Serv. of Wincheſter; *Serv. of* Talbot: *Meſſengers, & Officers, eight.*
Charles, *Dauphin of* France. *Duke of* Burgundy.
Reignier, *Duke of* Anjou, *titular King of* Naples, *&c.*
Duke of Alenson. *The Baſtard of* Orleans.
a Gunner, and his Son; *a Serjeant, and two Soldiers*;
a Porter; *General of the* French *Forces within* Bourdeaux;
a Legate; *Meſſenger*; *Shepherd, Father to* Pucelle.

Margaret, *Daughter to* Reignier. *Counteſs of* Auvergne.
Joan *of* Arc; *call'd, of the* French, La Pucelle.

Fiends, appearing to Pucelle. *Governor of* Paris. *Attendants,*
Officers, Soldiers, &c. French *and* Engliſh.

Scene, diſperſ'd; in England, *and* France.

The firſt Part of
King HENRY *the ſixth.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. Weſtminſter. *The Prince's Chamber.* *Solemn Muſick The Corpſe of King* Henry *the fifth diſcover'd, lying in great State: ſolemnly attended on by the Dukes of* BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER; Beaufort, *Biſhop of* WINCHESTER; *and divers other Noblemen, Prelates,* &c.

Bed. Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and ſtates,
Brandiſh your cryſtal treſſes in the ſky;
And with them ſcourge the bad revolting ſtars,
That have conſented unto *Henry*'s death!
Henry the fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er loſt a king of ſo much worth.
Glo. *England* ne'er had a king, until his time.
Virtue he had, deſerving to command:
His brandiſh'd ſword did blind men with his beams;
His arms ſpread wider than a dragon's wings;
His ſparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzl'd and drove back his enemies,
Than mid-day ſun, fierce bent againſt their faces.
What ſhould I ſay? his deeds exceed all ſpeech:

7 King *Henry*

He ne'er lift up his hand, but conquered. [blood?
Exe. We mourn in black, Why mourn we not in
Henry is dead, and never ſhall revive:
Upon a wooden coffin we attend;
And death's diſhonourable victory
We with our ſtately preſence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What? ſhall we curſe the planets of miſ-hap,
That plotted thus our glories' overthrow?
Or ſhall we think the ſubtle-witted *French*
Conjurers and ſorcerers, that, afraid of him,
By magick verſes have contriv'd his end?
Win. He was a king bleſt of the King of kings.
Unto the *French* the dreadful judgment-day
So dreadful will not be, as was his ſight.
The battles of the Lord of hoſts he fought:
The church's prayers made him ſo proſperous. [pray'd,
Glo. The church! where is it? Had not church-men
His thread of life had not ſo ſoon decay'd:
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom like a ſchool-boy you may over-awe.
Win. *Gloſter*, whate'er we like, thou art protector;
And lookeſt to command the prince, and realm.
Thy wife is proud; ſhe holdeth thee in awe,
More than God, or religious church-men, may.
Glo. Name not religion, for thou lov'ſt the fleſh;
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'ſt,
Except it be to pray againſt thy foes. peace!
Bed. Ceaſe, ceaſe these jars, and reſt your minds in
Let's to the altar: — Heralds, wait on us: —
Inſtead of gold, we'll offer up our arms;
Since arms avail not, now that *Henry*'s dead. —

Poſterity, await for wretched years,
When at their mother's moiſt eyes babes ſhall ſuck;
Our isle be made a mariſh of ſalt tears,
And none but women left to wail the dead. —
Henry the fifth, thy ghoſt I invocate;
Proſper this realm, keep it from civil broils!
Combat with adverſe planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious ſtar thy ſoul will make,
Than *Julius Cæsar*, or bright ——

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My honourable lords, health to you all!
Sad tidings bring I to you out of *France*,
Of loſs, of ſlaughter, and diſcomfiture:
Guienne, *Champaigne*, *Rheims*, Roan, *Orleans*,
Paris, *Giſors*, *Poitiers*, are all quite loſt. [corſe?
Bed. What ſay'ſt thou, man, before dead *Henry*'s
Speak ſoftly; or the loſs of those great towns
Will make him burſt his lead, and rise from death.
Glo. Is *Paris* loſt? is *Roan* yielded up?
If *Henry* were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the ghoſt.
Exe. How were they loſt? what treachery was us'd?
Meſ. No treachery; but want of men, and money.
Amongſt the ſoldiers this is muttered,—
That here you maintain ſeveral factions;
And, whilſt a field ſhould be diſpatch'd and fought,
You are diſputing of your generals.
One would have ling'ring wars, with little coſt;
Another would fly ſwift, but wanteth wings;
A third man thinks, without expence at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, *Engliſh* nobility;

3 a Nouriſh

Let not ſloth dim your honours, new-begot:
Cropt are the flower-de-luces in your arms;
Of *England*'s coat one half is cut away.
Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth their flowing tides.
Bed. Me they concern, regent I am of *France*: —
Give me my ſteeled coat, I'll fight for *France*. —
Away with these diſgraceful wailing robes!
Wounds will I lend the *French*, inſtead of eyes,
To weep their intermiſſive miseries.

Enter another Meſſenger.

2. *M.* Lords, view these † letters, full of bad miſchance.
France is revolted from the *Engliſh* quite;
Except ſome petty towns, of no import:
The dauphin *Charles* is crowned king in *Rheims*;
The baſtard of *Orleans* with him is join'd;
Reignier, duke of *Anjou*, takes his part;
The duke of *Alenson* flyeth to his ſide.
Exe. The dauphin crowned king! all fly to him!
O, whither ſhall we fly from this reproach?
Glo. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats: —
Bedford, if thou be ſlack, I'll fight it out.
Bed. *Gloſter*, why doubt'ſt thou of my forwardneſs?
An army have I muſter'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already *France* is over-run.

Enter a third Meſſenger.

3. *M.* My gracious lords, — to add to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew king *Henry*'s hearſe, —
I muſt inform you of a dismal fight,
Betwixt the ſtout lord *Talbot* and the *French*.
Win. What, wherein *Talbot* overcame? is't ſo?
3. *M.* O, no; wherein lord *Talbot* was o'er-thrown:

5 her flowing 17 doth take

The circumſtance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of *Auguſt* laſt, this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the ſiege of *Orleans*,
Having ſcarce full ſix thousand in his troop,
By three and twenty thousand of the *French*
Was round encompaſſed and ſet upon:
No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to ſet before his archers;
Inſtead whereof, ſharp ſtakes, pluck'd out of hedges,
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horſemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant *Talbot*, above human thought,
Enacted wonders with his ſword and lance:
Hundreds he ſent to hell, and none durſt ſtand him;
Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he ſlew:
The *French* exclaim'd, The devil was in arms;
All the whole army ſtood agaz'd on him:
His ſoldiers, ſpying his undaunted ſpirit,
A *Talbot*, a *Talbot!* cried out amain,
And ruſh'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conqueſt fully been ſeal'd up,
If ſir *John Falſtaff* had not play'd the coward:
He being in the rere-ward plac'd behind,
With purpose to relieve and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not having ſtruck one ſtroke.
Hence grew the general wreck and maſſacre;
Enclosed were they with their enemies:
A baſe *Walloon*, to win the dauphin's grace,
Thruſt *Talbot* with a ſpear into the back;
Whom all *France*, with their chief aſſembl'd ſtrength,
Durſt not presume to look once in the face.

4 full ſcarce 24 Vauward

Bed. Is *Talbot* ſlain then? I will ſlay myſelf,
For living idly here, in pomp and eaſe,
Whilſt ſuch a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his daſtard foeman is betray'd.
3. *M.* O, no, he lives; but is took priſoner,
And lord *Scales* with him, and lord *Hungerford:*
Moſt of the reſt ſlaughter'd, or took, likewiſe.
Bed. His ranſom there is none but I ſhall pay:
I'll hale the dauphin headlong from his throne,
His crown ſhall be the ranſom of my friend;
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours. —
Farewel, my maſters, to my taſk will I;
Bonfires in *France* forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great ſaint *George*'s feaſt withal:
Ten thouſand ſoldiers with me I will take,
Whoſe bloody deeds ſhall make all *Europe* quake.
3. *M.* So you had need; for *Orleans* is beſieg'd;
The *Engliſh* army is grown weak and faint:
The earl of *Salisbury* craveth ſupply;
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they, ſo few, watch ſuch a multitude.
Exe. Remember, lords, your oaths to *Henry* ſworn;
Either to quell the dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.
Bed. I do remember it; and here take leave,
To go about my preparation. [*Exit.*
Glo. I'll to the tower with all the haſte I can,
To view the artillery and munition;
And then I will proclaim young *Henry* king. [*Exit.*
Exe. To *Eltam* will I, where the young king is,
Being ordain'd his ſpecial governor;
And for his ſafety there I'll beſt deviſe. [*Exit.*

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be *Jack*-out-of-office;
The king from *Eltam* I intend to ſend,
And ſit at chiefeſt ſtern of publick weal.
[*Exit. Scene closes.*

SCENE II. France. *The* Engliſh *Poſts before* Orleans.
Drums. Enter the Dauphin, CHARLES, *and his Forces;*
REIGNIER, ALENSON, *and Others.*

Cha. *Mars* his true moving, even as in the heavens,
So in the earth, to this day is not known:
Late did he ſhine upon the *Engliſh* ſide;
Now we are victors, upon us he ſmiles.
What towns of any moment, but we have?
At pleaſure here we lye, near *Orleans*;
The whiles the famiſh'd *Engliſh*, like pale ghoſts,
Faintly beſiege us one hour in a month.

Ale. They want their porridge, and their fat bull-beeves:
Either they muſt be dieted like mules,
And have their provender ty'd to their mouths;
Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

Rei. Let's raiſe the ſiege; Why ſit we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none, but mad-brain'd *Saliſbury*;
And he may well in fretting ſpend his gall,
Nor men, nor money, hath he to make war.

Cha. Sound, ſound alarum; — we will ruſh on them.
[*Charge ſounded.*
Now for the honour of the forlorn *French*: —
Him I forgive my death, that killeth me,
When he ſees me go back one foot, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums; Skirmiſhings; afterwards, a Retreat:
Re-enter CHARLES, *and the reſt.*

CHA. Who ever ſaw the like? what men have I? —
Dogs! cowards! daſtards — I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me 'midſt my enemies.
REI. *Salisbury* is a deſperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life.
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do ruſh upon us as their hungry prey.
ALE. *Froiſard,* a countryman of ours, records,
England all *Olivers* and *Rowlands* bred,
During the time *Edward* the third did reign:
More truly now may this be verify'd;
For none but *Sampſons,* and *Goliaſſes,*
It ſendeth forth to ſkirmiſh. One to ten!
Lean raw-bon'd raſcals! who would e'er ſuppoſe,
They had ſuch courage and audacity? [ſlaves,
CHA. Let's leave this town; for they are hair-brain'd
And hunger will enforce them be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down, than forſake the ſiege.
REI. I think, by ſome odd gimmals or device,
Their arms are ſet, like clocks, ſtill to ſtrike on;
Elſe ne'er could they hold out ſo as they do.
By my conſent, we'll e'en let them alone.
ALE. Be it ſo.

Enter the Baſtard of Orleans.

Baſ. Where's the prince dauphin? I have news for [him.
CHA. Baſtard of *Orleans,* thrice welcome to us.
Baſ. Methinks, your looks are ſad, your cheer ap-
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence? [pall'd;
Be not diſmay'd, for ſuccour is at hand:

[11] breed [19] them to be

A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which, by a viſion ſent to her from heaven,
Ordained is to raiſe this tedious ſiege,
And drive the *Engliſh* forth the bounds of *France:*
The ſpirit of deep propheſy ſhe hath,
Exceeding the nine ſibyls of old *Rome*;
What's paſt, and what's to come, ſhe can deſcry.
Speak, ſhall I call her in? Believe my words,
For they are certain and unfallible. [ſkill,
Cha. Go, call her in: [*Exit* Baſ.] But, firſt, to try her
Reignier, ſtand thou as dauphin in my place:
Queſtion her proudly, let thy looks be ſtern; —
By this means ſhall we ſound what ſkill ſhe hath.
[*retires.*

Enter La Pucelle, *uſher'd.*

Rei. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do theſe wond'rous feats?
Puc. *Reignier*, is't thou that thinkeſt to beguile me? —
Where is the dauphin? — come, come from behind;
I know thee well, though never ſeen before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart; —
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave a while.
[*driving them back.*
Rei. She takes upon her bravely at firſt daſh.
Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a ſhepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heaven, and our lady gracious, hath it pleas'd
To ſhine on my contemptible eſtate:
Lo, whilſt I waited on my tender lambs,
And to ſun's parching heat diſplay'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me;

And, in a viſion full of majeſty,
Will'd me to leave my baſe vocation,
And free my country from calamity:
Her aid ſhe promis'd, and aſſur'd ſucceſs:
In compleat glory ſhe reveal'd herſelf;
And, whereas I was black and ſwart before,
With thoſe clear rays which ſhe infus'd on me,
That beauty am I bleſt with, which you ſee.
Aſk me what queſtion thou canſt poſſible,
And I will anſwer unpremeditated:
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'ſt,
And thou ſhalt find that I exceed my ſex.
Reſolve on this, Thou ſhalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Cha. Thou haſt aſtoniſh'd me with thy high terms:
Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,—
In ſingle combat thou ſhalt buckle with me;
And, if thou vanquiſheſt, thy words are true;
Otherwiſe, I renounce all confidence.

Puc. I am prepar'd: here is my keen-edg'd ſword, [*drawing it.*
Deck'd with fine flower-de-luces on each ſide;
The which at *Touraine*, in ſaint *Catharine*'s church-yard,
Out of a great deal of old iron I choſe.

Cha. Then come o'God's name, for I fear no woman. [*addreſſing him to the Combat.*

Puc. And, while I live, I'll never fly no man. [*engaging him.*

Cha. Stay, ſtay thy hands; thou art an *Amazon*,
And fighteſt with the ſword of *Debora*.

Puc. *Chriſt*'s mother helps me, elſe I were too weak.

Cha. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that muſt help me:

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24 choſe forth.

Impatiently I burn with thy deſire;
My heart and hands thou haſt at once ſubdu'd.
Excellent *Pucelle*, if thy name be ſo,
Let me thy ſervant, and not ſovereign, be;
'Tis the *French* dauphin ſueth to thee thus.
Puc. I muſt not yield to any rites of love,
For my profeſſion's ſacred from above:
When I have chaſed all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompence.
Cha. Mean time, look gracious on thy proſtrate thrall.
Rei. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.
Ale. Doubtleſs, he ſhrives this woman to her ſmock;
Elſe ne'er could he ſo long protract his ſpeech.
Rei. Shall we diſturb him, ſince he keeps no mean?
Ale. He may mean more than we poor men do know:
These women are ſhrewd tempters with their tongues.
Rei. My lord, [*to the Dauphin, advancing.*] where are you? what deviſe you on?
Shall we give o'er this *Orleans*, or no?
Puc. Why, no, I ſay: diſtruſtful recreants,
Fight 'till the laſt gaſp; I will be your guard.
Cha. What ſhe ſays, I'll confirm; we'll fight it out.
Puc. Aſſign'd am I to be the *Engliſh* ſcourge.
This night the ſiege aſſuredly I'll raiſe:
Expect ſaint *Martin*'s ſummer, *Halcyon* days,
Since I have enter'd thus into these wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water;
Which never ceaſeth to enlarge itſelf,
'Till, by broad ſpreading, it diſperſe to nought:
With *Henry*'s death, the *Engliſh* circle ends;
Diſperſed are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud inſulting ſhip,

25 *Halcyons*

Which *Cæſar* and his fortune bare at once.
Cha. Was *Mahomet* inſpired with a dove?
Thou with an eagle art inſpired then.
Helen, the mother of great *Conſtantine*,
Nor yet ſaint *Philip*'s daughters, were like thee.
Bright ſtar of *Venus*, fall'n down on the earth,
How may I ever worſhip thee enough?
Ale. Leave off delays, and let us raise the ſiege.
Rei. Woman, do what thou canſt to ſave our honours;
Drive them from hence, and be immortaliz'd. [it: —
Cha. Presently we'll try: — Come, let's away about
No prophet will I truſt, if ſhe prove falſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. London. *Hill before the Tower.*

Warders *within, attending: Enter, to the Gates, the Duke of* Gloster, *and* Servingmen *in blue.*

Glo. I am come to ſurvey the tower this day;
Since *Henry*'s death, I fear, there is conveyance. —
Where be these warders, that they wait not here?
[*Servants knock at the Gates.*
Open the gates; 'tis *Gloceſter*, that calls.
1. *W.* Who's there, that knocketh ſo imperiouſly?
1. *S.* It is the noble duke of *Gloceſter*.
2. *W.* Whoe'er he be, he may not be let in.
1. *S.* Villains, anſwer you ſo the lord protector?
1. *W.* The Lord protect him! ſo we anſwer him:
We do no otherwise than we are will'd.
Glo. Who willed you? or whoſe will ſtands, but mine?
There's none protector of the realm, but I. —
Break up the gates, I'll be your warrantize:
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghil grooms?

7 I reverently wor- 10 from Orleance, 22 knocks 24 be, you may

Servants ruſh at the Gates. Enter, to the Gates, within, WOODVILE, *the Lieutenant.*

Woo. What noiſe is this? what traitors have we here?
Glo. Lieutenant, is it you, whoſe voice I hear?
Open the gates; here's *Gloſter*, that would enter.
Woo. Have patience, noble duke; I may not open,
The cardinal of *Wincheſter* forbids:
From him I have expreſs commandement,
That thou nor none of thine ſhall be let in.
Glo. Faint-hearted *Woodvile*, prizeſt him 'fore me?
Arrogant *Wincheſter?* that haughty prelate,
Whom *Henry*, our late ſovereign, ne'er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God, or to the king:
Open the gates, or I'll ſhut thee out ſhortly.
Ser. Open the gates unto the lord protector;
We'll burſt them open, if you come not quickly.

Servants ruſh at the Gates again.

Enter Beaufort, *Biſhop of* WINCHESTER; *and Train of Servants, in tawny.*

Win. How now, ambitious *Humphry?* what means this?
Glo. Piel'd prieſt, doſt thou command me be ſhut out?
Win. I do, thou moſt usurping proditor,
And not protector of the king or realm.
Glo. Stand back, thou manifeſt conſpirator;
Thou that contriv'dſt to murder our dead lord;
Thou that giv'ſt whores indulgences to ſin:
I'll canvas thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy inſolence.
Win. Nay, ſtand thou back, I will not budge a foot;
This be *Damaſcus*, be thou curſed *Cain*,
To ſlay thy brother *Abel*, if thou wilt.

---

16 Or we'll — if that you   20 *Umpheir*   22 me to be

GLO. I will not ſlay thee, but I'll drive thee back:
Thy ſcarlet robes as a child's bearing-cloth
I'll uſe, to carry thee out of this place.
WIN. Do what thou dar'ſt; I beard thee to thy face.
GLO. What, am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?—
Draw, men, for all this priviledged place;
Blue-coats to tawny-coats. — Prieſt, beware thy beard;
[Gloſter, *and his Men, attack the others.*
I mean to tug it, and to cuff you ſoundly:
Under my feet I'll ſtamp thy cardinal's hat;
In ſpite of pope, or dignities of church,
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.
WIN. *Gloſter*, thou'lt anſwer this before the pope.
GLO. *Wincheſter* gooſe, I cry — A rope! a rope! —
Now beat them hence, Why do you let them ſtay? —
Thee I'll chaſe hence, thou wolf in ſheep's array. —
Out, tawny-coats! — out, ſcarlet hypocrite!
A great Tumult: Enter the Mayor
of London, *and Officers.*
May. Fie, lords! that you, being ſupream magiſtrates,
Thus contumeliouſly ſhould break the peace!
GLO. Peace, mayor; for thou know'ſt little of my wrongs:
Here's *Beaufort*, that regards nor God nor king,
Hath here diſtrain'd the tower to his uſe.
WIN. Here's *Gloſter* too, a foe to citizens;
One that ſtill-motions war, and never peace,
O'er-charging your free purſes with large fines;
That ſeeks to overthrow religion,
Becauſe he is protector of the realm;
And would have armour here out of the tower,
To crown himſelf king, and ſuppreſs the prince.

Glo. I will not anſwer thee with words, but blows.
[*Tumult begins again.*

May. Nought reſts for me, in this tumultuous ſtrife,
But to make open proclamation:—
Come, officer; as loud as e'er thou canſt.

Off. *All manner of men, aſſembl'd here in arms this day, againſt God's peace and the king's, we charge and command you, in his highneſs' name, to repair to your ſeveral dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or uſe, any ſword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.*

Glo. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law:
But we ſhall meet, and break our minds at large.

Win. *Gloſter*, we'll meet; to thy dear coſt, be ſure:
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

May. I'll call for clubs, if you will not away:—
This cardinal is more haughty than the devil.

Glo. Mayor, farewel: thou doſt but what thou may'ſt.

Win. Abominable *Gloſter!* guard thy head;
For I intend to have it, ere't be long.
[*Exeunt either Party, ſeverally.*

May. See the coaſt clear'd, and then we will depart.—
Good God! that nobles ſhould ſuch ſtomacks bear!
I myſelf fight not once in forty year. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. France. *Under* Orleans.

Enter, upon the Walls, above, a Gunner,
and his Son.

Gun. Sirrah, thou know'ſt how *Orleans* is beſieg'd;
And how the *Engliſh* have the ſuburbs won.

Son. Father, I know; and oft have ſhot at them,
Howe'er, unfortunate, I miſſ'd my aim.

[23] theſe Nobles

Gun. But now thou ſhalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
Chief maſter-gunner am I of this town;
Something I muſt do, to procure me grace.
The prince's 'ſpials have informed me,
How the *Engliſh*, in the ſuburbs cloſe entrench'd,
Went, through a ſecret grate of iron bars
In yonder tower, to over-peer the city;
And thence diſcover, how, with moſt advantage,
They may vex us, with ſhot, or with aſſault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ord'nance 'gainſt it I have plac'd;
And fully even these three days have I watch'd,
If I could ſee them: Now, boy, do thou watch;
For I can ſtay no longer.
If thou ſpy'ſt any, run and bring me word;
And thou ſhalt find me at the governor's.
[*Exit, from above.*

Son. Father, I warrant you; take you no care;
I'll never trouble you, if I may 'ſpy them.

Enter the Lords SALISBURY *and* TALBOT,
Sir Thomas GARGRAVE, *Sir* William GLANSDALE,
and Others.

SAL. *Talbot*, my life, my joy, again return'd!
How wert thou handl'd, being priſoner?
Or by what means got'ſt thou to be releas'd?
Diſcourſe, I pr'ythee, on this turret's top.

TAL. The duke of *Bedford* had a priſoner,
Called—the brave lord *Ponton de Santrailles*;
For him was I exchang'd and ranſomed.
But with a baſer man of arms by far,
Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me:
Which I, diſdaining, ſcorn'd; and craved death,

Rather than I would be ſo pill'd eſteem'd.
In fine, redeem'd I was as I deſir'd.
But, o, the treacherous *Falſtaff* wounds my heart!
Whom with my bare fiſts I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.
SAL. Yet tell'ſt thou not, how thou wert entertain'd.
TAL. With ſcoffs, and ſcorns, and contumelious
In open market-place produc'd they me, [taunts.
To be a publick ſpectacle to all;
Here, ſaid they, is the terror of the *French*,
The ſcare-ſcrow that affrights our children ſo:
Then broke I from the officers that led me;
And with my nails dig'd ſtones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my ſhame.
My grizly countenance made others fly;
None durſt come near, for fear of ſudden death.
In iron walls they deem'd me not ſecure;
So great fear of my name 'mongſt them was ſpread,
That they ſuppos'd, I could rend bars of ſteel,
And ſpurn in pieces poſts of adamant:
Wherefore a guard of choſen ſhot I had,
That walk'd about me every minute while;
And if I did but ſtir out of my bed,
Ready they were to ſhoot me to the heart.
SAL. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd;
But we will be reveng'd ſufficiently.
Now it is ſupper-time in *Orleans*:
Here, through this grate, I can count every one,
And view the *Frenchmen* how they fortify;
Let us look in, the ſight will much delight thee. —
Sir *Thomas Gargrave*, and ſir *William Glanſdale*,
Let me have your expreſs opinions,

---

[18] were ſpread

Where is beſt place to make our battery next.
Gar. I think, at the north gate; for there ſtand lords.
Gla. And I † here, at the bulwark of the bridge.
Tal. For ought I ſee, this city muſt be famiſh'd;
Or with light ſkirmiſhes enfeebled.
[*Shot from the Town.* Sal. *and Sir* Tho. Gar. *fall.*
Sal. O Lord have mercy on us, wretched ſinners!
Gar. O Lord have mercy on me, woful man!
Tal. What chance is this, that ſuddenly hath croſt
Speak, *Saliſbury*; at leaſt, if thou canſt ſpeak; [us?—
How far'ſt thou, mirror of all martial men?
One of thy eyes, and thy cheek's ſide ſtruck off!—
Accurſed tower! accurſed fatal hand,
That hath contriv'd this woful tragedy!
In thirteen battles *Saliſbury* o'er-came;
Henry the fifth he firſt train'd to the wars:
Whilſt any trump did ſound, or drum ſtruck up,
His ſword did ne'er leave ſtriking in the field.—
Yet liv'ſt thou, *Saliſbury?* though thy ſpeech doth fail,
One eye thou haſt to look to heaven for grace:
The ſun with one eye vieweth all the world.—
Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
If *Saliſbury* wants mercy at thy hands.—
Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it.—
Sir *Thomas Gargrave*, haſt thou any life?
Speak unto *Talbot*; nay, look up to him.—
Saliſbury, chear thy ſpirit with this comfort;
Thou ſhalt not die, whiles —
He beckons with his hand, and ſmiles on me;
As who ſhould ſay, *When I am dead and gone,*
Remember to avenge me on the French.—
Plantagenet, I will; and *Nero*-like,

Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
Wretched ſhall *France* be only in my name.
[*Thunder heard; afterwards, an Alarum.*
What ſtir is this? What tumult's in the heavens?
Whence cometh this alarum, and this noiſe?[5]
Enter a Meſſenger, *haſtily.*
Meſ. My lord, my lord, the *French* have gather'd [head:
The dauphin, with one *Joan la Pucelle* join'd,—
A holy propheteſs, new riſen up,—
Is come with a great power to raiſe the ſiege.
[Saliſbury *groans.*
Tal. Hear, hear, how dying *Saliſbury* doth groan;
It irks his heart, he cannot be reveng'd.—
Frenchmen, I'll be a *Saliſbury* to you:—
Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dog-fiſh,
Your hearts I'll ſtamp out with my horſe's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingl'd brains.—
Convey me *Saliſbury* into his tent,
And then we'll try what daſtard *Frenchmen* dare.
[*Exeunt, bearing out the Bodies.*

SCENE V. *The ſame. Before one of the Gates.*

Alarums. Skirmiſhings. Enter Talbot.
Tal. Where is my ſtrength, my valour, and my force?
Our *Engliſh* troops retire, I cannot ſtay them;
A woman, clad in armour, chaſeth them.
Enter La Pucelle.
Here, here ſhe comes:—I'll have a bout with thee;
[*throwing himſelf in her Way.*
Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:
Blood will I draw of thee, thou art a witch,
And ſtraightway give thy ſoul to him thou ſerv'ſt.

[5] the noyſe

Puc. Come, come, 'tis only I that muſt diſgrace thee. [*they fight.*

Tal. Heavens, can you ſuffer hell ſo to prevail?
My breaſt I'll burſt with ſtraining of my courage,
And from my ſhoulders crack my arms aſunder,
But I will cháſtise this high-minded ſtrumpet.
[*fight again.*

Puc. *Talbot*, farewel; thy hour is not yet come:
[*quitting him, to head ſome Troops.*
I muſt go victual *Orleans* forthwith.
O'er-take me, if thou canſt; I ſcorn thy ſtrength.
Go, go, chear up thy hunger-ſtarved men;
Help *Salisbury* to make his teſtament:
This day is ours, as many more ſhall be.
[*Exit, with Troops, to the Town.*

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;
I know not where I am, nor what I do:
A witch, by fear, not force, like *Hannibal*,
Drives back our troops, and conquers as ſhe liſts:
So bees with ſmoke, and doves with noiſome ſtench,
Are from their hives, and houses, driven away.
They call'd us, for our fierceneſs, *Engliſh* dogs;
Now, like the whelps, we crying run away.
[*a ſhort Skirmiſh.*
Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of *England*'s coat;
Renounce your ſoil, give ſheep in lions' ſtead:
Sheep run not half ſo timorous from the wolf,
Or horſe, or oxen, from the leopard,
As you fly from your oft-ſubdued ſlaves.—
[*another Skirmiſh.*
It will not be:—Retire into your trenches:

[12] hungry-ſtarved [28] treacherous

You all conſented unto *Salisbury*'s death,
[*Retreat ſounded.*
For none would ſtrike a ſtroke in his revenge. —
Pucelle is enter'd into *Orleans*,
In ſpite of us, or ought that we could do.
O, would I were to die with *Salisbury!*
The ſhame hereof will make me hide my head.
[*Exeunt*, TALBOT, *and Forces of both Sides.*

SCENE VI. *The ſame.*

Enter, upon the Walls, PUCELLE, CHARLES, REIGNIER, ALENSON, *and Soldiers.*

PUC. Advance our waving colours on the walls;
Reſcu'd is *Orleans* from the *Engliſh* wolves: —
Thus *Joan la Pucelle* hath perform'd her word.

CHA. Divineſt creature, bright *Aſtræa*'s daughter,
How ſhall I honour thee for this ſucceſs?
Thy promiſes are like *Adonis*' gardens,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next. —
France, triumph in thy glorious propheteſs! —
Recover'd is the town of *Orleans:*
More bleſſed hap did ne'er befal our ſtate.

REI. Why ring not out the bells throughout the town?
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feaſt and banquet in the open ſtreets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

ALE. All *France* will be replete with mirth and joy,
When they ſhall hear how we have play'd the men.

CHA. 'Tis *Joan*, not we, by whom the day is won;
For which, I will divide my crown with her:
And all the prieſts and friars in my realm

---

[18] Garden,

Shall, in proceſſion, ſing her endleſs praise.
A ſtatelier pyramis to her I'll rear,
Than *Rhodope*'s, or *Memphis'*, ever was:
In memory of her, when ſhe is dead,
Her aſhes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of *Darius*
Tranſported, ſhall be at high feſtivals
Before the kings and queens of *France* up-born.
No longer on ſaint *Dennis* will we cry,
But *Joan la Pucelle* ſhall be *France*'s ſaint.
Come in; and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory. [*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The ſame.*

Enter a French *Serjeant, and* Sentinels, *to the Gate.*

Ser. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant:
If any noise, or ſoldier, you perceive,
Near to the walls, by ſome apparent ſign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.
1. *S.* Serjeant, you ſhall. [*Exit* Ser.] Thus are poor ſervitors
(When others ſleep upon their quiet beds)
Conſtrain'd to watch in darkneſs, rain, and cold.

Enter the Dukes of BEDFORD, *and* BURGUNDY, *the Lord* TALBOT, *and Forces, at a Diſtance, with ſcaling Ladders; their Drums beating a dead March.*

TAL. Lord regent,—and redoubted *Burgundy*,—
By whose approach, the regions of *Artois*,

Walloon, and *Picardy*, are friends to us, —
This happy night the *Frenchmen* are ſecure,
Having all day carous'd and banqueted:
Embrace we then this opportunity;
As fitting beſt to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by art, and baleful ſorcery. [fame,
Bed. Coward of *France!* — how much he wrongs his
Deſpairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches, and the help of hell.
Bur. Traitors have never other company.
But what's that *Pucelle*, whom they term ſo pure?
Tal. A maid, they ſay.
Bed. A maid! and be ſo martial!
Bur. Pray God, ſhe prove not maſculine ere long;
If underneath the ſtandard of the *French*
She carry armour, as ſhe hath begun.
Tal. Well, let them practiſe and converſe with ſpirits:
God is our fortreſs; in whoſe conquering name,
Let us resolve to ſcale their flinty bulwarks.
Bed. Aſcend, brave *Talbot*; we will follow thee.
Tal. Not altogether: better far, I gueſs,
That we do make our entrance ſeveral ways;
That, if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise againſt their force.
Bed. Agreed; I'll to yon' corner.
Bur. And I to this.
Tal. And here will *Talbot* mount, or make his grave.
Now, *Salisbury*, for thee, and for the right
Of *Engliſh Henry*, ſhall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.
[*they diſperſe, and ſcale the Walls, crying, Saint*
George! *a* Talbot! &c. *and all enter the City.*

Sen. Arm, arm! the enemy doth make aſſault!

The French *leap o'er the Walls in their Shirts.*

Enter, confuſedly, and unready, the Baſtard of Orleans, ALENSON, REIGNIER, *and Others.*

Ale. How now, my lords? what, all unready ſo?
Baſ. Unready? ay, and glad we 'ſcap'd ſo well.
Rei. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake, and leave our beds,
Hearing alarums at our chamber doors.
Ale. Of all exploits, ſince firſt I follow'd arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprize
More venturous, or deſperate, than this.
Baſ. I think, this *Talbot* be a fiend of hell.
Rei. If not of hell, the heavens, ſure, favour him.
Ale. Here cometh *Charles*; I marvel, how he ſped.

Enter CHARLES, *and* PUCELLE.

Baſ. Tut! holy *Joan* was his defenſive guard.
Cha. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Didſt thou at firſt, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loſs might be ten times ſo much?
Puc. Wherefore is *Charles* impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping, or waking, muſt I ſtill prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me? —
Improvident ſoldiers! had your watch been good,
This ſudden miſchief never could have fall'n.
Cha. Duke of *Alenson*, this was your default;
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.
Ale. Had all your quarters been as ſafely kept,
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus ſhamefully ſurpriz'd.

Baſ. Mine was ſecure.
Rei. And ſo was mine, my lord.
Cha. And, for myſelf, moſt part of all this night,
Within her quarter, and mine own precinct,
I was employ'd in paſſing to and fro,
About relieving of the ſentinels:
Then how, or which way, ſhould they firſt break in?
Puc. Queſtion, my lords, no further of the caſe,
How, or which way; 'tis ſure, they found ſome place
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made:
And now there reſts no other ſhift but this,—
To gather our ſoldiers, ſcatter'd and diſperſ'd,
And lay new plat-forms to endammage them.

Alarums. Enter an Engliſh *Soldier, crying, A* Talbot! *a* Talbot! *they fly, leaving their Cloaths behind.*

Sol. I'll be ſo bold to take what they have left.
The cry of *Talbot* ſerves me for a ſword;
For I have loaden me with many ſpoils,
Using no other weapon but his name. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The ſame. Within the Town.*

Flouriſh. Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, *a Captain, and Others.*

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whoſe pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here ſound retreat, and ceaſe our hot purſuit.
[*Retreat ſounded.*
Tal. Bring forth the body of old *Salisbury*;
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this curſed town.—
Now have I pay'd my vow unto his ſoul;

For every drop of blood was drawn from him,
There hath at leaſt five *Frenchmen* dy'd to-night.
And, that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within their chiefeſt temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corps ſhall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the ſack of *Orleans*;
The treacherous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to *France*.
But, lords, in all our bloody maſſacre,
I muse, we met not with the dauphin's grace;
His new-come champion, virtuous *Joan* of *Arc*;
Nor any of his falſe confederates.

Bed. 'Tis thought, lord *Talbot*, when the fight began,
Rouz'd on the ſudden from their drowzy beds,
They did, amongſt the troops of armed men,
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

Bur. Myſelf (as far as I could well diſcern,
For ſmoke, and duſky vapours of the night)
Am ſure, I ſcar'd the dauphin, and his trull;
When arm in arm they both came ſwiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves,
That could not live aſunder day or night.
After that things are ſet in order here,
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. All hail, my lords! which of this princely train
Call ye the warlike *Talbot*, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of *France?*

Tal. Here is the *Talbot*; Who would ſpeak with him?

Meſ. The virtuous lady, counteſs of *Auvergne*,

[13] of Acre

With modeſty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great lord, thou would'ſt vouchſafe
To viſit her poor caſtle where ſhe lies;
That ſhe may boaſt, ſhe hath beheld the man
Whoſe glory fills the world with loud report.
Bur. Is it even ſo? Nay, then, I ſee, our wars
Will turn unto a peaceful comic ſport,
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.—
You may not, lord, deſpiſe her gentle ſuit.
Tal. Ne'er truſt me then; for, when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindneſs over-rul'd:—
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks;
And in ſubmiſſion will attend on her. [*Exit* Meſ.
Will not your honours bear me company?
Bed. No, truly; that is more than manners will:
And I have heard it ſaid, Unbidden gueſts
Are often welcomeſt when they are gone.
Tal. Well then, alone, ſince there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courteſy!— [mind.
Come, hither, captain; [*whiſpers him.*] You perceive my
Cap. I do, my lord; and mean accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Auvergne. *Court of the Caſtle.*

Enter the Counteſs of Auvergne, *her* Porter,
and Others.

Cou. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And, when you have done ſo, bring the keys to me.
Por. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
Cou. The plot is lay'd: if all things fall out right,
I ſhall as famous be by this exploit,
As *Scythian Tomyris* by *Cyrus'* death.

9 not (my Lord) 16 truly, 'tis

Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his atchievements of no leſs account:
Fain would mine eyes be witneſs with mine ears,
To give their cenſure of theſe rare reports.

Enter Meſſenger, *and* TALBOT.

Meſ. Madam, according as your ladyſhip
By meſſage crav'd, ſo is lord *Talbot* come.

Cou. And he is welcome: What! is this the man?

Meſ. Madam, it is.

Cou. Is this the ſcourge of *France?*
Is this the *Talbot*, ſo much fear'd abroad
That with his name the mothers ſtill their babes?
I ſee, report is fabulous and falſe:
I thought, I ſhould have ſeen ſome *Hercules*,
A ſecond *Hector*, for his grim aſpéct,
And large proportion of his ſtrong-knit limbs.
Alas! this is a child, a ſilly dwarf:
It cannot be, this weak and wrizl'd ſhrimp
Should ſtrike ſuch terror to his enemies.

TAL. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you:
But, ſince your ladyſhip is not at leiſure,
I'll ſort ſome other time to viſit you. [*going.*

Cou. What means he now?—Go aſk him, whither he goes.

Meſ. Stay, my lord *Talbot*; for my lady craves
To know the cauſe of your abrupt departure.

TAL. Marry, for that ſhe's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her, *Talbot*'s here.

Re-enter Porter, with Keys.

Cou. If thou be he, then art thou priſoner.

TAL. Priſoner! to whom?

Cou. To me, blood-thirſty lord;

6 Ladyſhip deſir'd, 18 writhled

And for that cauſe I train'd thee to my houſe.
Long time thy ſhadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs:
But now the ſubſtance ſhall endure the like;
And I will chain theſe legs and arms of thine,
That haſt by tyranny, theſe many years,
Waſted our country, ſlain our citizens,
And ſent our ſons and husbands captivate.

TAL. Ha, ha, ha!

Cou. Laugheſt thou, wretch? thy mirth ſhall turn to [moan.

TAL. I laugh to ſee your ladyſhip ſo fond,
To think that you have ought but *Talbot*'s ſhadow,
Whereon to practiſe your ſeverity.

Cou. Why, art not thou the man?

TAL. I am, indeed.

Cou. Then have I ſubſtance too.

TAL. No, no, I am but ſhadow of myſelf:
You are deceiv'd, my ſubſtance is not here;
For what you ſee, is but the ſmalleſt part
And leaſt proportion of humanity:
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of ſuch a ſpacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not ſufficient to contain't.

Cou. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can theſe contrarieties agree?

TAL. That will I ſhew you preſently.

Winds a Horn. Drums heard; then,
a Peal of Ordinance: The Gates are forced; and
Enter certain of his Troops.

How ſay you, madam? are you now perſuaded,
That *Talbot* is but ſhadow of himſelf?

These are his ſubſtance, ſinews, arms, and ſtrength,
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks;
Razeth your cities, and ſubverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them deſolate.
Cou. Victorious *Talbot*, pardon my abuſe:
I find, thou art no leſs than fame hath bruited,
And more than may be gather'd by thy ſhape.
Let my preſumption not provoke thy wrath;
For I am ſorry, that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.
Tal. Be not diſmay'd, fair lady; nor miſconſtrue
The mind of *Talbot*, as you did miſtake
The outward compoſition of his body.
What you have done, hath not offended me:
Nor other ſatiſfaction do I crave,
But only (with your patience) that we may
Taſte of your wine, and ſee what cates you have;
For ſoldiers' ſtomacks always ſerve them well.
Cou. With all my heart; and think me honoured,
To feaſt ſo great a warrior in my houſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. London. *The Temple Garden.*

Enter the Earls of Somerset, Suffolk, *and* Warwick; Richard Plantagenet, Vernon, *and another* Lawyer.

Pla. Great lords, and gentlemen, what means this
Dare no man anſwer in a caſe of truth? [ſilence?
Suf. Within the temple hall we were too loud;
The garden here is more convenient.
Pla. Then ſay at once, If I maintain'd the truth;
Or, elſe, was wrangling *Somerſet* i'the right?
Suf. 'Faith, I have been a truant in the law;

31 in th'error?

And never yet could frame my will to it;
And, therefore, frame the law unto my will. [us.
Som. Judge you, my lord of *Warwick*, then between
War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two horſes, which doth bear him beſt,
Between two girls, which hath the merrieſt eye,
I have, perhaps, ſome ſhallow ſpirit of judgment:
But in these nice ſharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.
Pla. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appears ſo naked on my ſide,
That any purblind eye may find it out.
Som. And on my ſide it is ſo well apparel'd,
So clear, ſo ſhining, and ſo evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.
Pla. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and ſo loth to ſpeak,
In dumb ſignificants proclaim your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
And ſtands upon the honour of his birth,
If he ſuppoſe that I have pleaded truth,
From off this briar pluck a white rose with † me.
Som. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with † me.
War. I love no colours; and, without all colour
Of baſe inſinuating flattery,
I pluck this white † rose with *Plantagenet*.
Suf. I pluck this red † rose, with young *Somerſet*;
And ſay withal, I think he held the right.
Ver. Stay, lords, and gentlemen; and pluck no more,

'Till you conclude — that he, upon whoſe ſide
The feweſt roſes are cropt from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.
SOM. Good maſter *Vernon*, it is well objected;
If I have feweſt, I ſubſcribe in ſilence.
PLA. And I.
VER. Then, for the truth and plainneſs of the caſe,
I pluck this pale and maiden bloſſom † here,
Giving my verdict on the white roſe ſide.
SOM. Prick not your finger, as you pluck it off;
Leſt, bleeding, you do paint the white roſe red,
And fall on my ſide ſo againſt your will.
VER. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion ſhall be ſurgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the ſide where ſtill I am.
SOM. Well, well, come on; Who elſe?
Law. Unleſs my ſtudy and my books be falſe,
The argument you held [*to* Som.] was wrong in you;
In ſign whereof, I pluck a white † roſe too.
PLA. Now, *Somerſet*, where is your argument?
SOM. Here, in my ſcabbard; meditating that,
Shall dye your white roſe in a bloody red.
PLA. Mean time, your cheeks do counterfeit our roſes;
For pale they look with fear, as witneſſing
The truth on our ſide.
SOM. No, *Plantagenet*,
'Tis not for fear; but anger — that thy cheeks
Bluſh for pure ſhame, to counterfeit our roſes;
And yet thy tongue will not confeſs thy error.
PLA. Hath not thy roſe a canker, *Somerſet?*
SOM. Hath not thy roſe a thorn, *Plantagenet?*
PLA. Ay, ſharp and piercing, to maintain his truth;

Whiles thy conſuming canker eats his falſhood.
Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roſes,
That ſhall maintain what I have ſaid is true,
Where falſe *Plantagenet* dare not be ſeen.
Pla. Now, by this maiden bloſſom in my hand,
I ſcorn thee and thy faction, peeviſh boy.
Suf. Turn not thy ſcorns this way, *Plantagenet*.
Pla. Proud *Poole*, I will; and ſcorn both him and thee.
Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.
Som. Away, away, good *William De-la Poole!*
We grace the yeoman, by converſing with him.
War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'ſt him, *Somerſet*;
His grandfather was *Lionel* duke of *Clarence*,
Third ſon to the third *Edward* king of *England*;
Spring creſtleſs yeomen from ſo deep a root?
Pla. He bears him on the place's priviledge,
Or durſt not, for his craven heart, ſay thus.
Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in chriſtendom:
Was not thy father, *Richard*, earl of *Cambridge*,
For treaſon executed in our late king's days?
And, by his treaſon, ſtand'ſt not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?
His treſpaſs yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And, 'till thou be reſtor'd, thou art a yeoman.
Pla. My father was attached, not attainted;
Condemn'd to die for treaſon, but no traitor;
And that I'll prove on better men than *Somerſet*,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker *Poole*, and you yourſelf,
I'll note you in my book of memory,
To ſcourge you for this apprehenſion:

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[6] faſhion

Look to it well; and ſay, you are well warn'd.
Som. Ay, thou ſhalt find us ready for thee ſtill:
And know us, by theſe colours, for thy foes;
For theſe my friends, in ſpite of thee, ſhall wear.
Pla. And, by my ſoul, this pale and angry roſe,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever, and my faction, wear;
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flouriſh to the height of my degree.
Suf. Go, forward, And be choak'd with thy ambition!
And ſo farewel, until I meet thee next.
Som. Have with thee, *Poole*: — Farewel, ambitious *Richard*. [*Exeunt* Suf. *and* Som.
Pla. How I am brav'd, and muſt perforce endure it!
War. This blot, that they object againſt your houſe,
Shall be wip'd out in the next parliament,
Call'd for the truce of *Wincheſter* and *Gloſter*:
And, if thou be not then created *York*,
I will not live to be accounted *Warwick*.
Mean time, in ſignal of my love to thee,
Againſt proud *Somerſet*, and *William Poole*,
Will I upon thy party wear this roſe:
And here I propheſy,—This brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction in the temple garden,
Shall ſend, between the red roſe and the white,
A thouſand ſouls to death and deadly night.
Pla. Good maſter *Vernon*, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.
Ver. In your behalf ſtill will I wear the ſame.
Law. And ſo will I.
Pla. Thanks, gentle ſir.
Come, let us four to dinner: I dare ſay,

This quarrel will drink blood another day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The ſame. A Room in the Tower.*

Enter Edmund MORTIMER, *ſupported by two of his Keepers.*

MOR. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying *Mortimer* here reſt himſelf. —
[*ſeating him in a Chair.*
Even like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long impriſonment:
And theſe grey locks, the purſuivants of death,
Neſtor-like aged, in an age of care,
Argue the end of *Edmund Mortimer.*
Theſe eyes — like lamps, whoſe waſting oil is ſpent —
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent:
Weak ſhoulders, over-born with burth'ning grief;
And pithleſs arms, like to a wither'd vine
That drops his ſapleſs branches to the ground: —
Yet are theſe feet — whoſe ſtrengthleſs ſtay is numb,
Unable to ſupport this lump of clay, —
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have. —
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

1. *K. Richard Plantagenet*, my lord, will come:
We ſent unto the temple, to his chamber;
And anſwer was return'd — that he will come.

MOR. Enough; my ſoul ſhall then be ſatiſfy'd. —
Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.
Since *Henry Monmouth* firſt began to reign,
(Before whoſe glory I was great in arms)
This loathſome ſequeſtration have I had;
And even ſince then hath *Richard* been obſcur'd,

Depriv'd of honour and inheritance:
But now, the arbitrator of deſpairs,
Juſt death, kind umpire of men's miſeries,
With ſweet enlargement doth diſmiſs me hence;
I would, his troubles likewiſe were expir'd,
That ſo he might recover what was loſt.

Enter Richard PLATAGENET.

1. *K.* My lord, your loving nephew now is come.
MOR. *Richard Plantagenet*, my friend, is he come?
PLA. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late-deſpiſed *Richard*, comes.
MOR. Direct mine arms, I may embrace his neck,
And in his boſom ſpend my latter gaſp:
O, tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiſs. —
And now declare, ſweet ſtem from *York*'s great ſtock,
Why didſt thou ſay — of late thou wert deſpis'd?
PLA. Firſt, lean thine aged back againſt mine arm;
And, in that eaſe, I'll tell thee my diſ-eaſe.
This day, in argument upon a caſe,
Some words their grew 'twixt *Somerſet* and me:
Among which terms, he us'd his laviſh tongue,
And did upbraid me with my father's death;
Which obloquy ſet bars before my tongue,
Elſe with the like I had requited him:
Therefore, good uncle, — for my father's ſake,
In honour of a true *Plantagenet*,
And for alliance ſake, — declare the cauſe,
My father, earl of *Cambridge*, loſt his head.
MOR. That cauſe, fair nephew, that impriſon'd me,
And hath detain'd me, all my flow'ring youth,
Within a loathſome dungeon, there to pine,

Was curſed inſtrument of his deceaſe.
PLA. Diſcover more at large what cause that was;
For I am ignorant, and cannot gueſs.
MOR. I will; if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the fourth, grandfather to this king,
Depos'd his cousin *Richard*; *Edward*'s ſon,
The firſt-begotten and the lawful heir
Of *Edward* king, the third of that deſcent:
During whose reign, the *Percies* of the north,
Finding his usurpation moſt unjuſt,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne:
The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this,
Was — for that (young king *Richard* thus remov'd,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body)
I was the next by birth and parentage;
For by my mother I derived am
From *Lionel* duke of *Clarance*, the third ſon
To king *Edward* the third; whereas he, Bolingbroke,
From *John* of *Gaunt* doth bring his pedigree,
Being but the fourth of that heroick line:
But mark; as, in this haughty great attempt,
They laboured to plant the rightful heir,
I loſt my liberty, and they their lives.
Long after this, when *Henry* the fifth,—
Succeeding his father *Bolingbroke*,— did reign,
Thy father, earl of *Cambridge*,— then deriv'd
From famous *Edmund Langley*, duke of *York*,—
Marrying my ſiſter, that thy mother was,
Again, in pity of my hard diſtreſs,
Levy'd an army; weening to redeem,
And have inſtal'd me in the diadem:

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[7] his Nephew

But, as the reſt, ſo fell that noble earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the *Mortimers*,
In whom the title reſted, were ſuppreſſ'd.
Pla. Of which, my lord, your honour is the laſt.
Mor. True; and thou ſee'ſt, that I no iſſue have;
And that my fainting words do warrant death:
Thou art my heir; the reſt, I wiſh thee gather:
But yet be wary in thy ſtudious care.
Pla. Thy grave admoniſhments prevail with me:
But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing leſs than bloody tyranny.
Mor. With ſilence, nephew, be thou politick;
Strong-fixed is the houſe of *Lancaſter*,
And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.
But now thy uncle is removing hence;
As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a ſettl'd place.
Pla. O, uncle, 'would ſome part of my young years
Might but redeem the paſſage of your age!
Mor. Thou doſt then wrong me; as the ſlaughterer doth,
Which giveth many wounds, when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou ſorrow for my good;
Only, give order for my funeral;
And ſo farewel; And fair befal thy hopes!
And proſperous be thy life, in peace, and war!
[Mortimer *ſinks in his Chair, and expires.*
Pla. And peace, no war, befal thy parting ſoul!
In priſon haſt thou ſpent a pilgrimage,
And like a hermit over-paſſ'd thy days. —
Well, I will lock his counſel in my breaſt;
And what I do imagine, let that reſt. —
Keepers, convey him hence; and I myſelf

Will ſee his burial better than his life. —
[*Exeunt Keepers, bearing out* Mortimer.
Here dies the duſky torch of *Mortimer,*
Choak'd with ambition of the meaner ſort: —
And, for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which *Somerſet* hath offer'd to my houſe,—
I doubt not, but with honour to redreſs.
And therefore haſte I to the parliament;
Either to be reſtored to my blood,
Or make my ill the advantage of my good. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The ſame. The Parliament-houſe.*

King Henry *is diſcover'd upon his Throne, ſurrounded by his Nobility*; *among whom are, the Dukes of* GLOSTER, *and* EXETER; *the Earls of* SOMERSET, Suffolk, *and* WARWICK; *and Biſhop of* WINCHESTER: Richard PLANTAGENET, *and many Others, attending:* GLOSTER *comes from his Seat, and offers to put up a Bill:*

WIN. Com'ſt thou with deep-premeditated lines,
[*ſnatches the Bill, and tears it.*
With written pamphlets ſtudiouſly devis'd,
Humphry of *Gloſter?* if thou canſt accuse,
Or ought intend'ſt to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention ſuddenly;
As I with ſudden and extemporal ſpeech
Purpose to anſwer what thou canſt object.
GLO. Presumptuous prieſt! this place commands my patience,
Or thou ſhould'ſt find thou haſt diſhonour'd me.

Think not, although in writing I prefer'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearſe the method of my pen:
No, prelate; ſuch is thy audacious wickedneſs,
Thy lewd, peſtiferous, and diſſentious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a moſt pernicious usurer;
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
Laſcivious, wanton, more than well beſeems
A man of thy profeſſion, and degree;
And for thy treachery, What's more manifeſt?
In that thou lay'dſt a trap to take my life,
As well at *London*-bridge, as at the tower?
Beſide, I fear me, if thy thoughts were ſifted,
The king, thy ſovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy ſwelling heart.
Win. *Gloſter*, I do defy thee. — Lords, vouchſafe
To give me hearing what I ſhall reply.
If I were covetous, perverſe, ambitious,
As he will have me, How am I ſo poor?
Or how haps it, I ſeek not to advance
Or raiſe myſelf, but keep my wonted calling?
And for diſſention, Who preferreth peace
More than I do,— except I be provok'd?
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
It is not that, that hath incenſ'd the duke:
It is, becauſe no one ſhould ſway but he;
No one, but he, ſhould be about the king;
And that engenders thunder in his breaſt,
And makes him roar these accuſations forth.
But he ſhall know, I am as good —

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20 ambitious, or perverſe,

Glo. As good?
Thou baſtard of my grandfather!—
Win. Ay, lordly ſir; For what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?
Glo. And am I not protector, ſaucy prieſt?
Win. And am not I a prelate of the church?
Glo. Yes, as an out-law in a caſtle keeps,
And uſeth it to patronage his theft.
Win. Unreverent *Gloſter!*
Glo. Thou art reverent
Touching thy ſpiritual function, not thy life.
Win. *Rome* ſhall remedy this.
Glo. Roam thither then.
Som. My lord, [*to* Glo.] it were your duty to forbear.
War. Ay, ſee the biſhop be not over-born.
Som. Methinks, my lord ſhould be religious,
And know the office that belongs to ſuch.
War. Methinks, his lordſhip ſhould be humbler;
It fitteth not a prelate ſo to plead.
Som. Yes, when his holy ſtate is touch'd ſo near.
War. State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his grace protector to the king?
Pla. "*Plantagenet,* I ſee, muſt hold his tongue;"
"Leſt it be ſaid, *Speak, ſirrah, when you ſhould;*"
"*Muſt your bold verdict enter talk with lords?*"
"Elſe would I have a fling at *Wincheſter.*"
Kin. Uncles of *Gloſter,* and of *Wincheſter,*
[*coming from his Throne.*
The ſpecial watchmen of our *Engliſh* weal;
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
O, what a ſcandal is it to our crown,

[13] *Warw.* Roame [15] *Som.* I, ſee.

That two ſuch noble peers as ye ſhould jar!
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,
Civil diſſention is a vip'rous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the common-wealth. —
[*Noiſe within*; Down with the tawny-coats! *&c.*
What tumult's this?
WAR. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the biſhop's men.
Noiſe again; Stones! ſtones! *Enter the Mayor of* London, *attended.*
May. O, my good lords, — and virtuous *Henry*, —
Pity the city of *London*, pity us!
The biſhop and the duke of *Gloſter*'s men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble-ſtones;
And, themſelves banding in contrary parts,
Do pelt ſo faſt at one another's pate,
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:
Our windows are broke down in every ſtreet,
And we, for fear, compell'd to ſhut our ſhops.
Enter, ſkirmiſhing, certain Retainers and Servants of Gloſter *and the Biſhop, with bloody Pates.*
Kin. We charge you, on allegiance to ourſelf,
To hold your ſlaught'ring hands, and keep the peace: —
Pray, uncle *Gloſter*, mitigate this ſtrife.
1. *S.* Nay, if we be
Forbidden ſtones, we'll fall to't with our teeth.
2. *S.* Do what ye dare, we are as reſolute.
[*ſkirmiſh again.*
GLO. You of my houſhold, leave this peeviſh broil,
And ſet this unaccuſtom'd fight aſide.
3. *S.* My lord, we know your grace to be a man

16 banding themſelves

Juſt and upright; and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none, but to his majeſty:
And, ere that we will ſuffer ſuch a prince,
So kind a father of the common-weal,
To be diſgraced by an ink-horn mate,
We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,
And have our bodies ſlaughter'd by thy foes.
1. *S.* Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field when we are dead. [*begin again.*
Glo. Stay, ſtay, I ſay!
And, if you love me, as you ſay you do,
Let me perſuade you to forbear a while.
Kin. O, how this diſcord doth afflict my ſoul!—
Can you, my lord of *Wincheſter*, behold
My ſighs and tears, and will not once relent?
Who ſhould be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who ſhould ſtudy to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?
War. My lord protector, yield;—yield, *Wincheſter*;—
Except you mean, with obſtinate repulſe,
To ſlay your ſovereign, and deſtroy the realm:
You ſee what miſchief, and what murther too,
Hath been enacted through your enmity;
Then be at peace, except ye thirſt for blood.
Win. He ſhall ſubmit, or I will never yield.
Glo. Compaſſion on the king commands me ſtoop;
Or, I would ſee his heart out, ere the prieſt
Should ever get that priviledge of me.
War. Behold, my lord of *Wincheſter*, the duke
Hath baniſh'd moody diſcontented fury,
As by his ſmoothed brows it doth appear:
Why look you ſtill ſo ſtern, and tragical?

[19] Yeild my Lord Protector,

Glo. Here, *Wincheſter*, I offer thee my hand.
Kin. Fie, uncle *Beaufort*! I have heard you preach,
That malice was a great and grievous ſin:
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the ſame?
War. Sweet king!—the biſhop hath a kindly gird.—
For ſhame, my lord of *Wincheſter*! relent;
What, ſhall a child inſtruct you what to do?
Win. Well, duke of *Gloſter*, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.
[*joining Hands with him.*
Glo. Ay; but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.—
See here, my friends, and loving countrymen;
This token ſerveth for a flag of truce,
Betwixt ourſelves, and all our followers:
So help me God, as I diſſemble not!
Win. "So help me God, as I intend it not."
Kin. O loving uncle! kind, kind duke of *Gloſter*!
How joyful am I made by this contráct.—
Away, my maſters! trouble us no more;
But join in friendſhip, as your lords have done.
1. *S.* Content;—I'll to the ſurgeon's.
2. *S.* And ſo will I.
3. *S.* And I will ſee what phyſick
The tavern affords. [*Exeunt Servants, Mayor*, &c.

War. Accept this † ſcrowl, moſt gracious ſovereign;
Which in the right of *Richard Plantagenet*
We do exhibit to your majeſty. [prince,
Glo. Well urg'd, my lord of *Warwick*;—for, ſweet
An if your grace mark every circumſtance,
You have great reason to do *Richard* right;

Eſpecially, for thoſe occaſions
At *Eltham*-place I told your majeſty.
Kin. And thoſe occaſions, uncle, were of force: —
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleaſure is,
That *Richard* be reſtored to his blood.
WAR. Let *Richard* be reſtored to his blood;
So ſhall his father's wrongs be recompenc'd.
WIN. As will the reſt, ſo willeth *Wincheſter.*
Kin. If *Richard* will be true, not that alone,
But all the whole inheritance I give,
That doth belong unto the houſe of *York*,
From whence you ſpring by lineal deſcent.
PLA. Thy humble ſervant vows obedience,
And humble ſervice, 'till the point of death.
Kin. Stoop then, and ſet your knee againſt my foot;
[Plantagenet *kneels to the King*.
And, in reguerdon of that duty done,
I girt † thee with the valiant ſword of *York:*
Riſe, *Richard*, like a true *Plantagenet*;
And riſe created princely duke of *York.*
PLA. And ſo thrive *Richard*, as thy foes may fall!
And as my duty ſprings, [*riſing.*] ſo periſh they
That grudge one thought againſt your majeſty!
Lor. Welcome, high prince, the mighty duke of *York!*
SOM. "Periſh, baſe prince, ignoble duke of *York!*"
GLO. Now will it beſt avail your majeſty,
To croſs the ſeas, and to be crown'd in *France:*
The preſence of a king engenders love
Amongſt his ſubjects, and his loyal friends;
As it diſanimates his enemies.
Kin. When *Gloſter* ſays the word, king *Henry* goes;

For friendly counſel cuts off many foes.
Glo. Your ſhips already are in readineſs.
[*Exeunt All but* Exeter.
Exe. Ay, we may march in *England*, or in *France*,
Not ſeeing what is likely to enſue:
This late diſſention, grown betwixt the peers,
Burns under feigned aſhes of forg'd love,
And will at laſt break out into a flame;
As feſter'd members rot but by degree,
'Till bones, and fleſh, and ſinews fall away,
So will this baſe and envious diſcord breed.
And now I fear that fatal propheſy,
Which, in the time of *Henry*, nam'd the fifth,
Was in the mouth of every ſucking babe,—
That *Henry*, born at *Monmouth*, ſhould win all;
And *Henry*, born at *Windsor*, ſhould loſe all:
Which is ſo plain, that *Exeter* doth wiſh,
His days may finiſh ere that hapleſs time. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. France. *Before* Roan.

Enter Pucelle, *and Soldiers, diſguis'd like Countrymen, with Sacks upon their Backs.*

Puc. These are the city-gates, the gates of *Roan*,
Through which our policy muſt make a breach:—
Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar ſort of market-men,
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance, (as, I hope, we ſhall)
And that we find the ſlothful watch but weak,
I'll by a ſign give notice to our friends,
That *Charles* the dauphin may encounter them.
1. *S.* Our ſacks ſhall be a mean to ſack the city,

And we'll be lords and rulers over *Roan*;
Therefore we'll knock. [*they knock.*
Gua. [*within.*] *Qui va là?*
Puc. *Paiſans, pauvres gens de France*:
Poor market-folks, that come to ſell their corn.
Gua. Enter, go in; the market-bell is rung.
Puc. Now, *Roan*, I'll ſhake thy bulwarks to the ground. [*Guard open; and* Pucelle, *and her Soldiers, enter the City.*
Enter, at a Diſtance, marching, the Baſtard of Orleans, Charles, Alenson, *and Forces.*
Cha. Saint *Dennis* bleſs this happy ſtratagem,
And once again we'll ſleep ſecure in *Roan*.
Baſ. Here enter'd *Pucelle*, and her practisants:
Now ſhe is there, how will ſhe ſpecify
Where is the beſt and ſafeſt paſſage in?
Ale. By thruſting out a torch from yonder tower;
Which, once diſcern'd, ſhews, that her meaning is —
No way to that, for weakneſs, which ſhe enter'd.
Enter Pucelle, *on a Battlement; holding out a Torch.*
Puc. Behold, this is the happy wedding-torch,
That joineth *Roan* unto her countrymen;
But burning fatal to the *Talbotites*.
Baſ. See, noble *Charles!* the beacon of our friend,
The burning torch in yonder turret ſtands.
Cha. Now ſhine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!
Ale. Defer no time, Delays have dangerous ends;
Enter, and cry — *The dauphin!* — preſently,
And then do execution on the watch,
[*they ſhout; force open the Gate, and enter.*

[1] v. *Note*, [16] Here [24] *Talbonites* [29] v. *Note*.

Alarums. Enter TALBOT, *and certain* Engliſh.

TAL. *France,* thou ſhalt rue this treaſon with thy tears,
If *Talbot* but ſurvive thy treachery.—
Pucelle, that witch, that damned ſorcereſs,
Hath wrought this helliſh miſchief unawares,
That hardly we eſcap'd the pride of *France.*
[*Enters the City again.*

Other Alarums. Enter the Engliſh *Forces retreating, bearing out* BEDFORD *(ſick) in a Chair;* TALBOT, *and* BURGUNDY, *covering them. Then, Enter, upon the Walls, aloft,* PUCELLE, CHARLES, *Baſtard,* ALENSON, *and Others.*

PUC. Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for bread?
I think, the duke of *Burgundy* will faſt,
Before he'll buy again at ſuch a rate:
'Twas full of darnel; Do you like the taſte?
BUR. Scoff on, vile fiend, and ſhameleſs courtezan:
I truſt, ere long to choak thee with thine own,
And make thee curſe the harveſt of that corn.
CHA. Your grace may ſtarve, perhaps, before that time.
BED. O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treaſon.
PUC. What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lance,
And run a tilt at death within a chair?
TAL. Foul fiend of *France,* and hag of all deſpite,
Encompaſſ'd with thy luſtful paramours!
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?
Damſel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or elſe let *Talbot* periſh with this ſhame.
[Engliſh *conſult together.*
PUC. Are you ſo hot, ſir?—Yet, *Pucelle,* hold thy peace;

If *Talbot* do but thunder, rain will follow. —
God ſpeed the parliament! who ſhall be the ſpeaker?
Tal. Dare ye come forth, and meet us in the field?
Puc. Belike, your lordſhip takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours, or no.
Tal. I ſpeak not to that railing *Hecate*,
But unto thee, *Alenson*, and the reſt;
Will ye, like ſoldiers, come and fight it out?
Ale. Signior, no.
Tal. Signior, hang! — baſe muliteers of *France!*
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.
Puc. Captains, away; let's get us from the walls;
For *Talbot* means no goodneſs, by his looks. —
God be wi' you, my lord! we came, ſir, but to tell you
That we are here. [*Exeunt, from the Walls.*
Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long;
Or elſe reproach be *Talbot*'s greateſt fame! —
Vow, *Burgundy*, by honour of thy houſe,
(Prick'd on by publick wrongs, ſuſtain'd in *France*)
Either to get the town again, or die:
And I, — as ſure as *Engliſh Henry* lives,
And as his father here was conqueror;
As ſure as in this late-betrayed town
Great *Cœur-de-lion*'s heart was buried;
So ſure I ſwear, to get the town, or die.
Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.
Tal. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,
The valiant duke of *Bedford*: — Come, my lord,
We will beſtow you in ſome better place,
Fitter for ſickneſs, and for crazy age.
Bed. Lord *Talbot*, do not ſo diſhonour me:

[13] Away Captaines

Here will I ſit before the walls of *Rean*,
And will be partner of your weal, or woe.
Bur. Courageous *Bedford*, let us now perſuade you.
Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read,
That ſtout *Pendragon*, in his litter, ſick,
Came to the field, and vanquiſhed his foes:
Methinks, I ſhould revive the ſoldiers' hearts,
Becauſe I ever found them as myſelf.
Tal. Undaunted ſpirit in a dying breaſt! —
Then be it ſo: — Heavens keep old *Bedford* ſafe! —
And now no more ado, brave *Burgundy*,
But gather we our forces out of hand,
And ſet upon our boaſting enemy.
[*Exeunt* BURGUNDY, TALBOT, *and Forces*; *leaving* Bedford *under the Guard of a* Captain, *and Others.*
Alarums. Excurſions. Enter, in one of them, Sir J. FALSTAFF.
Cap. Whither away, ſir *John Falſtaff*, in ſuch haſte?
Fal. Whither away? to ſave myſelf by flight;
We are like to have the overthrow again.
Cap. What! will you fly, and leave lord *Talbot*?
Fal. Ay;
All the *Talbots* in the world, to ſave my life. [*Exit.*
Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee!
Other Alarums. Afterwards, a Retreat.
Enter, flying, Pucelle, Charles, &c. *and Exeunt.*
Bed. Now, quiet ſoul, depart when heaven pleaſe;
For I have ſeen our enemies' overthrow.
What is the truſt or ſtrength of fooliſh man?
They, that of late were daring with their ſcoffs,
Are glad and fain by flight to ſave themſelves.
[*dies*; *and is carry'd off in his Chair.*
Flouriſh. Enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, *and Others.*

TAL. Loſt, and recover'd in a day again!
This is a double honour, *Burgundy:* —
Yet, heavens have glory for this victory!
BUR. Warlike and martial *Talbot*, *Burgundy*
Enſhrines thee in his heart; and there erects
Thy noble deeds, as valour's monument.
TAL. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is *Pucelle* now?
I think, her old familiar is aſleep:
Now where's the baſtard's braves, and *Charles* his gleeks?
What, all amort? *Roan* hangs her head for grief,
That ſuch a valiant company are fled.
Now will we take ſome order in the town,
Placing therein ſome éxpert officers;
And then depart to *Paris*, to the king;
For there young *Henry*, with his nobles, lyes.
BUR. What wills lord *Talbot*, pleaseth *Burgundy*.
TAL. But yet, before we go, let's not forget
The noble duke of *Bedford*, late deceaſ'd,
But ſee his exequies fulfil'd in *Roan*;
A braver ſoldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never ſway in court:
But kings, and mightieſt potentates, muſt die;
For that's the end of human misery. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The ſame. Plains near the City.*

Enter PUCELLE, CHARLES, Baſtard,
ALENSON, *and Forces.*

PUC. Diſmay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that *Roan* is ſo recovered:
Care is no cure, but rather corroſive,
For things that are not to be remedy'd.
Let frantick *Talbot* triumph for a while,

15 lye

And like a peacock ſweep-along his tail;
We'll pull his plumes, and take away his train,
If dauphin, and the reſt, will be but rul'd.
Cha. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence;
One ſudden foil ſhall never breed diſtruſt.
Baſ. Search out thy wit for ſecret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.
Ale. We'll ſet thy ſtatue in ſome holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a bleſſed ſaint;
Employ thee then, ſweet virgin, for our good.
Puc. Then thus it muſt be; this doth *Joan* deviſe:
By fair perſuaſions, mixt with ſugar'd words,
We will entice the duke of *Burgundy*
To leave the *Talbot*, and to follow us.
Cha. Ay, marry, ſweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for *Henry*'s warriors;
Nor ſhould that nation boaſt it ſo with us,
But be extirped from our provinces.
Ale. For ever ſhould they be expulſ'd from *France*,
And not have title of an earldom here.
Puc. Your honours ſhall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wiſhed end. [*Drum heard.*
Hark! by the ſound of drum, you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto *Paris*-ward.

Engliſh *March. Enter, and paſs over, at a Diſtance,* Talbot, *and his Forces.*

There goes the *Talbot*, with his colours ſpread;
And all the troops of *Engliſh* after him.

French *March. Enter the Duke of* BURGUNDY, *and Forces.*

Now, in the rereward, comes the duke, and his:

Fortune, in favour, makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley, we will talk with him. [*Trumpet.*
CHA. A parley with the duke of *Burgundy*.
BUR. Who craves a parley with the *Burgundy?*
PUC. The princely *Charles* of *France*, thy countryman.
BUR. What ſay'ſt thou *Charles?* for I am marching hence.
CHA. Speak, *Pucelle*; and enchant him with thy words.
PUC. Brave *Burgundy*, undoubted hope of *France*,
Stay, let thy humble handmaid ſpeak to thee.
BUR. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.
PUC. Look on thy country, look on fertile *France*,
And ſee the cities and the towns defac'd
By waſting ruin of the cruel foe!
As looks the mother on her lowly babe,
When death doth cloſe his tender dying eyes,
See, ſee, the pining malady of *France*;
Behold the wounds, the moſt unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyſelf haſt giv'n her woful breaſt!
O, turn thy edged ſword another way;
Strike thoſe that hurt, and hurt not thoſe that help!
One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's boſom,
Should grieve thee more than ſtreams of foreign gore;
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And waſh away thy country's ſtained ſpots!
BUR. Either ſhe hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me ſuddenly relent.
PUC. Beſides, all *French* and *France* exclaims on thee,
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Whom join'ſt thou with, but with a lordly nation,
That will not truſt thee, but for profit's ſake?
When *Talbot* hath ſet footing once in *France*,

And faſhion'd thee that inſtrument of ill.
Who then, but *Engliſh Henry*, will be lord,
And thou be thruſt out, like a fugitive?
Call we to mind,—and mark but this, for proof;—
Was not the duke of *Orleans* thy foe?
And was he not in *England* prisoner?
But, when they heard he was thine enemy,
They ſet him free, without his ranſom pay'd,
In ſpight of *Burgundy*, and all his friends.
See then! thou fight'ſt againſt thy countrymen,
And join'ſt with them will be thy ſlaughter-men:
Come, come, return; return, thou wand'ring lord;
Charles, and the reſt, will take thee in their arms.

BUR. I am vanquiſhed; these haughty words of hers
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-ſhot,
And made me almoſt yield upon my knees.—
Forgive me, country, and ſweet countrymen!
And, lords, accept this hearty † kind embrace:
My forces and my power of men are yours;—
So, farewel, *Talbot*; I'll no longer truſt thee.

PUC. "Done like a *Frenchman*; turn, and turn again!"

CHA. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendſhip makes us freſh:

Baſ. And doth beget new courage in our breaſts.

ALE. *Pucelle* hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

CHA. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers;
And ſeek how we may prejudice the foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Paris. *A Room in the Palace.*
Enter King Henry; *with* GLOSTER, *and Train of Nobles*, &c. VERNON, *and* BASSET, *in the Train:*

To them, TALBOT, *and ſome of his Officers.*

TAL. My gracious prince, — and honourable peers, —
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have a while given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my ſovereign :
In ſign whereof, this arm — that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortreſſes,
Twelve cities, and ſeven walled towns of ſtrength,
Beſide five hundred priſoners of eſteem, —
Lets fall his † ſword before your highneſs' feet;
And, with ſubmiſſive loyalty of heart,
Aſcribes the glory of his conqueſt got,
Firſt to my God, and next unto your grace.

Kin. Is this the *Talbot*, uncle *Gloceſter*,
That hath ſo long been reſident in *France?*

GLO. Yes, if it please your majeſty, my liege.

Kin. Welcome, brave captain, and victorious lord!
When I was young, (as yet I am not old)
I do remember how my father ſaid,
A ſtouter champion never handl'd arms.
Long ſince we were reſolved of your truth,
Your faithful ſervice, and your toil in war;
Yet never have you taſted our reward,
Or been reguerdon'd with ſo much as thanks,
Because 'till now we never ſaw your face :
Therefore, ſtand up; and, for these good deserts,
We here create † you earl of *Shrewsbury*;
And in our coronation take your place.

[*Flouriſh. Exeunt* King, GLO. TAL. *and Nobles.*

VER. Now, ſir, to you, that were ſo hot at ſea
Diſgracing of these colours that I wear
In honour of my noble lord of *York*, —

14 the Lord *Talbot*

Dar'ſt thou maintain the former words thou ſpak'ſt?
BAS. Yes, ſir; as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your ſaucy tongue
Againſt my lord, the duke of *Somerſet.*
VER. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.
BAS. Why, what is he? as good a man as *York.*
VER. Hark ye; not ſo: in witneſs, take ye that.
[*ſtriking him.*
BAS. Villain, thou know'ſt the law of arms is ſuch,
That, whoſo draws a ſword, 'tis preſent death;
Or elſe this blow ſhould broach thy deareſt blood.
But I'll unto his majeſty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong;
When thou ſhalt ſee, I'll meet thee to thy coſt.
VER. Well, miſcreant, I'll be there as ſoon as you;
And, after, meet you ſooner than you would. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The ſame. A Hall of State.*

King Henry *is ſeen ſitting upon his Throne; attended on by the Dukes of* GLOSTER, EXETER, YORK, *and* SOMERSET; *the Lords* Suffolk, WARWICK, *and* TALBOT; *and divers other Nobles,* &c. French *and* Engliſh: WINCHESTER *bearing his Crown; and the Governor of* Paris *attending.*

GLO. Lord biſhop, ſet the crown upon his head.
WIN. God ſave king *Henry,* of that name the ſixth!
[*ſetting on the Crown.*
GLO. Now, governor of *Paris,* take your oath,—
[*Governor kneels.*

That you elect no other king but him :
Eſteem none friends, but ſuch as are his friends ;
And none your foes, but ſuch as ſhall pretend
Malicious practices againſt his ſtate:
This ſhall ye do, ſo help you righteous God!
[*Exeunt Gov. and Train. King comes from his Throne.*
Enter Sir John FALSTAFF.
FAL. My gracious ſovereign, as I rode from *Calais*,
To haſte unto your coronation,
A letter was deliver'd to my hands, [*presenting it.*
Writ to your grace from the duke of *Burgundy*.
TAL. Shame to the duke of *Burgundy*, and thee!
I vow'd, baſe knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg,
[*plucking it off.*
(Which I have done) because unworthily
Thou waſt inſtalled in that high degree.—
Pardon me, princely *Henry*, and the reſt:
This daſtard, at the battle of *Poitiers*,—
When but in all I was ſix thouſand ſtrong,
And that the *French* were almoſt ten to one,—
Before we met, or that a ſtroke was given,
Like to a truſty ſquire, did run away;
In which aſſault we loſt twelve hundred men;
Myſelf, and divers gentlemen beſide,
Were there ſurpriz'd, and taken priſoners:
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiſs;
Or whether that ſuch cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea, or no.
GLO. To ſay the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill beſeeming any common man;
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

Tal. When firſt this order was ordain'd, my lords,
Knights of the garter were of noble birth;
Valiant, and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor ſhrinking for diſtreſs,
But always reſolute in moſt extreams:
He then, that is not furniſh'd in this ſort,
Doth but uſurp the ſacred name of knight,
Prophaning this moſt honourable order;
And ſhould (if I were worthy to be judge)
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born ſwain
That doth preſume to boaſt of gentle blood.
Kin. Stain to thy countrymen, thou hear'ſt thy doom:
Be packing therefore, thou that waſt a knight;
Henceforth we baniſh thee, on pain of death. —
[*Exit* FALSTAFF.
And now, my lord protector, view † the letter
Sent from our uncle duke of *Burgundy*.
Glo. What means his grace, that he hath chang'd his
ſtile? [*viewing the Superſcription.*
No more but, plain and bluntly, — *To the King?*
Hath he forgot, he is his ſovereign?
Or doth this churliſh ſuperſcription
Pretend ſome alteration in good will? [*opens the Letter.*
What's here? — *I have, upon eſpecial cause,* —
Mov'd with compaſſion of my country's wreck,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of ſuch as your oppreſſion feeds upon, —
Forſaken your pernicious faction,
And join'd with Charles, *the rightful king of* France.
O monſtrous treachery! Can this be ſo;
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,

There ſhould be found ſuch falſe diſſembling guile ?
Kin. What ! doth my uncle *Burgundy* revolt ?
Glo. He doth, my lord ; and is become your foe.
Kin. Is that the worſt, this letter doth contain ?
Glo. It is the worſt, and all (my lord) he writes.
Kin. Why then, lord *Talbot* there ſhall talk with him,
And give him chaſtiſement for this abuſe : —
My lord, how ſay you ? are you not content ?
Tal. Content, my liege ? Yes ; but that I'm prevented,
I ſhould have beg'd I might have been employ'd.
Kin. Then gather ſtrength, and march unto him ſtraight :
Let him perceive, how ill we brook his treaſon ;
And what offence it is, to flout his friends.
Tal. I go, my lord ; in heart deſiring ſtill,
You may behold confuſion of your foes. [*Exit*.

Enter VERNON, *and* BASSET.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious ſovereign !
Bas. And me, my lord, grant me the combat too !
Yor. This † is my ſervant, Hear him, noble prince !
Som. And this † is mine, Sweet *Henry*, favour him !
Kin. Be patient, lords, and give them leave to ſpeak. —
Say, gentlemen, What makes you thus exclaim ?
And wherefore crave you combat ? or with whom ?
Ver. With † him, my lord ; for he hath done me wrong.
Bas. And I with † him ; for he hath done me wrong.
Kin. What is that wrong, whereof you both complain ?
Firſt let me know, and then I'll anſwer you.
Bas. Croſſing the ſea from *England* into *France*,
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the roſe I wear ;
Saying — the ſanguine colour of the leaves

* How ſay you (my Lord)

Did repreſent my maſter's bluſhing cheeks,
When ſtubbornly he did repugn the truth,
About a certain queſtion in the law,
Argu'd betwixt the duke of *York* and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms:
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthineſs,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.
Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord!
For though he ſeem, with forged quaint conceit,
To ſet a gloſs upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him;
And he firſt took exceptions at this † badge,
Pronouncing — that the paleneſs of this flower
Bewray'd the faintneſs of my maſter's heart.
Yor. Will not this malice, *Somerſet*, be left?
Som. Your private grudge, my lord of *York*, will out,
Though ne'er ſo cunningly you ſmother it. [men,
Kin. Good lord! what madneſs rules in brain-ſick
When, for ſo ſlight and frivolous a cauſe,
Such factious emulations ſhall ariſe! —
Good couſins both, of *York* and *Somerſet*,
Quiet yourſelves, I pray, and be at peace.
Yor. Let this diſſention firſt be try'd by fight,
And then your highneſs ſhall command a peace.
Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone,
Betwixt ourſelves let us decide it then.
Yor. There is my † pledge; accept it, *Somerſet*.
[*throwing down a Glove*.
Ver. Nay, let it reſt where it began at firſt.
Bas. Confirm it ſo, mine honourable lord.
Glo. Confirm it ſo? Confounded be your ſtrife!

And periſh ye, with your audacious prate!
Preſumptuous vaſſals! are you not aſham'd,
With this immodeſt clamorous outrage
To trouble and diſturb the king and us? —
And you, my lords,— methinks, you do not well,
To bear with their perverſe objections;
Much leſs, to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourſelves;
Let me perſuade you take a better courſe. [friends.
Exe. It grieves his highneſs; — Good my lords, be
Kin. Come hither, you that would be combatants:
Henceforth, I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel, and the cause. —
And you, my lords,— remember where we are;
In *France*, amongſt a fickle wavering nation:
If they perceive diſſention in our looks,
And that within ourſelves we diſagree,
How will their grudging ſtomacks be provok'd
To wilful diſobedience, and rebel?
Beſide, What infamy will there arise,
When foreign princes ſhall be certify'd,
That, for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King *Henry*'s peers, and chief nobility,
Deſtroy'd themſelves, and loſt the realm of *France?*
O, think upon the conqueſt of my father,
My tender years; and let us not forego
That for a trifle, which was bought with blood!
Let me be umpire in this doubtful ſtrife.
I ſee no reason, if I wear this † rose,
That any one ſhould therefore be ſuſpicious
I more incline to *Somerſet*, than *York:*
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both:

As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
Becauſe (forſooth) the king of *Scots* is crown'd.
But your diſcretions better can perſuade,
Than I am able to inſtruct or teach :
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let us ſtill continue peace and love. —
Couſin of *York*, we inſtitute your grace
To be our regent in theſe parts of *France* : —
And, good my lord of *Somerſet*, unite
Your troops of horſemen with his bands of foot; —
And, like true ſubjects, ſons of your progenitors,
Go chearfully together, and digeſt
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Ourſelf, my lord protector, and the reſt,
After ſome reſpite, will return to *Calais*;
From thence to *England*; where I hope ere long
To be preſented, by your victories,
With *Charles*, *Alenſon*, and that traiterous rout.
[*Flouriſh. Exeunt King*, GLOSTER, SOMERSET,
WINCHESTER, Suffolk, *and* BASSET.

WAR. My lord of *York*, I promiſe you, the king
Prettily (methought) did play the orator.

YOR. And ſo he did ; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of *Somerſet*.

WAR. Tuſh! that was but his fancy, blame him not;
I dare preſume, ſweet prince, he thought no harm.

YOR. An if I wiſt he did,— But let it reſt ;
Other affairs muſt now be managed.
[*Exeunt* YORK, WARWICK, *and* VERNON.

EXE. Well didſt thou, *Richard*, to ſuppreſs thy voice :
For, had the paſſions of thy heart burſt out,
I fear, we ſhould have ſeen decypher'd there

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[27] wiſh he

More rancorous ſpite, more furious raging broils,
Then yet can be imagin'd or ſuppos'd:
But howſoe'er, no ſimple man that ſees
This jarring diſcord of nobility,
This ſhould'ring of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favourites,
But that he doth preſage ſome ill event.
'Tis much, when ſcepters are in children's hands;
But more, when envy breeds unkind diviſion;
There comes the ruin, there begins confuſion. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. France. *Before* Bourdeaux.

Enter TALBOT, *and Forces, marching.*

TAL. Go to the gates of *Bourdeaux*, trumpeter,
Summon their general unto the wall.

Trumpet ſounds a Parley. Enter General *of the* French *Forces within* Bourdeaux, *upon the Walls.*

Engliſh John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to *Harry* king of *England*;
And thus he would,— Open your city gates,
Be humbl'd to us; call my ſovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient ſubjects,
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power:
But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering ſteel, and climbing fire;
Who, in a moment, even with the earth
Shall lay your ſtately and air-braving towers,
If you forſake the offer of their love.

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror, and their bloody ſcourge,
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.

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[7] that it doth

On us thou canſt not enter, but by death;
For (I proteſt) we are well fortify'd,
And ſtrong enough to iſſue out and fight:
If thou retire, the dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the ſnares of death to tangle thee:
On either hand thee there are ſquadrons pitch'd,
To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
And no way canſt thou turn thee for redreſs,
But death doth front thee with apparent ſpoil,
And pale deſtruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thouſand *French* have ta'en the ſacrament,
To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no chriſtian ſoul but *Engliſh Talbot.*
Lo! there thou ſtand'ſt, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible unconquer'd ſpirit:
This is the lateſt glory of thy praiſe,
That I, thy enemy, dew thee withal;
For ere the glaſs, that now begins to run,
Finiſh the proceſs of his ſandy hour,
These eyes, that ſee thee now well coloured,
Shall ſee thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.
[*Drum afar off.*
Hark, hark! the dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy muſick to thy timorous ſoul;
And mine ſhall ring thy dire departure out.
[*Exit* General.

TAL. He fables not, I hear the enemy; —
Out, ſome light horſemen, and peruſe their wings. —
O, negligent and heedleſs diſcipline!
How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale;
A little herd of *England*'s timorous deer,
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of *French* curs!

If we be *Engliſh* deer, be then in blood :
Not raſcal-like, to fall down with a pinch;
But rather moody-mad, and deſperate ſtags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of ſteel,
And make the cowards ſtand aloof at bay :
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they ſhall find dear deer of us, my friends. —
God, and ſaint *George!* *Talbot*, and *England*'s right!
Proſper our colours in this dangerous fight!
[*Exeunt* TALBOT, *and Forces*.

SCENE III. *Plains in* Gaſcony.

Enter YORK, *and Forces*; *a* Meſſenger *with him*.

YOR. Are not the ſpeedy ſcouts return'd again,
That dog'd the mighty army of the dauphin?
Meſ. They are return'd, my lord; and give it out,
That he is march'd to *Bourdeaux* with his power,
To fight with *Talbot*: As he march'd along,
By your eſpials were diſcovered
Two mightier troops than that the dauphin led; [*deaux*.
Which join'd with him, and made their march for *Bour-*
YOR. A plague upon that villain *Somerſet*;
That thus delays my promised ſupply
Of horſemen, that were levy'd for this ſiege!
Renowned *Talbot* doth expect my aid;
And I am louted by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier :
God comfort him in this neceſſity!
If he miſcarry, farewel wars in *France*.

Enter Sir William LUCY.

LUC. Thou princely leader of our *Engliſh* ſtrength,

Never ſo needful on the earth of *France*,
Spur to the reſcue of the noble *Talbot*;
Who now is girdl'd with a waſte of iron,
And hem'd about with grim deſtruction:
To *Bourdeaux*, warlike duke! to *Bourdeaux*, *York!*
Elſe, farewel *Talbot*, *France*, and *England*'s honour.
York. O God! that *Somerſet* — who, in proud heart,
Doth ſtop my cornets — were in *Talbot*'s place!
So ſhould we ſave a valiant gentleman,
By forfeiting a traitor, and a coward.
Mad ire, and wrathful fury, makes me weep,
That thus we die, while remiſs traitors ſleep.
Luc. O, ſend ſome ſuccour to the diſtreſſ'd lord!
York. He dies, we loſe; I break my warlike word:
We mourn, *France* ſmiles; we loſe, they daily get;
All long of this vile traitor *Somerſet*.
Luc. Then, God take mercy on brave *Talbot*'s ſoul!
And on his ſon, young *John*; whom, two hours ſince,
I met in travel towards his warlike father!
This ſeven years did not *Talbot* ſee his ſon;
And now they meet where both their lives are done.
York. Alas! what joy ſhall noble *Talbot* have,
To bid his young ſon welcome to his grave?
Away! vexation almoſt ſtops my breath,
That ſunder'd friends greet in the hour of death. —
Lucy, farewel: no more my fortune can,
But curſe the cauſe I cannot aid the man. —
Maine, *Bloys*, *Poitiers*, and *Tours*, are won away;
Long all of *Somerſet*, and his delay. [*Exit*.
Luc. Thus, while the vultur of ſedition
Feeds in the boſom of ſuch great commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loſs

The conqueſt of our ſcarce-cold conqueror,
That ever-living man of memory,
Henry the fifth: Whiles they each other croſs,
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loſs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Other Plains in the ſame.*

Enter SOMERSET, *and Forces*; *an* Officer
of Talbot'*s with him.*

SOM. It is too late; [*to the Off.*] I cannot ſend them now:
This expedition was by *York*, and *Talbot*,
Too raſhly plotted; all our general force
Might with a ſally of the very town
Be buckl'd with: the over-daring *Talbot*
Hath ſully'd all his gloſs of former honour
By this unheedful, deſperate, wild adventure:
York ſet him on to fight, and die in ſhame,
That, *Talbot* dead, great *York* might bear the name.

Enter Sir William LUCY.

Off. Here is ſir *William Lucy*, who with me
Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.
SOM. How now, ſir *William?* whither were you ſent?
LUC. Whither, my lord? from bought and ſold lord *Talbot*;
Who, ring'd about with bold adverſity,
Cries out for noble *York* and *Somerſet*,
To beat aſſailing death from his weak legions:
And whiles the honourable captain there
Drops bloody ſweat from his war-weary'd limbs,
And, in advantage ling'ring, looks for reſcue,
You, his falſe hopes, the truſt of *England*'s honour,
Keep off aloof with worthleſs emulation:
Let not your private diſcord keep away
The levy'd ſuccours that ſhould lend him aid,

25 Regions

While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds;
Orleans the baſtard, *Charles*, and *Burgundy*,
Alenson, *Reignier*, compaſs him about,
And *Talbot* periſheth by your default.
Som. *York* ſet him on, *York* ſhould have ſent him aid.
Luc. And *York* as faſt upon your grace exclaims;
Swearing, that you withhold his levy'd hoſt,
Collected for this expedition.
Som. *York* lies; he might have ſent, and had the horſe:
I owe him little duty, and leſs love;
And take foul ſcorn, to fawn on him by ſending.
Luc. The fraud of *England*, not the force of *France*,
Hath now entrapt the noble-minded *Talbot*:
Never to *England* ſhall he bear his life;
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your ſtrife.
Som. Come, go, I will diſpatch the horſemen ſtraight:
Within ſix hours they will be at his aid.
Luc. Too late comes reſcue; he is ta'en, or ſlain:
For fly he could not, if he would have fled;
And fly would *Talbot* never, if he might.
Som. If he be dead, brave *Talbot* then adieu!
Luc. His fame lives in the world, his ſhame in you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Camp near* Bourdeaux.

Enter TALBOT, *and* Son; *Officers at a Diſtance.*

Tal. O young *John Talbot*! I did ſend for thee,
To tutor thee in ſtratagems of war;
That *Talbot*'s name might be in thee reviv'd,
When ſapleſs age, and weak unable limbs,
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.

But,—O malignant and ill-boding ſtars!—
Now thou art come unto a feaſt of death,
A terrible and unavoided danger:
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my ſwifteſt horſe;
And I'll direct thee how thou ſhalt eſcape
By ſudden flight: come, dally not, be gone.
Son. Is my name *Talbot?* and am I your ſon?
And ſhall I fly? O, if you love my mother,
Diſhonour not her honourable name,
To make a baſtard, and a ſlave of me:
The world will ſay—He is not *Talbot*'s blood,
That baſely fled, when noble *Talbot* ſtood.
TAL. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be ſlain.
Son. He, that flies ſo, will ne'er return again.
TAL. If we both ſtay, we both are ſure to die.
Son. Then, let me ſtay; and, father, do you fly:
Your loſs is great, ſo your regard ſhould be;
My worth unknown, no loſs is known in me.
Upon my death the *French* can little boaſt;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are loſt.
Flight cannot ſtain the honour you have won;
But mine it will, that no exploit have done:
You fled for vantage, every one will ſwear;
But, if I bow, they'll ſay—it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will ſtay,
If, the firſt hour, I ſhrink, and run away.
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,
Rather than life, preserv'd with infamy.
TAL. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?
Son. Ay, rather than I'll ſhame my mother's womb.
TAL. Upon my bleſſing I command thee go.
Son. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

TAL. Part of thy father may be ſav'd in thee.
Son. No part of him, but will be ſhame in me.
TAL. Thou never hadſt renown, nor canſt not loſe it.
Son. Yes, your renowned name; Shall flight abuſe it?
TAL. Thy father's charge ſhall clear thee from that ſtain.
Son. You cannot witneſs for me, being ſlain.
If death be ſo apparent, then both fly.
TAL. And leave my followers here, to fight, and die?
My age was never tainted with ſuch ſhame.
Son. And ſhall my youth be guilty of ſuch blame?
No more can I be ſever'd from your ſide,
Than can yourſelf yourſelf in twain divide:
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not, if my father die.
TAL. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair ſon,
[*embracing him.*
Born to eclipſe thy life this afternoon.
Come, ſide by ſide together live and die;
And ſoul with ſoul from *France* to heaven fly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *A Field of Battle.*

Loud Alarums. Enter the Engliſh *Forces, purſuing;*
TALBOT, *and his* Son, *heading them.*

TAL. Saint *George*, and victory! fight, ſoldiers, fight:
The regent hath with *Talbot* broke his word,
And left us to the rage of *France*'s ſword.
Where is *John Talbot?* — pauſe, and take thy breath;
I gave thee life, and reſcu'd thee from death.
Son. O twice my father! twice am I thy ſon:
The life, thou gav'ſt me firſt, was loſt and done;
'Till with thy warlike ſword, deſpight of fate,
To my determin'd time thou gav'ſt new date.

[26] France his Sword

Tal. When from the dauphin's creſt thy ſword ſtruck fire,
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud deſire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,
Quicken'd with youthful ſpleen, and warlike rage,
Beat down *Alenſon*, *Orleans*, *Burgundy*,
And from the pride of *Gallia* reſcu'd thee:
The ireful baſtard *Orleans*—that drew blood
From thee, my boy; and had the maidenhood
Of thy firſt fight—I ſoon encountered;
And, enterchanging blows, I quickly ſhed
Some of his baſtard blood; and, in diſgrace,
Beſpoke him thus: *Contaminated, baſe,*
And miſ-begotten blood I ſpill of thine,
Mean and right poor; *for that pure blood of mine,*
Which thou didſt force from Talbot, *my brave boy:*
Here, purpoſing the baſtard to deſtroy,
Came-in ſtrong reſcue. Speak, thy father's care;
Art thou not weary, *John?* How doſt thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art ſeal'd the ſon of chivalry?
Fly, to revenge my death, when I am dead;
The help of one ſtands me in little ſtead.
O, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one ſmall boat.
If I to-day die not with *Frenchmen*'s rage,
To-morrow I ſhall die with mickle age:
By me they nothing gain, an if I ſtay,
'Tis but the ſhort'ning of my life one day;
In thee thy mother dies, our houſhold's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and *England*'s fame:
All theſe, and more, we hazard by thy ſtay;

All theſe are ſav'd, if thou wilt fly away.
Son. The ſword of *Orleans* hath not made me ſmart,
Theſe words of yours draw life-blood from my heart:
Out on that vantage, bought with ſuch a ſhame,
To ſave a paltry life, and ſlay bright fame!
Before young *Talbot* from old *Talbot* fly,
The coward horſe, that bears me, fall and die!
And like me to the peaſant boys of *France*;
To be ſhame's ſcorn, and ſubject of miſchance!
Surely, by all the glory you have won,
An if I fly, I am not *Talbot*'s ſon:
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;
If ſon to *Talbot*, die at *Talbot*'s foot.
Tal. Then follow thou thy deſperate ſire of *Crete*,
Thou *Icarus*; thy life to me is ſweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's ſide;
And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride.
[*Exeunt*; *Trumpets ſounding a Charge.*

SCENE VI. *Another Part of the ſame.*

Alarums. Enter Engliſh, *retreating*; *with* TALBOT *wounded, leaning upon a* Servant.

Tal. Where is my other life? — mine own is gone; —
O, where's young *Talbot*? where is valiant *John*? —
Triumphant death, ſmear'd with captivity,
Young *Talbot*'s valour makes me ſmile at thee: —
When he perceiv'd me ſhrink, and on my knee,
His bloody ſword he brandiſh'd over me,
And, like a hungry lion, did commence
Rough deeds of rage, and ſtern impatience:
But when my angry guardant ſtood alone,
Tend'ring my ruin, and aſſail'd of none,

4 that advantage

Dizzy-ey'd fury, and great rage of heart,
Suddenly made him from my ſide to ſtart
Into the cluſt'ring battle of the *French*:
And in that ſea of blood my boy did drench
His over-mounting ſpirit; and there dy'd
My *Icarus*, my bloſſom, in his pride.

Enter Soldiers, with the Body of young Talbot.

Ser. O my dear lord, lo, where your ſon is born!

TAL. Thou antick death, which laugh'ſt us here to [ſcorn,
Anon, from thy inſulting tyranny,
Coupl'd in bonds of perpetuity,
Two *Talbots*, winged through the lither ſky,
In thy deſpight, ſhall 'ſcape mortality —
O thou whoſe wounds become hard-favour'd death,
Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath:
Brave death by ſpeaking, whether he will, or no;
Imagine him a *Frenchman*, and thy foe. —
Poor boy! he ſmiles, methinks; as who ſhould ſay —
Had death been *French*, then death had dy'd to-day.
Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms;
My ſpirit can no longer bear theſe harms.
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young *John Talbot*'s grave. [*dies.*

[*Alarums. Exeunt Sol. and Ser. leaving the two Bodies.*

Drums. Enter PUCELLE, CHARLES, Baſtard,
BURGUNDY, *and Soldiers.*

CHA. Had *York* and *Somerſet* brought reſcue in,
We ſhould have found a bloody day of this.

Baſ. How the young whelp of *Talbot*'s, raging-wood,
Did fleſh his puny ſword in *Frenchmen*'s blood!

PUC. Once I encounter'd him; and thus I ſaid,
Thou maiden youth, be vanquiſh'd by a maid:

But — with a proud, majeſtical, high ſcorn —
He anſwer'd thus; *Young* Talbot *was not born*
To be the pillage of a giglot wench:
So, ruſhing in the bowels of the *French*,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.
Bur. Doubtleſs, he would have made a noble knight:
See, where he lies inherſed in the arms
Of the moſt bloody nurſer of his harms.
Baſ. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones aſunder;
Whoſe life was *England*'s glory, *Gallia*'s wonder.
Cha. O, no; forbear: for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Sir William Lucy, *attended;*
Herald of the French *preceding.*

Luc. Herald, conduct me to the dauphin's tent;
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.
[*Herald ſhews the Dauphin to him.*
Cha. On what ſubmiſſive meſſage art thou ſent?
Luc. Submiſſion, dauphin? 'tis a meer *French* word;
We *Engliſh* warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what priſoners thou haſt ta'en,
And to ſurvey the bodies of the dead.
Cha. For priſoners aſk'ſt thou? hell our priſon is.
But tell me whom thou ſeek'ſt.
Luc. Where is the great *Alcides* of the field,
Valiant lord *Talbot*, earl of *Shrewsbury*?
Created, for his rare ſucceſs in arms,
Great earl of *Waſhford*, *Waterford*, and *Valence*;
Lord *Talbot* of *Goodrig* and *Urchinfield*,
Lord *Strange* of *Blackmere*, lord *Verdun* of *Alton*,
Lord *Cromwel* of *Wingfield*, lord *Furnival* of *Sheffield*,
The thrice victorious lord of *Falconbridge*;

Knight of the noble order of ſaint *George*,
Worthy ſaint *Michael*, and the golden fleece;
Great mariſhal to *Henry* the ſixth,
Of all his wars within the realm of *France?*
Puc. Here is a ſilly ſtately ſtile, indeed!
The *Turk*, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not ſo tedious a ſtile as this. —
He, whom thou magnify'ſt with all these titles,
Stinking, and fly-blown, lies here † at our feet.
Luc. Is *Talbot* ſlain; the *Frenchmen*'s only ſcourge,
Your kingdom's terror and black *Nemeſis?*
O, were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd;
That I, in rage, might ſhoot them at your faces!
O, that I could but call these dead to life!
It were enough to fright the realm of *France:*
Were but his picture left amongſt you here,
It would amaze the proudeſt of you all.
Give me their bodies; that I may bear them hence,
And give them burial as beſeems their worth.
Puc. I think, this upſtart is old *Talbot*'s ghoſt,
He ſpeaks with ſuch a proud commanding ſpirit.
For God's ſake, let him have 'em; to keep them here,
They would but ſtink, and putrify the air.
Cha. Go, take their bodies hence.
Luc. I'll bear them hence: [*Att. take up the Bodies.*
But from their aſhes, dauphin, ſhall be rear'd
A phœnix, that ſhall make all *France* afeard.
Cha. So we be rid, do with them what thou wilt.
[*Exeunt* Luc. *and Att. bearing out the Bodies.*
And now to *Paris*, in this conquering vein;
All will be ours, now bloody *Talbot*'s ſlain. [*Exeunt.*

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[3] Marſhal [8] Him that thou [22] have him, [28] rid of them, do

ACT V.

SCENE I. London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King, GLOSTER, EXETER, *and Others.*

Kin. Have you perus'd the letters from the pope,
The emperor, and the earl of *Armagnac?*
GLO. I have, my lord; and their intent is this,—
They humbly ſue unto your excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded of,
Between the realms of *England* and of *France.*
Kin. How doth your grace affect their motion?
GLO. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To ſtop effuſion of our chriſtian blood,
And 'ſtabliſh quietneſs on every ſide.
Kin. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought,
It was both impious and unnatural,
That ſuch immanity and bloody ſtrife
Should reign among profeſſors of one faith.
GLO. Beſide, my lord,—the ſooner to effect,
And ſurer bind, this knot of amity,—
The earl of *Armagnac*—near knit to *Charles,*
A man of great authority in *France,*—
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and ſumptuous dowry.
Kin. Marriage, good uncle! alas, my years are young;
And fitter is my ſtudy and my books,
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet, call the embaſſadors; and, as you pleaſe,
So let them have their anſwers every one:
I ſhall be well content with any choice,

Tends to God's glory, and my country's weal.

Enter a Legate, *and two Embaſſadors, uſher'd;*
Winchester *with them, habited as a Cardinal.*

Exe. " What! is my lord of *Wincheſter* inſtall'd,"
" And call'd unto a cardinal's degree!"
" Then, I perceive, that will be verify'd,"
" *Henry* the fifth did ſome time propheſy," —
" *If once he come to be a cardinal,*"
" *He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.*"

Kin. My lords embaſſadors, your ſeveral ſuits
Have been conſider'd and debated on.
Your purpose is both good and reasonable:
And, therefore, we are certainly resolv'd
To draw conditions of a friendly peace;
Which, by my lord of *Wincheſter*, we mean
Shall be tranſported presently to *France*.

Glo. And for the proffer of my lord your maſter, —
I have inform'd his highneſs ſo at large,
As — liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty, and the value of her dower —
He doth intend ſhe ſhall be *England*'s queen.

Kin. In argument and proof of which contráct,
Bear her this † jewel, [*to the Emb.*] pledge of my affection. —
And ſo, my lord protector, ſee them guarded,
And ſafely brought to *Dover*; where, inſhip'd,
Commit them to the fortune of the ſea.

[*Exeunt* Kin. Glo. Exe. *&c. Embaſſadors follow.*

Win. Stay, my lord legate; you ſhall firſt receive
The ſum of money, which I promised
Should be deliver'd to his holineſs
For cloathing me in these grave ornaments.

Leg. I will attend upon your lordſhip's leisure.

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[25] wherein ſhip'd

WIN. Now *Wincheſter* will not ſubmit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudeſt peer.
Humphry of *Gloſter*, thou ſhalt well perceive,
That, nor in birth, nor for authority,
The biſhop will not be o'er-born by thee:
I'll either make thee ſtoop, and bend thy knee,
Or ſack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. France. *Plains in* Anjou.

Enter PUCELLE, CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENSON, *and Forces, marching.*

CHA. These news, my lords, may chear our droop-ſpirits:
'Tis ſaid, the ſtout *Pariſians* do revolt,
And turn again unto the warlike *French.*
ALE. Then march to *Paris*, royal *Charles* of *France*,
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.
PUC. Peace be amongſt them, if they turn to us;
Elſe, ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Succeſs unto our valiant general,
And happineſs to his accomplices!
CHA. What tidings ſend our ſcouts? I pr'ythee, ſpeak.
Meſ. The *Engliſh* army, that divided was
Into two parts, is now conjoin'd in one;
And means to give you battle preſently.
CHA. Somewhat too ſudden, ſirs, the warning is;
But we will preſently provide for them.
BUR. I truſt, the ghoſt of *Talbot* is not there;
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.
PUC. Of all baſe paſſions, fear is moſt accurſ'd: —.
Command the conqueſt, *Charles*, it ſhall be thine;

4 neither in birth, or for 25 parties

Let *Henry* fret, and all the word repine.
Cha. Then on, my lords; And *France* be fortunate!
[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE III. *The ſame. Under* Angiers.

Alarums, as of a Battle join'd. Excurſions.
Enter Pucelle, *haſtily.*

Puc. The regent conquers, and the *Frenchmen* fly.—
Now help, ye charming ſpells, and periapts;
And ye choice ſpirits, that admoniſh me
And give me ſigns of future accidents!
[*She performs certain Ceremonies. Thunder heard.*
You ſpeedy helpers, that are ſubſtitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north,
Appear, and aid me in this enterprize.
[*Thunder again. Enter certain Fiends.*
This ſpeedy quick appearance argues proof
Of your accuſtom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar ſpirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that *France* may get the field.
[*they walk ſullenly about her.*
O, hold me not with ſilence over-long!
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off, and give it you,
In earneſt of a further benefit;
So you do condeſcend to help me now.—
[*they hang their Heads.*
No hope to have redreſs?—My body ſhall
Pay recompence, if you will grant my ſuit.
[*they ſhake their Heads.*
Cannot my body, nor blood-ſacrifice,

17 ſpeedy and quicke

Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my ſoul; my body, ſoul, and all,
Before that *England* give the *French* the foil.
[*Thunder*; *and they depart*.
See! they forſake me. Now the time is come,
That *France* muſt vail her lofty-plumed creſt,
And let her head fall into *England*'s lap.
My antient incantations are too weak,
And hell too ſtrong for me to buckle with: —
Now, *France*, thy glory droopeth to the duſt. [*Exit*.

Other Alarums. Enter French *and* Engliſh,
fighting; YORK *and* PUCELLE *heading them:*
French *fly, leaving* Pucelle.

YOR. Damſel of *France*, I think I have you faſt:
[*laying Hands on her*.
Unchain your ſpirits now with ſpelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty. —
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!
See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with *Circe*, ſhe would change my ſhape.
PUC. Chang'd to a worſer ſhape thou canſt not be.
YOR. O, *Charles* the dauphin is a proper man;
No ſhape but his can pleaſe your dainty eye.
PUC. A plaguing miſchief light on *Charles*, and thee!
And may ye both be ſuddenly ſurpriz'd
By bloody hands, in ſleeping on your beds!
YOR. Fell banning hag, enchantreſs, hold thy tongue.
PUC. I pr'ythee, give me leave to curſe a while.
YOR. Curſe, miſcreant, when thou comeſt to the ſtake.
[*Exeunt, with* PUCELLE.

Other ſhort Alarums. Enter SUFFOLK,
bringing in MARGARET.

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my priſoner.
[*gazes earneſtly on her.*
O faireſt beauty, do not fear, nor fly;
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands,
And lay them gently on thy tender ſide.
I kiſs these fingers [*kiſſing her Hand.*] for eternal peace:
Who art thou, ſay, that I may honour thee?
Mar. *Margaret* my name; and daughter to a king,
The king of *Naples*, whoſoe'er thou art.
Suf. An earl I am, and *Suffolk* am I call'd.
Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:
So doth the ſwan her downy cignets ſave,
Keeping them priſoners underneath her wings.
Yet, if this ſervile uſage once offend,
Go, and be free again, as *Suffolk*'s friend.
[*ſhe turns from him, as going.*
O, ſtay! — I have no power to let her paſs;
My hand would free her, but my heart ſays—no.
As plays the ſun upon the glaſſy ſtreams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So ſeems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not ſpeak:
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind:
Fie, *De-la-poole!* diſable not thyſelf;
Haſt not a tongue? is ſhe not here thy priſoner?
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's ſight?
Ay; beauty's princely majeſty is ſuch,
Confounds the tongue, and make the ſenſes crouch.
Mar. Say, earl of *Suffolk*,—if thy name be ſo,—
What ranſom muſt I pay before I paſs?
For, I perceive, I am thy priſoner.

6 v. *Note.* 14 priſoner 29 rough.

Suf. How canſt thou tell, ſhe will deny thy ſuit,
Before thou make a trial of her love?
Mar. Why ſpeak'ſt thou not? what ranſom muſt I pay?
Suf. She's beautiful; and therefore to be woo'd:
She is a woman; therefore to be won.
Mar. Wilt thou accept of ranſom, yea, or no?
Suf. Fond man! remember, that thou haſt a wife;
Then how can *Margaret* be thy paramour?
Mar. I were beſt leave him, for he will not hear.
Suf. There all is mar'd; there lies a cooling card.
Mar. He talks at random; ſure, the man is mad.
Suf. And yet a diſpenſation may be had.
Mar. And yet I would that you would anſwer me.
Suf. I'll win this lady *Margaret*. For whom?
Why, for my king: Tuſh! that's a wooden thing.
Mar. He talks of wood; It is ſome carpenter.
Suf. Yet ſo my fancy may be ſatiſfy'd,
And peace eſtabliſhed between these realms.
But there remains a ſcruple in that too:
For though her father be the king of *Naples*,
Duke of *Anjóu* and *Maine*, yet is he poor,
And our nobility will ſcorn the match.
Mar. Hear ye me, captain; Are you not at leiſure?
Suf. It ſhall be ſo, diſdain they ne'er ſo much:
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield. —
Madam, I have a ſecret to reveal.
Mar. What though I be enthral'd? he ſeems a knight,
And will not any way diſhonour me.
Suf. Lady, vouchſafe to liſten what I ſay.
Mar. Perhaps, I ſhall be reſcu'd by the *French*;
And then I need not crave his courteſy.
Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cauſe—

9 beſt to leave

Mar. Tuſh! women have been captivate ere now.
Suf. Nay, hear me, lady; Wherefore talk you ſo?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *quid* for *quo*.
Suf. Say, gentle princeſs, would you not ſuppoſe
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen.
Mar. To be a queen in bondage, is more vile,
Than is a ſlave in baſe ſervility;
For princes ſhould be free.
Suf. And ſo ſhall you,
If happy *England*'s royal king be free.
Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?
Suf. I'll undertake to make thee *Henry*'s queen;
To put a golden ſcepter in thy hand,
And ſet a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condeſcend to be my —
Mar. What?
Suf. His love.
Mar. I am unworthy to be *Henry*'s wife.
Suf. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
To woo ſo fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myſelf.
How ſay you, madam; are you ſo content?
Mar. An if my father pleaſe, I am content.
Suf. Then call our captains, and our colours, forth:—
[*to his Troops; who come forward.*
And, madam, at your father's caſtle walls
We'll crave a parley, to confer with him. —
Trumpet ſounds a Parley: Is anſwer'd from within; and, Enter Reignier, *upon the Walls.*
See, *Reignier*, ſee, thy daughter priſoner.
Rei. To whom?
Suf. To me.

Rei. *Suffolk*, what remedy?
I am a ſoldier; and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleneſs.
Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:
Conſent, (and, for thy honour, give conſent)
Thy daughter ſhall be wedded to my king;
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;
And this her eaſy-held impriſonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.
Rei. Speaks *Suffolk* as he thinks?
Suf. Fair *Margaret* knows,
That *Suffolk* doth not flatter, face, or feign.
Rei. Upon thy princely warrant, I deſcend,
To give thee anſwer of thy juſt demand.
[*Exit, from the Walls.*
Suf. And here I will expect thy coming, Reignier.
Trumpets. Enter Reignier, *below.*
Rei. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories;
Command in *Anjou* what your honour pleaſes.
Suf. Thanks, *Reignier*, happy for ſo ſweet a child,
Fit to be made companion with a king:
What anſwer makes your grace unto my ſuit?
Rei. Since thou doſt deign to woo her little worth,
To be the princely bride of ſuch a lord;
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the countries *Maine* and *Anjou*,
Free from oppreſſion, or the ſtroke of war,
My daughter ſhall be *Henry*'s, if he pleaſe.
Suf. That is her ranſom, I deliver † her;
And thoſe two countries, I will undertake,
Your grace ſhall well and quietly enjoy.
Rei. And I again,—in *Henry*'s royal name,

12 faine. 26 Country 39 Counties

As deputy unto that gracious king,—
Give thee her † hand, for ſign of plighted faith.
Suf. *Reignier* of *France*, I give thee kingly thanks,
Becauſe this is in traffick of a king:
And yet, methinks, I could be well content
To be mine own attorney in this caſe.
I'll over then to *England* with this news,
And make this marriage to be ſolemniz'd:
So, farewel, *Reignier!* Set this diamond ſafe
In golden palaces, as it becomes.
Rei. I do embrace † thee, as I would embrace
The chriſtian prince, king *Henry*, were he here.
Mar. Farewel, my lord! good wiſhes, praiſe, and prayers,
Shall *Suffolk* ever have of *Margaret*. [*going.*
Suf. Farewel, ſweet madam! But hark you, *Margaret*; [*calling her back.*
No princely commendations to my king?
Mar. Such commendations as becomes a maid,
A virgin, and his ſervant, ſay to him.
Suf. Words ſweetly plac'd, and modeſtly directed.
But, madam, I muſt trouble you again,—
No loving token to his majeſty?
Mar. Yes, my good lord; a pure unſpotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I ſend the king.
Suf. And this withal. [*kiſſes her.*
Mar. That for thyſelf; I will not ſo preſume,
To ſend ſuch peeviſh tokens to a king.
[*Exeunt* REIGNIER, *and* MARGARET.
Suf. O, wert thou for myſelf! But, *Suffolk*, ſtay;
Thou may'ſt not wander in that labyrinth;
There minotaurs, and ugly treaſons, lurk.

Sollicit *Henry* with her wondrous praiſe:
Bethink thee on her virtues that ſurmount,
And natural graces that extinguiſh art;
Repeat their ſemblance often on the ſeas,
That, when thou com'ſt to kneel at *Henry*'s feet,
Thou may'ſt bereave him of his wits with wonder. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Camp of the Duke of* York, *in* Anjou.

Enter YORK, WARWICK, *and Others.*

Yor. Bring forth that ſorcereſs, condemn'd to burn.

Enter PUCELLE, *guarded*; Shepherd, *her Father, with her.*

She. Ah, *Joan*, this kills thy father's heart outright!
Have I ſought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Muſt I behold thy timeleſs cruel death?
Ah, *Joan*, ſweet daughter *Joan*, I'll die with thee!

Puc. Decrepit miser! baſe ignoble wretch!
I am deſcended of a gentler blood;
Thou art no father, nor no friend, of mine.

She. Out, out! — My lords, an pleaſe you, 'tis not ſo;
I did beget her, all the pariſh knows:
Her mother liveth yet, can teſtify
She was the firſt-fruit of my batchelorſhip.

War. Graceleſs! wilt thou deny thy parentage?

Yor. This argues what her kind of life hath been;
Wicked and vile; and ſo her death concludes.

She. Fie, *Joan!* that thou wilt be ſo obſtacle!
God knows, thou art a collop of my fleſh;
And for thy ſake have I ſhed many a tear:
Deny me not, I pr'ythee, gentle *Joan.*

Puc. Peasant, avant! — You have ſuborn'd this man,

[3] Mad naturall

Of purpoſe to obſcure my noble birth.
She. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the prieſt,
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.—
Kneel down and take my bleſſing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not ſtoop? Now curſed be the time
Of thy nativity! I would, the milk
Thy mother gave thee, when thou ſuck'dſt her breaſt,
Had been a little ratsbane for thy ſake!
Or elſe, when thou didſt keep my lambs afield,
I wiſh ſome ravenous wolf had eaten thee!
Doſt thou deny thy father, curſed drab?
O, burn her, burn her; hanging is too good.
[*Exit* Shepherd.
Yor. Take her away; for ſhe hath liv'd too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.
Puc. Firſt, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:
Not me begotten of a ſhepherd ſwain,
But iſſu'd from the progeny of kings;
Virtuous, and holy; choſen from above,
By inſpiration of celeſtial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked ſpirits:
But you,—that are polluted with your luſts,
Stain'd with the guiltleſs blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thouſand vices,—
Becauſe you want the grace that others have,
You judge it ſtraight a thing impoſſible
To compaſs wonders, but by help of devils:
No, miſconceivers; *Joan* of *Arc* hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaſt and immaculate in very thought;
Whoſe maiden blood, thus rigorouſly effus'd,

29 miſconceived, *Jone* of *Aire*

Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.
Yor. Ay, ay; — away with her to execution.
War. And hark ye, ſirs; because ſhe is a maid,
Spare for no faggots, let there be enough:
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal ſtake,
That ſo her torture may be ſhortened.
Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts? —
Then, *Joan*, diſcover thine infirmity;
That warranteth by law to be thy priviledge. —
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murther not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.
Yor. Now heaven forefend! the holy maid with child?
War. The greateſt miracle that e'er ye wrought:
Is all your ſtrict preciſeneſs come to this?
Yor. She and the dauphin have been juggling:
I did imagine what would be her refuge.
War. Well, well, go to; we'll have no baſtards live;
Eſpecially, ſince *Charles* muſt father it.
Puc. You are deceiv'd; my child is none of his;
It was *Alenson*, that enjoy'd my love.
Yor. *Alenson!* that notorious *Machiavel!*
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.
Puc. O, give me leave, I have deluded you;
'Twas neither *Charles*, nor yet the duke I nam'd,
But *Reignier*, king of *Naples*, that prevail'd.
War. A marry'd man! that's moſt intolerable.
Yor. Why, here's a girl! I think, ſhe knows not well,
There were ſo many, whom ſhe may accuse.
War. It's ſign, ſhe hath been liberal and free.
Yor. And, yet, forſooth, ſhe is a virgin pure. —
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat, and thee:

Use no entreaty, for it is in vain. [curſe:
Puc. Then lead me hence; — with whom I leave my
May never glorious ſun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode!
But darkneſs, and the gloomy ſhade of death
Environ you; 'till miſchief, and deſpair,
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourſelves!
[*Exit, guarded.*
Yor. Break thou in pieces, and conſume to aſhes,
You foul accurſed miniſter of hell!

Enter Cardinal Beaufort, *attended.*

Car. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commiſſion from the king.
For know, my lords, the ſtates of chriſtendom,
Mov'd with remorſe of these outrageous broils,
Have earneſtly implor'd a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aſpiring *French*;
And here at hand the dauphin, and his train,
Approacheth, to confer about ſome matters.
Yor. Is all our travel turn'd to this effect?
After the ſlaughter of ſo many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and ſoldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And ſold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at laſt conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not loſt moſt part of all the towns,
By treaſon, falſhood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquered? —
O, *Warwick, Warwick!* I foreſee with grief
The utter loſs of all the realm of *France.*
War. Be patient, *York*; if we conclude a peace,
It ſhall be with ſuch ſtrict and ſevere covenants,

As little ſhall the *Frenchmen* gain thereby.

Enter CHARLES, *attended*; REIGNIER,
ALENSON, *and Others*.

CHA. Since, lords of *England*, it is thus agreed,
That peaceful truce ſhall be proclaim'd in *France*,
I come to be informed by yourſelves
What the conditions of that league muſt be.

YOR. Speak, *Wincheſter*; for boiling choler choaks
The hollow paſſage of my priſon'd voice,
By ſight of these our baleful enemies.

Car. *Charles*, and the reſt, it is enacted thus:
That—in regard king *Henry* gives conſent,
Of meer compaſſion, and of lenity,
To ease your country of diſtreſſful war,
And ſuffer you to breath in fruitful peace,—
You ſhall become true liegemen to his crown:
And, *Charles*, upon condition thou wilt ſwear
To pay him tribute, and ſubmit thyſelf,
Thou ſhalt be plac'd as vice-roy under him,
And ſtill enjoy thy regal dignity.

ALE. Muſt he be then as ſhadow of himſelf?
Adorn his temples with a coronet;
And yet, in ſubſtance and authority,
Retain but priviledge of a private man?
This proffer is abſurd and reasonleſs.

CHA. 'Tis known, already that I am poſſeſſ'd
Of more than half the *Gallian* territories,
And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king:
Shall I, for lucre of the reſt unvanquiſh'd,
Detract ſo much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but vice-roy of the whole?
No, lord embaſſador; I'll rather keep

9 poyſon'd 27 With more

That which I have, than, coveting for more,
Be caſt from poſſibility of all.
YOR. Inſulting *Charles!* haſt thou by ſecret means
Us'd interceſſion to obtain a league;
And, now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'ſt thou aloof upon compariſon?
Either accept the title thou usurp'ſt,
Of benefit proceeding from our king,
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with inceſſant wars.
REI. "My lord [*to* Cha.] you do not well, in obſtinacy"
"To cavil in the courſe of this contráct:"
"If once it be neglected, ten to one,"
"We ſhall not find like opportunity."
ALE. "To ſay the truth, it is your policy,"
"To ſave your ſubjects from ſuch maſſacre,"
"And ruthleſs ſlaughters, as are daily ſeen"
"By our proceeding in hoſtility:"
"And therefore take this compact of a truce,"
"Although you break it when your pleaſure ſerves."
WAR. How ſay'ſt thou, *Charles?* ſhall our condition ſtand?
CHA. It ſhall: only reserv'd, you claim no intereſt
In any of our towns of garriſon.
YOR. Then ſwear allegiance to his majeſty;
As thou art knight, never to diſobey,
Nor be rebellious to the crown of *England*,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of *England*.
So, now diſmiſs your army when ye pleaſe;
Hang up your enſigns, let your drums be ſtill,
For here we entertain a ſolemn peace. [*Exeunt*,

SCENE V. London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King Henry, *and* SUFFOLK, *conferring;*
GLOSTER, *and* EXETER, *after them.*

Kin. Your wondrous rare deſcription, noble earl,
Of beauteous *Margaret* hath aſtoniſh'd me:
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's ſettl'd paſſions in my heart:
And like as rigour of tempeſtuous guſts
Provokes the mightieſt hulk againſt the tide;
So am I driven, by breath of her renown,
Either to ſuffer ſhipwreck, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suf. Tuſh, my good lord! this ſuperficial tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise:
The chief perfections of that lovely dame
(Had I ſufficient ſkill to utter them)
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to raviſh any dull conceit.
And, which is more, ſhe is not ſo divine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But, with as humble lowlineſs of mind,
She is content to be at your command;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaſt intents,
To love and honour *Henry* as her lord.

Kin. And otherwise will *Henry* ne'er presume:—
Therefore, my lord protector, give conſent,
That *Margaret* may be *England*'s royal queen.

Glo. So ſhould I give conſent to flatter ſin.
You know, my lord, your highneſs is betroth'd
Unto another lady of eſteem;
How ſhall we then diſpenſe with that contráct,
And not deface your honour with reproach?

Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;
Or one, that, at a triumph having vow'd
To try his ſtrength, forſaketh yet the liſts
By reaſon of his adverſary's odds:
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.
Glo. Why, what (I pray) is *Margaret* more than that?
Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.
Suf. Yes, my good lord, her father is a king,
The king of *Naples*, and *Jeruſalem*;
And of ſuch great authority in *France*,
As his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the *Frenchmen* in allegiance.
Glo. And ſo the earl of *Armagnac* may do,
Becauſe he is near kinsman unto *Charles*.
Exe. Beſide, his wealth doth warrant liberal dower;
Where *Reignier* ſooner will receive, than give.
Suf. A dower, my lords! diſgrace not ſo your king,
That he ſhould be ſo abject, baſe, and poor,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to ſeek a queen to make him rich:
So worthleſs peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, ſheep, or horſe.
But marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorneyſhip;
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Muſt be companion of his nuptial bed:
And therefore, lords, ſince he affects her moſt,
It moſt of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions ſhe ſhould be prefer'd.

For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of diſcord and continual ſtrife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliſs,
And is a pattern of celeſtial peace.
Whom ſhould we match with *Henry*, being a king,
But *Margaret*, that is daughter to a king?
Her peerleſs feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none, but for a king:
Her valiant courage, and undaunted ſpirit,
(More than in women commonly is ſeen) will
Anſwer our hope in iſſue of a king;
For *Henry*, ſon unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of ſo high resolve,
As is fair *Margaret*, he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me,
That *Margaret* ſhall be queen, and none but ſhe.
Kin. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble lord of *Suffolk*; or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any paſſion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am aſſur'd,
I feel ſuch ſharp diſſention in my breaſt,
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
As I am ſick with working of my thoughts.
Take, therefore, ſhipping; poſt, my lord, to *France*;
Agree to any covenants; and procure
That lady *Margaret* do vouchſafe to come
To croſs the ſeas to *England*, and be crown'd
King *Henry*'s faithful and anointed queen:
For your expences and ſufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.

Be gone, I ſay; for, 'till you do return,
I reſt perplexed with a thouſand cares. —
And you, good uncle, baniſh all offence:
If you do cenſure me by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuſe
This ſudden execution of my will.
And ſo conduct me, where from company
I may revolve and ruminate my grief. [*Exit.*

Glo. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at firſt and laſt.

[*Exeunt* GLOSTER, *and* EXETER.

Suf. Thus *Suffolk* hath prevail'd: and thus he goes,
As did the youthful *Paris* once to *Greece*;
With hope to find the like event in love,
But proſper better than the *Trojan* did.
Margaret ſhall now be queen, and rule the king;
But I will rule both her, the king, and realm.

[*Exit.*

HENRY VI.

Part II.

Perſons repreſented.

King Henry *the ſixth:*
Humphrey, *Duke of* Gloſter, *his Uncle.*
Cardinal Beaufort, *Biſhop of* Wincheſter.
Richard Plantagenet, *Duke of* York:
Edward, *and* Richard, *his Sons.*
Dukes of Somerſet, Suffolk, *and* Buckingham.
Earl of Salisbury. *Earl of* Warwick.
Lord Clifford, *and his Son. Lord* Say.
Lord Scales, *Governor of the Tower.*
Sir Humphrey Stafford, *and his Brother. Sir* John Stanley.
Hume, *a Prieſt:* Southwel, *and* Bolingbroke, *Sorcerers:*
a Spirit, rais'd by them. a Herald. four Meſſengers.
Tho. Horner, *an Armorer:* Peter, *his Man. two Petitioners.*
Neighbours of Horner, *three. two Prentices. a Citizen.*
Sheriff of London. *a Gentleman. two Murtherers.*
Mayor, Beadle, Townsman of Saint Alban's.
Simpcox, *an Impoſtor. Servant of* Gloſter. *Clerk of* Chatham.
a Sea-captain, Maſter, and Maſter's Mate; and
Walter Whitmore. *two Gentlemen, Priſoners with* Suffolk.
George, John, Dick, Will, Michael, *and another, Rebels:*
Jack Cade, *their Leader.* Iden, *a* Kentiſh *Gentleman.*

Margaret, *Queen to* Henry.
Eleanor, *Dutcheſs of* Gloſter.
Mother Jourdain, *a Witch. Wife to* Simpcox.

Lords, Ladies, and divers other Attendants; Soldiers of the different Armies, Citizens, &c.

Scene, England; *diſperſedly.*

The ſecond Part of
King HENRY *the ſixth.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

Flouriſh of Trumpets, &c. *Enter, on one Side, King* Henry; *Duke of* GLOSTER, *Cardinal* Beaufort, *the Lords* SALISBURY, WARWICK, &c: *on the other, Queen* Margaret, *led by* SUFFOLK; YORK, SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM, *and Others, following.*

Suf. As by your high imperial majeſty
I had in charge at my depart for *France*,
As procurator to your excellence,
To marry princeſs *Margaret* for your grace;
So, in the famous ancient city, *Tours*,—
In preſence of the kings of *France*, and *Sicile*,
The dukes of *Orleans*, *Calaber*, *Bretaigne*, *Alenſon*,
Seven earls, twelve barons, twenty reverend biſhops,—
I have perform'd my taſk, and was eſpous'd:
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In ſight of *England* and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen
To your moſt gracious hand, that are the ſubſtance
Of that great ſhadow I did repreſent;
The happieſt gift that ever marqueſs gave,
The faireſt queen that ever king receiv'd.

Kin. *Suffolk*, ariſe. — Welcome, queen *Margaret*:
I can expreſs no kinder ſign of love,
Than this † kind kiſs. — O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulneſs!
For thou haſt given me, in this beauteous face,
A world of earthly bleſſings to my ſoul,
If ſympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Que. Great king of *England*, and my gracious lord;
The mutual conference that my mind hath had —
By day, by night; waking, and in my dreams;
In courtly company, or at my beads, —
With you mine alder-liefeſt ſovereign,
Makes me the bolder to ſalute my king
With ruder terms; ſuch as my wit affords,
And over-joy of heart doth miniſter.

Kin. Her ſight did raviſh: but her grace in ſpeech,
Her words y-clad with wisdom's majeſty,
Makes me, from wond'ring, fall to weeping joys;
Such is the fulneſs of my heart's content. —
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

all. Long live queen *Margaret*, *England*'s happineſs!

Que. We thank you all. [*Flouriſh.*

SUF. My lord protector, ſo it please your grace,
Here are the ‡ articles of contracted peace,
Between our ſovereign and the *French* king *Charles*,
For eighteen months concluded by conſent.

GLO. [*reads.*] Imprimis, *it is agreed between the* French *king*, Charles, *and* William de la Poole, *marqueſs of* Suffolk, *embaſſador for* Henry *king of* England, — *that the ſaid* Henry *ſhall eſpouse the lady* Margaret, *daughter to* Reignier *king of* Naples, Sicily, *and* Jerusalem; *and crown her queen of* England, *ere the thirtieth* *of* May *next enſuing*. Item,———*that the dutchies of* Anjou *and* Maine *ſhall be releaſed and delivered to the king her fa*—

Kin. Uncle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some ſudden qualm hath ſtruck me at the heart,
And dim'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

Kin. Uncle of *Wincheſter*, I pray, read on.

Car. [*taking the Paper from* Glo. *and reading.*] Item, *it is further agreed between them,*—*that the dutchies of* Anjou *and* Maine *ſhall be releaſed and delivered to the king her father*; *and ſhe ſent over of the king of* England'*s own proper coſt and charges, without having any dowry.* [you down:

Kin. They please us well.—Lord marqueſs, kneel
We here create thee the firſt duke of *Suffolk*,
And girt thee † with the ſword.—
Couſin of *York*, we here diſcharge your grace
From being regent in the parts of *France*,
'Till term of eighteen months be full expir'd.—
Thanks, uncle *Wincheſter*, *Gloſter*, *York*, and *Buckingham*,
Somerſet, *Saliſbury*, and *Warwick*, thanks;
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.
Come, let us in; and with all ſpeed provide
To ſee her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt* King, Queen, *and* Suffolk.

Glo. Brave peers of *England*, pillars of the ſtate,
To you duke *Humphrey* muſt unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother *Henry* ſpend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?

Did he ſo often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold, and ſummer's parching heat,
To conquer *France*, his true inheritance?
And did my brother *Bedford* toil his wits,
To keep by policy what *Henry* got?
Have you yourſelves, *Somerſet*, *Buckingham*,
Brave *York*, and *Saliſbury*, victorious *Warwick*,
Receiv'd deep ſcars in *France* and *Normandy*?
Or hath mine uncle *Beaufort*, and myſelf,
With all the learned counſel of the realm,
Study'd ſo long, ſat in the council-houſe,
Early and late, debating to and fro
How *France* and *Frenchmen* might be kept in awe?
Or hath his highneſs in his infancy
Been crown'd in *Paris*, in deſpight of foes;
And ſhall these labours, and these honours, die?
Shall *Henry*'s conqueſt, *Bedford*'s vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our counſel, die?
O peers of *England*, ſhameful is this league!
Fatal this marriage! cancelling your fame;
Blotting your names from books of memory;
Raſing the characters of your renown;
Reverſing monuments of conquer'd *France*;
Undoing all, as all had never been!
Car. Nephew, what means this paſſionate diſcourſe?
This peroration with ſuch circumſtance?
For *France*, 'tis ours; and we will keep it ſtill.
Glo. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;
But now it is impoſſible we ſhould:
Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roaſt,
Hath given the dutchies of *Anjou* and *Maine*
Unto the poor king *Reignier*, whose large ſtyle

7 *Saliſbury*, and 31 Dutchy

Agrees not with the leanneſs of his purſe.
Sal. Now, by the death of him that dy'd for all,
These counties were the keys of *Normandy*: —
But wherefore weeps *Warwick*, my valiant ſon?
War. For grief that they are paſt recovery:
For, were there hope to conquer them again,
My ſword ſhould ſhed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and *Maine!* myſelf did win them both;
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:
And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?
Mort Dieu!
Yor. For *Suffolk*'s duke — may he be ſuffocate,
That dims the honour of this warlike iſle!
France ſhould have torn and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read but *England*'s kings have had
Large ſums of gold, and dowries, with their wives:
And our king *Henry* gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.
Glo. A proper jeſt, and never heard before,
That *Suffolk* ſhould demand a whole fifteenth,
For coſts and charges in tranſporting her!
She ſhould have ſtay'd in *France*, and ſtarv'd in *France*,
Before —
Car. My lord of *Gloſter*, now you grow too hot;
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.
Glo. My lord of *Wincheſter*, I know your mind;
'Tis not my ſpeeches that you do miſlike,
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble you.
Rancour will out, proud prelate; in thy face
I ſee thy fury: if I longer ſtay,

We ſhall begin our ancient bickerings: —
Lordings, farewel; and ſay, when I am gone,
I propheſy'd — *France* will be loſt ere long. [*Exit.*
Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage.
'Tis known to you, he is mine enemy:
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all;
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
Conſider, lords, — he is the next of blood,
And heir apparent to the *Engliſh* crown;
Had *Henry* got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the weſt,
There's reason he ſhould be diſpleas'd at it:
Look to it, lords; let not his ſmoothing words
Bewitch your hearts; be wiſe, and circumſpect.
What though the common people favour him,
Calling him — *Humphrey*, the good duke of *Gloſter*;
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice —
Jesu *maintain your royal excellence!*
With — *God preſerve the good duke* Humphrey!
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloſs,
He will be found a dangerous protector.
Buc. Why ſhould he then protect our ſovereign,
He being of age to govern of himſelf? —
Couſin of *Somerſet*, join you with me,
And, all together, — with the duke of *Suffolk*, —
We quickly hoiſe duke *Humphrey* from his ſeat.
Car. This weighty buſineſs will not brook delay;
I'll to the duke of *Suffolk* preſently. [*Exit.*
Som. Couſin of *Buckingham*, tho' *Humphrey*'s pride,
And greatneſs of his place be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal;
His inſolence is more intolerable

25 altogether

Than all the princes in the land beſide;
If *Gloſter* be diſplac'd, he'll be protector.
Buc. Thou, or I, *Somerſet*, will be protector,
Deſpight duke *Humphrey*, or the cardinal.
[*Exeunt* Buc. *and* Som.
Sal. Pride goes before, ambition follows him.
While theſe do labour for their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.
I never ſaw but *Humphrey* duke of *Gloſter*
Did bear him like a noble gentleman:
Oft have I ſeen the haughty cardinal —
More like a ſoldier, than a man o'the church;
As ſtout, and proud, as he were lord of all,—
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himſelf
Unlike the ruler of a common-weal. —
Warwick my ſon, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy plainneſs, and thy houſe-keeping,
Hath won the greateſt favour of the commons,
Excepting none but good duke *Humphrey*: —
And, brother *York*, thy acts in *Ireland*,
In bringing them to civil diſcipline;
Thy late exploits done in the heart of *France*,
When thou wert regent for our ſovereign,
Have made thee fear'd, and honour'd, of the people: —
Join we together, for the publick good;
In what we can, to bridle and ſuppreſs
The pride of *Suffolk*, and the cardinal,
With *Somerſet*'s and *Buckingham*'s ambition;
And, as we may, cheriſh duke *Humphrey*'s deeds,
While they do tend to profit of the land.
War. So God help *Warwick*, as he loves the land,
And common profit of his country.

3 *Buc.* Or thou, 30 tend the pro—

Yor. And ſo ſays *York*, for he hath greateſt cauſe.
Sal. Then let's make haſte, and look unto the main.
War. Unto the main! O, father, *Maine* is loſt;
That *Maine*, which by main force *Warwick* did win,
And would have kept, ſo long as breath did laſt:
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant, *Maine*;
Which I will win from *France*, or elſe be ſlain.
[*Exeunt* War. *and* Sal.
Yor. *Anjou*, and *Maine*, are given to the *French*;
Paris is loſt; the ſtate of *Normandy*
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:
Suffolk concluded on the articles;
The peers agreed; and *Henry* was well pleas'd,
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all; What is't to them?
'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap penn'worth of their pillage,
And purchaſe friends, and give to courtezans,
Still revelling, like lords, 'till all be gone:
While as the ſilly owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapleſs hands,
And ſhakes his head, and trembling ſtands aloof,
While all is ſhar'd, and all is born away;
Ready to ſtarve, and dares not touch his own.
So *York* muſt ſit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his own lands are bargain'd for, and ſold.
Methinks, the realms of *England*, *France*, and *Ireland*,
Bear that proportion to my fleſh and blood,
As did the fatal brand *Althea* burnt,
Unto the prince's heart of *Calydon*.
Anjou and *Maine*, both given unto the *French*!
Cold news for me; for I had hope of *France*,

2 haſte away, and 24 dare

Even as I have of fertile *England*'s ſoil.
A day will come, when *York* ſhall claim his own;
And therefore I will take the *Nevils*' parts,
And make a ſhew of love to proud duke *Humphrey*,
And, when I ſpy advantage, claim the crown,
For that's the golden mark I ſeek to hit:
Nor ſhall proud *Lancaſter* usurp my right,
Nor hold the ſcepter in his childiſh fiſt,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humour fits not for a crown.
Then, *York*, be ſtill a while, 'till time do ſerve:
Watch thou, and wake, when others be aſleep,
To pry into the ſecrets of the ſtate;
Till *Henry*, ſurfeiting in joys of love,
With his new bride, and *England*'s dear-bought queen,
And *Humphrey* with the peers be fall'n at jars:
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose ſweet ſmell the air ſhall be perfum'd;
And in my ſtandard bear the arms of *York*,
To grapple with the houſe of *Lancaſter*;
And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookiſh rule hath pull'd fair *England* down. [*Exit*.

SCENE II. *The ſame. A Room in* Gloſter's *Houſe.*

Enter GLOSTER, *and his Dutcheſs.*

Dut. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,
Hanging the head at *Ceres*' plenteous load?
Why doth the great duke *Humphrey* knit his brows,
As frowning at the favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fix'd to the ſullen earth,
Gazing on that which ſeems to dim thy ſight?
What ſee'ſt thou there? king *Henry*'s diadem,

10 humors

Inchaſ'd with all the honours of the world ?
If ſo, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
Until thy head be circl'd with the ſame.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold:
What, is't too ſhort ? I'll lengthen it with mine:
And, having both together heav'd it up,
We'll both together lift our heads to heaven;
And never more abaſe our ſight ſo low,
As to vouchſafe one glance unto the ground.
Glo. O *Nell*, ſweet *Nell*, if thou doſt love thy lord,
Baniſh the canker of ambitious thoughts:
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Againſt my king and nephew, virtuous *Henry*,
Be my laſt breathing in this mortal world!
My troublous dream this night doth make me ſad.
Dut. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I'll requite i
With ſweet rehearſal of my morning's dream.
Glo. Methought, this ſtaff, mine office-badge in court
Was broke in twain; by whom, I have forgot,
But, as I think, it was by the cardinal;
And on the pieces of the broken wand
Were plac'd the heads of *Edmond* duke of *Somerſet*,
And *William de la Poole* firſt duke of *Suffolk*.
This was my dream; what it doth bode, God knows.
Dut. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he, that breaks a ſtick of *Gloſter*'s grove,
Shall lose his head for his presumption.
But lift to me, my *Humphrey*, my ſweet duke:
Methought, I ſat in ſeat of majeſty,
In the cathedral church of *Weſtminſter*,
And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd
Where *Henry*, and dame *Margaret*, kneel'd to me,

And on my head did ſet the diadem.
Glo. Nay, *Eleanor*, then muſt I chide out-right:
Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtur'd *Eleanor!*
Art thou not ſecond woman in the realm;
And the protector's wife, belov'd of him?
Haſt thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compaſs of thy thought?
And wilt thou ſtill be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy husband, and thyſelf,
From top of honour to diſgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more.
Dut. What, what, my lord! are you ſo cholerick
With *Eleanor*, for telling but her dream?
Next time, I'll keep my dreams unto myſelf,
And not be check'd.
Glo. Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.
Enter a Meſſenger.
Meſ. My lord protector, 'tis his highneſs' pleasure,
You do prepare to ride unto Saint *Alban*'s,
Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk.
Glo. I go. — Come, *Nell*, thou wilt ride with us too?
Dut. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently. —
[*Exeunt* Glo. *and* Meſ.
Follow I muſt, I cannot go before,
While *Gloſter* bears this baſe and humble mind.
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious ſtumbling-blocks,
And ſmooth my way upon their headleſs necks:
And, being a woman, I will not be ſlack
To play my part in fortune's pageant.
Where are you there? Sir *John!* nay, fear not, man,
We are alone; here's none but thee, and I.

Enter HUME.

Hum. *Jeſu* preſerve your royal majeſty!
Dut. My majeſty! why, man, I am but grace.
Hum. But, by the grace of God, and *Hume*'s advice,
Your grace's title ſhall be multiply'd.
Dut. What ſay'ſt thou, man? haſt thou as yet confer'd
With *Margery Jourdain*, the cunning witch;
With *Roger Bolingbrook*, the conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?
Hum. This they have promiſed,—to ſhew your highneſs
A ſpirit rais'd from depth of under ground,
That ſhall make anſwer to ſuch queſtions,
As by your grace ſhall be propounded him.
Dut. It is enough, I'll think upon the queſtions:
When from Saint *Alban*'s we do make return,
We'll ſee thoſe things effected to the full.
Here, *Hume*, take this † reward; make merry, man,
With thy confederates in this weighty cauſe.
[*Exit* Dutcheſs.
Hum *Hume* muſt make merry with the dutcheſs' gold;
Marry, and ſhall. But, how now, ſir *John Hume?*
Seal up your lips, and give no words but—mum;
The buſineſs aſketh ſilent ſecreſy.
Dame *Eleanor* gives gold, to bring the witch:
Gold cannot come amiſs, were ſhe a devil.
Yet have I gold, flies from another coaſt:
I dare not ſay, from the rich cardinal,
And from the great and new-made duke of *Suffolk*;
Yet I do find it ſo: for, to be plain,
They, knowing dame *Eleanor*'s aſpiring humour,
Have hired me to undermine the dutcheſs,
And buz theſe conjurations in her brain.

They ſay, A crafty knave does need no broker;
Yet am I *Suffolk* and the cardinal's broker:
Hume, if you take not heed, you ſhall go near
To call them both — a pair of crafty knaves.
Well, ſo it ſtands: And thus, I fear, at laſt,
Hume's knavery will be the dutcheſs' wreck;
And her attainture will be *Humphrey*'s fall:
Sort how it will, I ſhall have gold for all. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The ſame. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter PETER, *and Others, with Petitions.*

1 *P.* My maſters, let's ſtand cloſe; my lord protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our ſupplications in the quill.

2 *P.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man! *Jeſu* bleſs him!

Enter SUFFOLK, *and* Queen.

Pet. Here 'a comes, methinks, and the queen with him: I'll be the firſt, ſure.

2 *P.* Come-back, fool; this is the duke of *Suffolk*, and not my lord protector.

Suf. How now, fellow? would'ſt any thing with me?

1 *P.* I pray, my lord, pardon me! I took ye for my lord protector.

Que. For my lord protector! are your ſupplications to his lordſhip? Let me ſee them: What is thine? [*taking a Petition.*

1 *P.* Mine is, an't pleaſe your grace, againſt *John Goodman*, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my houſe, and lands, and wife and all, from me.

Suf. Thy wife too? that is ſome wrong, indeed. — What's yours? — [*taking another.*] What's here! [*reads.*]

25 *Queene.* To my

Againſt the duke of Suffolk, *for encloſing the commons of* Melford. — How now, ſir knave?

2 *P.* Alas, ſir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole townſhip.

Pet. [*giving his Petition.*] Againſt my maſter, *Thomas Horner*, for ſaying, That the duke of *York* was rightful heir to the crown.

Que. What ſay'ſt thou? Did the duke of *York* ſay, he was rightful heir to the crown?

Pet. That my miſtreſs was? No, forſooth: my maſter ſaid, That he was; and that the king was an uſurper.

Suf. Who is there? — [*Enter Servants.*] Take this fellow in, and ſend for his maſter with a purſuivant preſently: — we'll hear more of your matter before the king. [*Exeunt Servants, with* Peter.

Que. And as for you, that love to be protected
Under the wings of our protector's grace,
Begin your ſuits anew, and ſue to him.
[*tears the Petitions.*
Away, baſe cullions! — *Suffolk*, let them go.

1 *P.* Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt* Petitioners.

Que. My lord of *Suffolk*, ſay, is this the guiſe,
Is this the faſhion in the court of *England?*
Is this the government of *Britain*'s iſle,
And this the royalty of *Albion*'s king?
What, ſhall king *Henry* be a pupil ſtill,
Under the ſurly *Gloſter*'s governance?
Am I a queen in title and in ſtyle,
And muſt be made a ſubject to a duke?
I tell thee, *Pole*, when in the city *Tours*
Thou ran'ſt a tilt in honour of my love,
And ſtol'ſt away the ladies' hearts of *France*;

I thought, king *Henry* had reſembl'd thee,
In courage, courtſhip, and proportion:
But all his mind is bent to holineſs,
To number *Ave-Maries* on his beads:
His champions are — the prophets, and apoſtles;
His weapons, holy ſaws of ſacred writ;
His ſtudy is his tilt-yard, and his loves
Are brazen images of canoniz'd ſaints.
I would, the colledge of the cardinals
Would chooſe him pope, and carry him to *Rome*,
And ſet the triple crown upon his head;
That were a ſtate fit for his holineſs.
Suf. Madam, be patient: as I was cause
Your highneſs came to *England*, ſo will I
In *England* work your grace's full content.
Que. Beſide the haught protector, have we *Beaufort*,
The imperious churchman; *Somerſet*, *Buckingham*,
And grumbling *York*: and not the leaſt of these,
But can do more in *England* than the king.
Suf. And he of these, that can do moſt of all,
Cannot do more in *England* than the *Nevils*:
Salisbury, and *Warwick*, are no ſimple peers.
Que. Not all these lords do vex me half ſo much,
As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.
She ſweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
More like an empreſs, than duke *Humphrey*'s wife;
Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart ſhe ſcorns our poverty:
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
Contemptuous baſe-born callot as ſhe is,
She vaunted 'mongſt her minions t'other day,

The very train of her worſt wearing-gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
'Till *Suffolk* gave two dukedoms for his daughter.
SUF. Madam, myſelf have lim'd a buſh for her;
And plac'd a quire of ſuch enticing birds,
That ſhe will light to liſten to their lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So, let her reſt: And, madam, liſt to me;
For I am bold to counſel you in this.
Although we fancy not the cardinal,
Yet muſt we join with him, and with the lords,
'Till we have brought duke *Humphrey* in diſgrace:
As for the duke of *York*,— this late complaint
Will make but little for his benefit:
So, one by one, we'll weed them all at laſt,
And you yourſelf ſhall ſteer the happy helm.

Enter King Henry; YORK, *and* SOMERSET, *talking with him*; *Duke of* GLOSTER, *and* Dutcheſs, *Cardinal* Beaufort, BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY, *and* WARWICK.

Kin. For my part, noble lords, I care not which;
Or *Somerſet*, or *York*, all's one to me.
YOR. If *York* have ill demean'd himſelf in *France*,
Then let him be denay'd the regentſhip.
SOM. If *Somerſet* be unworthy of the place,
Let *York* be regent, I will yield to him.
WAR. Whether your grace be worthy, yea, or no,
Diſpute not that; *York* is the worthier.
Car. Ambitious *Warwick*, let thy betters ſpeak.
WAR. The cardinal's not my better in the field.
BUC. All in this preſence are thy betters, *Warwick.*
WAR. *Warwick* may live to be the beſt of all.

Sal. Peace, ſon;—and ſhew ſome reason, *Buckingham,*
Why *Somerſet* ſhould be prefer'd in this.
Que. Because the king, forſooth, will have it ſo.
Glo. Madam, the king is old enough himſelf
To give his cenſure: these are no women's matters.
Que. If he be old enough, what needs your grace
To be protector of his excellence?
Glo. Madam, I am protector of the realm;
And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.
Suf. Resign it then, and leave thine inſolence.
Since thou wert king, (as who is king, but thou?)
The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck:
The dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the ſeas;
And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen to thy ſovereignty.
Car. The commons haſt thou rack'd; the clergy's [bags,
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.
Som. Thy ſumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,
Have coſt a maſs of publick treasury.
Buc. Thy cruelty in execution,
Upon offenders, hath exceeded law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law.
Que. Thy ſale of offices, and towns in *France,*—
If they were known, as the ſuſpect is great,—
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.
[*Exit* Gloster.
Give me my fan; What, minion, can you not?
[*gives the Dutcheſs a Box on the Ear.*
I cry you mercy, madam; Was it you?
Dut. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud *Frenchwoman:*
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd ſet my ten commandments in your face.

Kin. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas againſt her will.
Dut. Againſt her will, good king? look to't in time;
She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby:
Though in this place moſt maſter wears no breeches,
She ſhall not ſtrike dame *Eleanor* unreveng'd.
[*Exit* Dutcheſs.
Buc. “ Lord cardinal, I will follow *Eleanor*;”
“ And liſten after *Humphrey*, how he proceeds:”
“ She's tickl'd now; her fume can need no ſpurs,”
“ She'll gallop faſt enough to her deſtruction.”
[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Now, lords, my choler being over-blown
With walking once about the quadrangle,
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
As for your ſpiteful falſe objections,
Prove them, and I lye open to the law:
But God in mercy ſo deal with my ſoul,
As I in duty love my king and country!
But, to the matter that we have in hand: —
I ſay, my ſovereign, *York* is meeteſt man
To be your regent in the realm of *France*.
Suf. Before we make election, give me leave
To ſhew ſome reaſon, of no little force,
That *York* is moſt unmeet of any man.
Yor. I'll tell thee, *Suffolk*, why I am unmeet,
Firſt, for I cannot flatter thee in pride:
Next, if I be appointed for the place,
My lord of *Somerſet* will keep me here,
Without diſcharge, money, or furniture,
'Till *France* be won into the dauphin's hands:
Laſt time, I danc'd attendance on his will,

10 farre enough

'Till *Paris* was beſieg'd, famiſh'd, and loſt.

War. That can I witneſs; and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suf. Peace, head-ſtrong *Warwick!*

War. Image of pride, why ſhould I hold my peace?

Enter Servants of Suffolk, *bringing in the* Armorer, *and his* Man.

Suf. Because here is a man accus'd of treaſon:
Pray God, the duke of *York* excuſe himſelf.

Yor. Doth any one accuſe *York* for a traitor?

Kin. What mean'ſt thou, *Suffolk*; tell me? What are these?

Suf. Pleaſe it your majeſty, this is the man
That doth accuſe his maſter of high treaſon:
His words were these; — that *Richard,* duke of *York,*
Was rightful heir unto the *Engliſh* crown;
And that your majeſty was an uſurper.

Kin. Say, man, were theſe thy words?

Arm. An't ſhall pleaſe your majeſty, I never ſaid nor thought any ſuch matter: God is my witneſs, I am falſely accus'd by the villain.

Pet. By theſe ten bones, my lords, he did ſpeak them to me in the garret one night, as we were ſcouring my lord of *York*'s armour.

Yor. Baſe dunghil villain, and mechanical,
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's ſpeech: —
I do beſeech your royal majeſty,
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

Arm. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I ſpake the words. My accuſer is my prentice; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me: I have good witneſs of this; therefore, I beſeech your majeſty, do not caſt away an honeſt man for a villain's accuſation.

Kin. Uncle, what ſhall we ſay to this in law?

Glo. This do, my lord, if I may be the judge.
Let *Somerſet* be regent o'er the *French*,
Becauſe in *York* this breeds ſuſpicion:
And let these have a day appointed them
For ſingle combat, in convenient place;
For he hath witneſs of his ſervant's malice:
This is the law, and this duke *Humphrey*'s doom.

Som. I humbly thank your royal majeſty.

Arm. And I accept the combat willingly.

Pet. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; for God's ſake, pity my caſe! the ſight of my maſter prevaileth againſt me. O, Lord have mercy upon me! I ſhall never be able to fight a blow: O Lord, my heart!

Glo. Sirrah, or you muſt fight, or elſe be hang'd.

Kin. Away with them to priſon: and the day
Of combat ſhall be the laſt of the next month. —
Come, *Somerſet*, we'll ſee thee ſent away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The ſame.* Gloſter's *Garden.*

A Table ſet out, and Things proper for the Incantation.
Enter HUME, BOLINGBROOK, SOUTHWEL,
and Mother JOURDAIN.

Hum. Come, my maſters; the dutcheſs, I tell you, expects performance of your promiſes.

Bol. Maſter *Hume*, we are therefore provided: Will her ladyſhip behold and hear our exorciſms?

Hum. Ay; What elſe? fear you not her courage.

Bol. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible ſpirit: But it ſhall be convenient, maſter *Hume*, that you be by her aloft, while be buſy below;

3 doome, my 13 the ſpight of my man pre-

and ſo, I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us.— [*Exit* HUME.

Mother *Jourdain*, be you proſtrate, and grovel on the earth: —*John Southwel*, read you; and let us to our work.

Enter Dutcheſs, *at a Window, above.*

Dut. Well ſaid, my maſters; and welcome all. Come, to this geer; the ſooner the better.

Bol. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times:
Deep night, dark night, the ſilent of the night,
The time of night when *Troy* was ſet on fire;
The time when ſcritch-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,
And ſpirits walk, and ghoſts break up their graves,
That time beſt fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, ſit you, and fear not; whom we raise,
We will make faſt within a hallow'd verge.

Here they do the Ceremonies belonging, and make the Circle: Bolingbrook, *or* Southwel, *reads,* Conjuro te, &c. *It thunders and lightens terribly; then the* Spirit *riseth.*

Spi. *Adſum.*

Jou. *Asmath*,
By the eternal God, whose name and power
Thou trembl'ſt at, anſwer that I ſhall aſk;
For, 'till thou ſpeak, thou ſhalt not paſs from hence.

Spi. Aſk what thou wilt:—That I had ſaid and done!

Bol. *Firſt, of the king;* [*reading out of a Paper.*] *What ſhall become of him?*

Spi. The duke yet lives, that *Henry* ſhall depose;
But him out-live, and die a violent death.

[Southwel *writes the Anſwer.*

Bol. *What fate awaits the duke of* Suffolk?

Spi. By Water ſhall he die, and take his end.

Bol. *What ſhall befal the duke of* Somerſet?
Spi. Let him ſhun caſtles;
Safer ſhall he be on ſand,
Than where caſtles mounted ſtand.
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.
Bol. Deſcend to darkneſs, and the burning lake;
Falſe fiend, avoid! [*Thunder.* Spirit *deſcends.*

A Noiſe of breaking in.

Enter York, *and* Buckingham, *haſtily*;
Guard, and Others, with them.

Yor. Lay hands upon theſe traitors, and their traſh.—
Beldame, I think, we watch'd you to an inch.—
What, madam, are you there? the king and commonweal
Are deep indebted for this piece of pains;
My lord protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for theſe good deſerts.
Dut. Not half ſo bad as thine to *England*'s king,
Injurious duke; that threat'ſt where is no cauſe.
Buc. True, madam, none at all· What call you this?
[*ſhewing her the Papers.*
Away with them; let them be clap'd up cloſe,
And kept aſunder:—You, madam, ſhall with us;—
Stafford, take her to thee. [*Exeunt ſome to the* Dut.
We'll ſee your trinkets here forth-coming all;
Away. [*Exeunt others, with* Bol. Sou. &c.
Yor. Lord *Buckingham*, methinks, you watch'd her
A pretty plot, well choſe to build upon! [well:
Now, pray, my lord, let's ſee the devil's writ.
What have we here? [*taking the Papers, and reading.*
The duke yet lives, that Henry *ſhall depoſe*;
But him out-live, and die a violent death.
Why, this is juſt,—

3 v. *Note.* 14 deeply in- 27 choſen

Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere poſſe.
Well, to the reſt:
𝔔. *What fate awaits the duke of* Suffolk?
𝔄. *By Water ſhall he die, and take his end.*
𝔔. *What ſhall befal the duke of* Somerſet?
𝔄. *Let him ſhun caſtles;*
Safer ſhall he be on ſand,
Than where caſtles mounted ſtand.
Come, come away, my lords: these oracles
Are hardily attain'd, and hardly underſtood.
The king is now in progreſs towards Saint *Alban*'s;
With him, the husband of this lovely lady:
Thither go these news, as faſt as horſe can carry them;
A ſorry breakfaſt for my lord protector.

Buc. Your grace ſhall give me leave, my lord of *York*,
To be the poſt, in hope of his reward.

Yor. At your pleasure, my good lord.—Who's within there, ho!

Enter a Servant.

Invite my lords of *Salisbury*, and *Warwick*,
To ſup with me to-morrow night.—Away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Saint* Alban's. *Entrance of the Town.*

Enter King, Queen, GLOSTER, Cardinal, *and* SUFFOLK; *with Attendants, and Falconers, hallooing.*

Que. Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,
I ſaw not better ſport these ſeven years' day:
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high;
And, ten to one, old *Joan* had not gone out.

10 are hardly att.

Kin. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch ſhe flew above the reſt! —
To ſee how God in all his creatures works!
Yea, man and birds, are fain of climbing high.
Suf. No marvel, an it like your majeſty,
My lord protector's hawks do tower ſo well;
They know, their maſter loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.
Glo. My lord, tis but a baſe ignoble mind,
That mounts no higher than a bird can ſoar.
Car. I thought as much, he'd be above the clouds.
Glo. Ay, my lord cardinal; How think you by that?
Were it not good, your grace could fly to heaven?
Kin. The treaſury of everlaſting joy!
Car. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts
Beat on a crown, the treaſure of thy heart;
Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,
That ſmooth'ſt it ſo with king and common-weal.
Glo. What, cardinal, is your prieſthood grown ſo peremptory?
Tantæne animis cæleſtibus iræ? churchmen ſo hot?
Good uncle, hide ſuch malice; With ſuch holineſs,
Can you not do it?
Suf. No malice, ſir; no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel, and ſo bad a peer.
Glo. As who, my lord?
Suf. Why, as yourſelf, my lord;
An't like your lordly lord-protectorſhip.
Glo. Why, *Suffolk*, *England* knows thine inſolence.
Que. And thy ambition, *Gloſter*.
Kin. I pr'ythee, peace, good queen;
And whet not on theſe too too furious peers,

For bleſſed are the peace-makers on earth.
Car. Let me be bleſſed for the peace I make,
Againſt this proud protector, with my ſword.
Glo. 'Faith, holy uncle, 'would 'twere come to that.
Car. Marry, when thou dar'ſt.
Glo. Make up no factious numbers for the matter,
In thine own perſon anſwer thy abuſe. [dar'ſt,"
Car. Ay, where thou dar'ſt not peep: " an if thou
" This evening, on the eaſt ſide of the grove."
Kin. How now, my lords?
Car. Believe me, couſin *Gloſter*,
Had not your man put up the fowl ſo ſuddenly, [ſword."
We had had more ſport. " Come with thy two-hand
Glo. True, uncle, Are ye avis'd? " The eaſt ſide of
" Cardinal, I am with you." [the grove?"
Kin. Why, how now, uncle *Gloſter?*
Glo. Talking of hawking; nothing elſe, my lord.—
" Now, by God's mother, prieſt, I'll ſhave your crown
" Or all my fence ſhall fail." [for this,"
Car. " *Medice teipſum*;"
" Protector, ſee to't well, protect yourſelf." [lords.
Kin. The winds grow high; ſo do your ſtomacks,
How irkſome is this muſick to my heart!
When ſuch ſtrings jar, what hope of harmony?
I pray, my lords, let me compound this ſtrife.

Enter One of the Town, crying out,
A miracle!

Glo. What means this noiſe?—Fellow, what miracle
Doſt thou proclaim?
Tow. A miracle, a miracle!
Suf. Come to the king, tell him what miracle.
Tow. Forſooth, a blind man at ſaint *Alban*'s ſhrine,

31 king, and tell

Within this half hour, hath receiv'd his ſight;
A man, that ne'er ſaw in his life before.
Kin. Now God be prais'd! that to believing ſouls
Gives light in darkneſs, comfort in deſpair.

Enter a great Multitude, bearing
SIMPCOX *between two in a Chair, his* Wife *with him;*
the Mayor of Saint Alban'*s, and his Brethren,*
following in Proceſſion.

Car. Here are the townsmen on proceſſion,
Come to present your highneſs with the man.
Kin. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Though by his ſight his ſin be multiply'd.
Glo. Stand by, my maſters, bring him near the king,
His highneſs' pleasure is to talk with him.
Kin. Good fellow, tell us here the circumſtance,
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.
What, haſt thou been long blind, and now reſtor'd?
Sim. Born blind, an't please your grace.
Wif. Ay, indeed, was he.
Suf. What woman is this?
Wif. His wife, an't like your worſhip. [better told.
Glo. Had'ſt thou been his mother, thou could'ſt have
Kin. Where wert thou born?
Sim. At *Berwick* in the north, an't like your grace.
Kin. Poor ſoul! God's goodneſs hath been great to
Let never day nor night unhallow'd paſs, [thee:
But ſtill remember what the Lord hath done.
Que. Tell me, good fellow, cam'ſt thou here by chance,
Or of devotion, to this holy ſhrine?
Sim. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd
A hundred times, and oftner, in my ſleep
By good ſaint *Alban:* who ſaid,—Saunder, *come;*

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9 Here comes the 12 Although 32 *Symon,*

Come, offer at my ſhrine, and I will help thee.
Wif. Moſt true, forſooth; and many time and oft
Myſelf have heard a voice to call him ſo.
Car. What, art thou lame?
Sim. Ay, God almighty help me!
Suf. How cam'ſt thou ſo?
Sim. A fall off of a tree.
Wif. A plum-tree, maſter.
Glo. How long haſt thou been blind?
Sim. O, born ſo, maſter.
Glo. What, and would'ſt climb a tree?
Sim. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.
Wif. Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.
Glo. Maſs, thou lov'dſt plums well, that would'ſt venture ſo.
Sim. Alas, good maſter, my wife deſir'd ſome damſons,
And made me climb, with danger of my life.
Glo. A ſubtle knave; but yet it ſhall not ſerve. —
Let me ſee thine eyes: wink now; now open them:
In my opinion, yet thou ſee'ſt not well.
Sim. Yes, maſter, clear as day; I thank God, and ſaint *Alban.*
Glo. Say'ſt thou me ſo? What colour is this cloak of?
Sim. Red, maſter; red as blood.
Glo. Why, that's well ſaid:
What colour is my gown of?
Sim. Black, forſooth;
Coal-black as jet.
Kin. Why then, thou know'ſt what colour jet is of?
Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never ſee.
Glo. But cloaks, and gowns, before this day, a many.
Wif. Never, before this day, in all his life.
Glo. Tell me, ſirrah, what's my name?

Sim. Alas, maſter, I know not.
Glo. What's his † name?
Sim. I know not.
Glo. Nor † his?
Sim. No, indeed, maſter.
Glo. What's thine own name?
Sim. *Saunder Simpcox*, an if it please you, maſter.
Glo. Then, *Saunder*, ſit thou there, the lying'ſt knave
In chriſtendom. If thou hadſt been born blind,
Thou might'ſt as well know all our names, as thus
To name the ſeveral colours we do wear.
Sight may diſtinguiſh colours; but ſuddenly
To nominate them all, it is impoſſible.—
My lords, ſaint *Alban* here hath done a miracle;
Would ye not think his cunning to be great,
That could reſtore this cripple to his legs again?
Sim. O, maſter, that you could!
Glo. My maſters of Saint *Alban's*,
Have you not beadles in your town, and things
Call'd whips?
May. Yes, my good lord, if't please your grace.
Glo. Then ſend for one presently.
May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither ſtraight.
[*Exit an Attendant.*
Glo. Now fetch me a ſtool hither by and by.—
Now, ſirrah, [*Stool ſet out.*
If you do mean to ſave yourſelf from whipping,
Leap me over this ſtool, and run away.
Sim. Alas, maſter, I am not able to ſtand alone:
You go about to torture me in vain.
Re-enter Attendant, with the Beadle.
Glo. Well, ſir, we muſt have you find your legs.—

10 well have knowne all   15 And would

Sirrah beadle, whip him 'till he leap over that ſame ſtool.

Bea. I will, my lord.—Come on, ſirrah; off with your doublet quickly.

Sim. Alas, maſter, what ſhall I do? I am not able to ſtand. [*He is taken out of his Chair, and ſtript: and after the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the Stool, and runs away; and the People follow, and cry*—A Miracle!

Kin. O God, ſeeſt thou this, and bear'ſt ſo long?

Que. It made me laugh, to ſee the villain run.

Glo. Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

Wif. Alas, ſir, we did it for pure need.

Glo. Let them be whipt through every market town,
'Till they do come to *Berwick*, whence they came.
[*Exeunt* Wife, Beadle, Mayor, &c.

Car. Duke *Humphrey* has done a miracle to-day.

Suf. True; made the lame to leap, and fly away.

Glo. But you have done more miracles than I;
You, in a day, my lord, made whole towns fly.

Enter Buckingham.

Kin. What tidings with our couſin *Buckingham*?

Buc. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.
A ſort of naughty perſons, lewdly bent,—
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of lady *Eleanor*, the protector's wife,
The ring-leader and head of all this rout,—
Have practic'd dang'rouſly againſt your ſtate,
Dealing with witches, and with conjurers:
Whom we have apprehended in the fact;
Raiſing up wicked ſpirits from under ground,
Demanding of king *Henry*'s life and death,
And other of your highneſs' privy council,

---

14 Barwick, from whence 19 v. *Note.*

As more at large your grace ſhall underſtand.
Car. And ſo, my lord protector, by this means
Your lady is forth-coming yet at *London.*
" This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge;"
" 'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour."
Glo. Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart:
Sorrow and grief have vanquiſh'd all my powers;
And, vanquiſh'd as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meaneſt groom.
Kin. O God, what miſchiefs work the wicked ones;
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!
Que. *Gloſter*, ſee here the tainture of thy neſt;
And, look, thyſelf be faultleſs, thou wert beſt.
Glo. Madam, for myſelf, to heaven I do appeal,
How I have lov'd my king, and common-weal:
And, for my wife, I know not how it ſtands;
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard:
Noble ſhe is; but, if ſhe have forgot
Honour, and virtue, and converſ'd with ſuch
As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
I baniſh her my bed, and company;
And give her, as a prey, to law, and ſhame,
That hath diſhonour'd *Gloſter*'s honeſt name.
Kin. Well, for this night, we will repose us here:
To-morrow, toward *London*, back again,
To look into this buſineſs thoroughly,
And call these foul offenders to their anſwers;
And poiſe the cause in juſtice' equal ſcales,
Whose beam ſtands ſure, whose rightful cause prevails.

SCENE II. London. *Duke of* York'*s Garden.*

Enter YORK, SALISBURY, *and* WARWICK.

Yor. Now, my good lords of *Saliſbury* and *Warwick,*
Our ſimple ſupper ended, give me leave,
In this cloſe walk, to ſatiſfy myſelf,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to *England*'s crown.
Sal. My lord, I long to hear it at the full.
War. Sweet *York*, begin: and, if thy claim be good,
The *Nevils* are thy ſubjects to command.
Yor. Then thus:—
Edward the third, my lords, had ſeven ſons:
The firſt, *Edward* the black prince, prince of *Wales*;
The ſecond, *William* of *Hatfield*; and the third,
Lionel, duke of *Clarence*; next to whom,
Was *John* of *Gaunt*, the duke of *Lancaſter:*
The fifth, was *Edmond Langley*, duke of *York*;
The ſixth, was *Thomas* of *Woodſtock*, duke of *Gloſter*;
William of *Windſor* was the ſeventh, and laſt.
Edward, the black prince, dy'd before his father;
And left behind him *Richard*, his only ſon,
Who, after *Edward* the third's death, reign'd king:
'Till *Henry Bolingbrook*, duke of *Lancaſter*,
The eldeſt ſon and heir of *John* of *Gaunt*,
Crown'd by the name of *Henry* the fourth,
Seiz'd on the realm; depos'd the rightful king;
Sent his poor queen to *France*, from whence ſhe came,
And him to *Pomfret*; where, as you both know,
Harmleſs king *Richard* trait'rouſly was murther'd.
War. Father, the duke hath ſurely told the truth;
Thus got the houſe of *Lancaſter* the crown.
Yor. Which now they hold by force, and not by right;
For *Richard*, the firſt ſon's heir, being dead,
The iſſue of the next ſon ſhould have reign'd.

27 was murthered traiterouſly

SAL. But *William* of *Hatfield* dy'd without an heir.
YOR. The third ſon, duke of *Clarence,* (from whoſe
I claim the crown) had iſſue—*Philippe,* a daughter; [line
Who marry'd *Edmond Mortimer,* earl of *March:*
Edmond had iſſue—*Roger,* earl of *March;*
Roger had iſſue—*Edmond, Anne,* and *Eleanor.*
SAL. This *Edmond,* in the reign of *Bolingbrook,*
As I have read, lay'd claim unto the crown;
And, but for *Owen Glendower,* had been king,
Who kept him in captivity, 'till he dy'd.
But, to the reſt.
YOR. His eldeſt ſiſter, *Anne,*
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Marry'd *Richard,* earl of *Cambridge;* who was ſon
To *Edmond Langley, Edward* the third's fifth ſon.
By her I claim the kingdom: ſhe then was heir
To *Roger,* earl of *March;* who was the ſon
Of *Edmond Mortimer;* who marry'd *Philippe,*
Sole daughter unto *Lionel,* duke of *Clarence:*
So, if the iſſue of the elder ſon
Succeed before the younger, I am king.
WAR. What plain proceeding is more plain than this?
Henry doth claim the crown from *John* of *Gaunt,*
The fourth ſon; but *York* claims it from the third.
'Till *Lionel's* iſſue fails, his ſhould not reign:
It fails not yet; but flouriſhes in thee,
And in thy ſons, fair ſlips of ſuch a ſtock.—
Then, father *Salisbury,* kneel we both together;
And, in this private plot, be we the firſt,
That ſhall ſalute our rightful ſovereign
With honour of his birth-right to the crown.
both. Long live our ſovereign *Richard, England's* king!

15 fift Sonnes ſonne

Yor. We thank you, lords. But I am not your king,
'Till I be crown'd; and that my ſword be ſtain'd
With heart-blood of the houſe of *Lancaſter:*
And that's not ſuddenly to be perform'd;
But with advice, and ſilent ſecrecy.
Do you, as I do, in these dangerous days;
Wink at the duke of *Suffolk*'s inſolence,
At *Beaufort*'s pride, at *Somerſet*'s ambition,
At *Buckingham*, and all the crew of them,
'Till they have ſnar'd the ſhepherd of the flock,
That virtuous prince, the good duke *Humphrey:*
'Tis that they ſeek; and they, in ſeeking that,
Shall find their deaths, if *York* can propheſy.
Sal. My lord, break off; we know your mind at full.
War. My heart aſſures me, that the earl of *Warwick*
Shall one day make the duke of *York* a king.
Yor. And, *Nevil*, this I do aſſure myſelf,—
Richard ſhall live to make the earl of *Warwick*
The greateſt man in *England*, but the king. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The ſame. A Hall of Juſtice.*

Trumpets. Enter King Henry, *and* Queen, *Duke of* GLOSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SALISBURY, *and divers Others: then, Enter Officers, &c. bringing in the Dutcheſs of* Gloſter, Hume, Southwel, Bolingbrook, *and Mother* Jourdain.

Kin. Stand forth, dame *Eleanor Cobham*, *Gloſter*'s wife:
In ſight of God, and us, your guilt is great;
Receive the ſentence of the law, for ſins
Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.—
You four, from hence to prison back again;
From thence, unto the place of execution:
The witch in *Smithfield* ſhall be burnt to aſhes,

14 breake we off 28 ſinne,

And you three ſhall be ſtrangl'd on the gallows. —
You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
Deſpoiled of your honour in your life,
Shall, after three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here, in baniſhment,
With ſir *John Stanley*, in the iſle of *Man*.
Dut. Welcome is baniſhment, welcome were my death.
GLO. *Eleanor*, the law, thou ſee'ſt, hath judged thee;
I cannot juſtify whom the law condemns. —
[*Exeunt Officers, with* Dutcheſs, *and the other Priſoners.*
Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, *Humphrey*, this diſhonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with ſorrow to the ground! —
'Beſeech your majeſty, give me leave to go;
Sorrow would ſolace, and mine age would eaſe.
Kin. Stay, *Humphrey* duke of *Gloſter:* ere thou go,
Give up thy ſtaff; *Henry* will to himſelf
Protector be; and God ſhall be my hope,
My ſtay, my guide, and lanthorn to my feet:
And go in peace, *Humphrey*; no leſs belov'd,
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.
Que. I ſee no reaſon, why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child: —
Give up your ſtaff, ſir, and the king his realm.
GLO. My ſtaff? — here, noble *Henry*, is my ſtaff:
As willingly do I the ſame reſign,
As e'er thy father *Henry* made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy † feet I leave it,
As others would ambitiouſly receive it.
Farewel, good king: When I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne! [*Exit.*
Que. Why, now is *Henry* king, and *Margaret* queen;

14 I beſeech 24 v. *Note.*

And *Humphrey*, duke of *Gloſter*, ſcarce himſelf,
That bears ſo ſhrewd a maim ; two pulls at once,—
His lady baniſh'd, and a limb lopt off,
This ſtaff of honour raught : — There let it ſtand,
Where it beſt fits to be, in *Henry*'s † hand.

Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his ſprays ;
Thus *Eleanor*'s pride dies in her youngeſt days.

Yor. Lords, let him go. — Please it your majeſty,
This is the day appointed for the combat ;
And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the liſts,
So please your highneſs to behold the fight.

Que. Ay, good my lord ; for purpoſely therefóre
Left I the court, to ſee this quarrel try'd.

Kin. O'God's name, ſee the liſts and all things fit ;
Here let them end it, And God defend the right !

Yor. I never ſaw a fellow worſe beſted,
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
The ſervant of this armourer, my lords.

Drums. Enter, on one Side, the Armourer, *and certain of his* Neighbours, *drinking to him ſo much, that he is drunk ; and he enters bearing his Staff, with a Sand bag faſten'd to it ; Drum before him : On the other Side, Enter his* Man, *and* Prentices *drinking to him ; bearing a like Staff ; Drum likewise before him.*

1 *N.* Here, neighbour *Horner*, I drink to you in a cup of ſack ; And fear not, neighbour, you ſhall do well enough.

2 *N.* And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.

3 *N.* And here's a pot of good double-beer, neighbour : drink, and fear not your man.

Arm. Let it come, i'faith, and I'll pledge you all; And a fig for *Peter!*

1 *P.* Here, *Peter*, I drink to thee; and be not afraid.

2 *P.* Be merry, *Peter*, and fear not your maſter: fight for credit of the prentices.

PET. I thank you all: drink, and pray for me, I pray you; for, I think, I have taken my laſt draught in this world — Here, ‡ *Robin*, an if I die, I give thee my apron; — and, *Will*, thou ſhalt have my ‡ hammer: — and here, *Tom*, take all the ‡ money that I have. — O Lord bleſs me, I pray God! for I am never able to deal with my maſter, he hath learnt ſo much fence already.

SAL. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows. — Sirrah, what's thy name?

PET. *Peter*, forſooth.

SAL. *Peter!* what more?

PET. *Thump.*

SAL. *Thump!* then ſee thou thump thy maſter well.

Arm. Maſters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's inſtigation, to prove him a knave, and myſelf an honeſt man: and touching the duke of *York*, — I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen; And therefore, *Peter*, have at thee with a down-right blow.

YOR. Diſpatch; — this knave's tongue begins to double. — Sound trumpets, 'larum to the combatants.

Alarum. They fight; and Peter *ſtrikes down his Maſter.*

Arm. Hold, *Peter*, hold! I confeſs, I confeſs treaſon.

YOR. Take away his weapon: — Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy maſter's way.

PET. O God! have I overcome mine enemy in this

presence? O *Peter*, thou haſt prevail'd in right!
Kin. Go, take away that traitor from our ſight;
For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt:
And God, in juſtice, hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to have murther'd wrongfully.—
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward. [*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The ſame. A Street.*

Enter GLOSTER, *and* Servants, *all in Mourning.*

Glo. Thus, ſometimes, hath the brighteſt day a cloud;
And, after ſummer, evermore ſucceeds
Bare winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:
So cares and joys go round, as ſeaſons fleet.—
Sirs, what's o'clock?
Ser. Ten, my lord.
Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me,
To watch the coming of my puniſh'd dutcheſs:
Uneath may ſhe endure the flinty ſtreets,
To tread them with her tender feeling feet.
Sweet *Nell*, ill can thy noble mind abrook
The abject people, gazing on thy face,
With envious looks ſtill laughing at thy ſhame;
That erſt did follow thy proud chariot-wheels,
When thou didſt ride in triumph through the ſtreets.
But, ſoft! I think, ſhe comes; and I'll prepare,
My tear-ſtain'd eyes to ſee her miſeries.

Enter the Dutcheſs of Gloſter, *bare-foot, and a white Sheet about her, with Papers pin'd upon her Back, and a Taper burning in her Hand; accompany'd with the Sheriffs of* London, *Sir* John STANLEY, *and Officers with Bills and Halberds.*

7 take hence that 13 Barren 14 Joyes abound

Ser. So pleaſe your grace, we'll take her from the ſhe-
GLO. No, ſtir not for your lives, let her paſs by. [riff.
Dut. Come you, my lord, to ſee my open ſhame?
Now thou doſt penance too. Look, how they gaze!
See, how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!
Ah, *Gloſter*, hide thee from their hateful looks;
And, in thy cloſet pent up, rue my ſhame,
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine.
GLO. Be patient, gentle *Nell*; forget this grief.
Dut. Ah, *Gloſter*, teach me to forget myſelf:
For, whilſt I think I am thy marry'd wife,
And thou a prince, protector of this land,
Methinks, I ſhould not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in ſhame, with papers on my back;
And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
To ſee my tears, and hear my deep-ſet groans.
The ruthleſs flint doth cut my tender feet;
And, when I ſtart, the envious people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread.
Ah, *Humphrey*, can I bear this ſhameful yoke?
Trow'ſt thou, that e'er I'll look upon the world;
Or count them happy, that enjoy the ſun?
No; dark ſhall be my light, and night my day;
To think upon my pomp, ſhall be my hell.
Sometime I'll ſay, I am duke *Humphrey*'s wife;
And he a prince, and ruler of the land:
Yet ſo he rul'd, and ſuch a prince he was,
As he ſtood by, whilſt I, his forlorn dutcheſs,
Was made a wonder, and a pointing-ſtock,
To every idle raſcal follower.
But be thou mild, and bluſh not at my ſhame;

23 enjoyes

Nor ſtir at nothing, 'till the axe of death
Hang over thee, as (ſure) it ſhortly will:
For *Suffolk*,— he that can do all in all
With her, that hateth thee, and hates us all,—
And *York*, and impious *Beaufort* that falſe prieſt,
Have all lim'd buſhes to betray thy wings,
And, fly thou how thou canſt, they'll tangle thee:
But fear not thou, until thy foot be ſnar'd,
Nor never ſeek prevention of thy foes.
Glo. Ah, *Nell*, forbear; thou aimeſt all awry;
I muſt offend, before I be attainted:
And had I twenty times ſo many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All these could not procure me any ſcathe,
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeleſs.
Would'ſt have me reſcue thee from this reproach?
Why, yet thy ſcandal were not wip'd away,
And I in danger for the breach of law.
Thy greateſt help is quiet, gentle *Nell:*
I pray thee, ſort thy heart to patience;
This few-days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I ſummon your grace to his majeſty's parliament, holden at *Bury* the firſt of the next month.

Glo. And my conſent ne'er aſk'd herein before!
This is cloſe dealing. —Well, I will be there.
[*Exit* Herald.
My *Nell*, I take my leave: — and, maſter ſheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the king's commiſſion.
She. An't pleaſe your grace, here my commiſſion ſtays:
And ſir *John Stanley* is appointed now
To take her with him to the iſle of *Man*.

21 Theſe few dayes

Glo. Muſt you, ſir *John*, protect my lady here?
Sta. So am I given in charge, may't pleaſe your grace.
Glo. Entreat her not the worſe, in that I pray
You uſe her well: the world may laugh again;
And I may live to do you kindneſs, if
You do it her. And ſo, ſir *John*, farewel.
Dut. What, gone, my lord; and bid me not farewel?
Glo. Witneſs my tears, I cannot ſtay to ſpeak.
[*Exeunt* Gloster, *and* Servants.
Dut. Art thou gone too? All comfort go with thee!
For none abides with me: my joy is — death;
Death, at whoſe name I oft have been afear'd,
Becauſe I wiſh'd this world's eternity.—
Stakley, I pr'ythee, go, and take me hence;
I care not whither, for I beg no favour,
Only convey me where thou art commanded.
Sta. Why, madam, that is to the iſle of *Man*;
There to be us'd according to your ſtate.
Dut. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
And ſhall I then be us'd reproachfully?
Sta. Like to a dutcheſs, and duke *Humphrey*'s lady,
According to that ſtate you ſhall be us'd.
Dut Sheriff, farewel, and better than I fare;
Although thou haſt been conduct of my ſhame.
She. It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.
Dut. Ay, ay, farewel; thy office is diſcharg'd.—
Come, *Stanley*, ſhall we go?
Sta. Madam, your penance done, throw off this ſheet,
And go we to attire you for our journey.
Dut. My ſhame will not be ſhifted with my ſheet:
No, it will hang upon my richeſt robes,
And ſhew itſelf, attire me how I can.

Go, lead the way; I long to ſee my priſon. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. Bury. *A Room in the Abbey.*

Enter King Henry, *and* Queen, *Cardinal* Beaufort,
YORK, SUFFOLK, BUCKINGHAM, *and Others.*

Kin. I muſe, my lord of *Gloſter* is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmoſt man,
Whate'er occaſion keeps him from us now.
Que. Can you not ſee? or will you not obſerve
The ſtrangeneſs of his alter'd countenance?
With what a majeſty he bears himſelf;
How inſolent of late he is become,
How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himſelf?
We know the time, ſince he was mild and affable;
And, if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee,
That all the court admir'd him for ſubmiſſion:
But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow, and ſhews an angry eye,
And paſſeth by with ſtiff unbowed knee,
Diſdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small curs are not regarded, when they grin;
But great men tremble, when the lion roars;
And *Humphrey* is no little man in *England.*
Firſt, note, that he is near you in deſcent;
And, ſhould you fall, he is the next will mount:
Me ſeemeth then, it is no policy,—
Reſpecting what a rancorous mind he bears,

And his advantage following your deceaſe,—
That he ſhould come about your royal perſon,
Or be admitted to your highneſs' council:
By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts;
And, when he please to make commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd, they all will follow him.
Now 'tis the ſpring, and weeds are ſhallow-rooted;
Suffer them now, and they'll o'er-grow the garden,
And choak the herbs for want of husbandry.
The reverent care, I bear unto my lord,
Made me collect these dangers in the duke:
If it be fond, call it a woman's fear;
Which fear if better reasons can ſupplant,
I will ſubſcribe, and ſay—I wrong'd the duke.—
My lord of *Suffolk*,—*Buckingham*,—and *York*,—
Reprove my allegation, if you can;
Or elſe conclude my words effectual.
Suf. Well hath your highneſs ſeen into this duke;
And, had I firſt been put to ſpeak my mind,
I think, I ſhould have told your grace's tale.
The dutcheſs, by his ſubornation,
Upon my life, began her deviliſh practices:
Or if he were not privy to those faults,
Yet the repeating of his high deſcent,
As—next the king, he was ſucceſſive heir,
And ſuch high vaunts of his nobility,
Did inſtigate the bedlam brain-ſick dutcheſs,
By wicked means to frame our ſovereign's fall.
Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deepeſt;
And in his ſimple ſhew he harbours treason.
The fox barks not, when he would ſteal the lamb.
No, no, my ſovereign; *Gloſter* is a man

24 Yet by reputing

Unſounded yet, and full of deep deceit.
Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Deviſe ſtrange deaths for ſmall offences done?
Yor. And did he not, in his protectorſhip,
Levy great ſums of money through the realm,
For ſoldiers' pay in *France*, and never ſent it?
By means whereof, the towns each day revolted.
Buc. Tut! theſe are petty faults to faults unknown,
Which time will bring to light in ſmooth duke *Humphrey*.
Kin. My lords, at once; the care you have of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praiſe: But ſhall I ſpeak my conſcience?
Our kinſman *Gloſter* is as innocent
From meaning treaſon to our royal perſon,
As is the ſucking lamb, or harmleſs dove:
The duke is virtuous, mild; and too well given,
To dream on evil, or to work my downfal.
Que. Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond affiance!
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he's diſpoſed as the hateful raven:
Is he a lamb? his ſkin is ſurely lent him,
For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf.
Who cannot ſteal a ſhape, that means deceit?
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting ſhort that fraudful man.

Enter SOMERSET.

Som. All health unto my gracious ſovereign!
Kin. Welcome, lord *Somerſet*. What news from *France*?
Som. That all your intereſt in thoſe territories
Is utterly bereft you; all is loſt.
Kin. Cold news, lord *Somerſet*: But God's will be done!
Yor. "Cold news for me; for I had hope of *France*,"

22 Wolves

" As firmly as I hope for fertile *England*."
" Thus are my bloſſoms blaſted in the bud,"
" And caterpillars eat my leaves away :"
" But I will remedy this geer ere long,"
" Or ſell my title for a glorious grave."

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. All happineſs unto my lord the king!
Pardon, my liege, that I have ſtay'd ſo long.

Suf. Nay, *Gloſter*, know, that thou art come too ſoon,
Unleſs thou wert more loyal than thou art:
I do arreſt thee of high treaſon here.

Glo. Well, *Suffolk*, yet thou ſhalt not ſee me bluſh,
Nor change my countenance for this arreſt;
A heart unſpotted is not eaſily daunted.
The pureſt ſpring is not ſo free from mud,
As I am clear from treaſon to my ſovereign:
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?

Yor. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of *France*,
And, being protector, ſtay'd the ſoldiers' pay;
By means whereof, his highneſs hath loſt *France*.

Glo. Is it but thought ſo? What are they, that think it?
I never rob'd the ſoldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from *France*.
So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,—
Ay, night by night,—in ſtudying good for *England*!
That doit that e'er I wreſted from the king,
Or any groat I hoarded to my uſe,
Be brought againſt me at my trial day!
No; many a pound of mine own proper ſtore,
Becauſe I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I diſpurſed to the garriſons,
And never aſk'd for reſtitution.

Car. It ſerves you well, my lord, to ſay ſo much.
Glo. I ſay no more than truth, ſo help me God!
Yor. In your protectorſhip, you did deviſe
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That *England* was defam'd by tyranny.
Glo. Why, 'tis well known, that, whilſt I was protector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me;
For I ſhould melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ranſom for their fault.
Unleſs it were a bloody murtherer,
Or foul felonious thief, that fleec'd poor paſſengers,
I never gave them condign puniſhment:
Murther, indeed, that bloody ſin, I tortur'd
Above the felon, or what treſpaſs elſe.
Suf. My lord, theſe faults are eaſy, quickly anſwer'd:
But mightier crimes are lay'd unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot eaſily purge yourſelf.
I do arreſt you in his highneſs' name;
And here commit to my lord cardinal
To keep, until your further time of trial.
Kin. My lord of *Gloſter*, 'tis my ſpecial hope,
That you will clear yourſelf from all ſuſpect;
My conſcience tells me, you are innocent.
Glo. Ah, gracious lord, theſe days are dangerous!
Virtue is choak'd with foul ambition,
And charity chac'd hence by rancor's hand;
Foul ſubornation is predominant,
And equity exil'd your highneſs' land.
I know, their complot is to have my life;
And, if my death might make this iſland happy,
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingneſs:

19 commit you to 22 ſuſpence,

But mine is made the prologue to their play;
For thouſands more, that yet ſuſpect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
Beaufort's red ſparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
And *Suffolk*'s cloudy brow his ſtormy hate;
Sharp *Buckingham* unburthens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart;
And dogged *York*, that reaches at the moon,
Whoſe over-weening arm I have pluck'd back,
By falſe accuſe doth level at my life:—
And you, my ſovereign lady, with the reſt,
Causeleſs have lay'd diſgraces on my head;
And, with your beſt endeavour, have ſtir'd up
My liefeſt liege to be mine enemy:—
Ay, all of you have lay'd your heads together,
Myſelf had notice of your conventicles,
And all to make away my guiltleſs life:
I ſhall not want falſe witneſs to condemn me,
Nor ſtore of treaſons to augment my guilt;
The ancient proverb will be well effected,—
A ſtaff is quickly found to beat a dog.

Car. My liege, his railing is intolerable:
If thoſe, that care to keep your royal perſon
From treaſon's ſecret knife, and traitors' rage,
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
And the offender granted ſcope of ſpeech,
'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

Suf. Hath he not twit our ſovereign lady here,
With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,
As if ſhe had ſuborned ſome to ſwear
Falſe allegations to o'er-throw his ſtate?

Que. But I can give the loſer leave to chide.

Glo. Far truer ſpoke, than meant: I loſe, indeed;—
Beſhrew the winners, for they play me falſe!—
And well ſuch loſers may have leave to ſpeak.
Buc. He'll wreſt the ſenſe, and hold us here all day:—
Lord cardinal, he is your priſoner.
Car. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him ſure.
[*to ſome Attendants.*
Glo. Ah, thus king *Henry* throws away his crutch,
Before his legs be firm to bear his body:
Thus is the ſhepherd beaten from thy ſide,
And wolves are gnarling who ſhall gnaw thee firſt.
Ah, that my fear were falſe; ah, that it were!
For, good king *Henry*, thy decay I fear.
[*Exeunt Attendants, with* GLOSTER.
Kin. My lords, what to your wiſdoms ſeemeth beſt,
Do, or undo, as if ourſelf were here.
Que. What, will your highneſs leave the parliament?
Kin. Ay, *Margaret*; my heart is drown'd with grief,
Whoſe flood begins to flow within mine eyes;
My body round engirt with miſery;
For what's more miſerable than diſcontent?—
Ah! uncle *Humphrey*, in thy face I ſee
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty;
And yet, good *Humphrey*, is the hour to come,
That e'er I prov'd thee falſe, or fear'd thy faith.
What louring ſtar now envies thy eſtate,
That theſe great lords, and *Margaret* our queen,
Do ſeek ſubverſion of thy harmleſs life?
Thou never didſt them wrong, nor no man wrong:
And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it ſtrays,
Bearing it to the bloody ſlaughter-houſe;

Even ſo, remorſeleſs, have they born him hence.
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmleſs young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling's loſs:
Even ſo myſelf bewail good *Gloſter*'s caſe
With ſad unhelpful tears; and with dim'd eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good;
So mighty are his vowed enemies.
His fortunes I will weep; and, 'twixt each groan,
Say — *Who's a traitor?* Gloſter *he is none.* [*Exit.*
Que. Free lords, cold ſnow melts with the ſun's hot
Henry my lord is cold in great affairs, [beams.
Too full of fooliſh pity: and *Gloſter*'s ſhew
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
With ſorrow ſnares relenting paſſengers;
Or as the ſnake, rowl'd on a flow'ring bank,
With ſhining checker'd ſlough, doth ſting a child,
That, for the beauty, thinks it excellent.
Believe me, lords, were none more wiſe than I,
(And yet, herein, I judge mine own wit good)
This *Gloſter* ſhould be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.
Car. That he ſhould die, is worthy policy;
But yet we want a colour for his death:
'Tis meet, he be condemn'd by courſe of law.
SUF. But, in my mind, that were no policy:
The king will labour ſtill to ſave his life,
The commons haply riſe to ſave his life;
And yet we have but trivial argument,
More than miſtruſt, that ſhews him worthy death.
YOR. So that, by this, you would not have him die.
SUF. Ah, *York*, no man alive ſo fain as I.

5 bewayles 16 in a

Yor. 'Tis *York* that hath more reason for his death.—
But, my lord cardinal,—and you, my lord of *Suffolk*,—
Say as you think, and ſpeak it from your ſouls,—
Wer't not all one, an empty eagle were ſet
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place duke *Humphrey* for the king's protector?
Que. So the poor chicken ſhould be ſure of death.
Suf. Madam, 'tis true: And wer't not madneſs then,
To make the fox ſurveyor of the fold?
Who being accus'd a crafty murtherer,
His guilt ſhould be but idly poſted over,
Because his purpose is not executed:
No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be ſtain'd with crimson blood;
As *Humphrey*'s prov'd by reasons to my liege.
And do not ſtand on quillets, how to ſlay him:
Be it by gins, by ſnares, by ſubtlety,
Sleeping, or waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; For that is good deceit,
Which mates him firſt, that firſt intends deceit.
Que. Thrice noble *Suffolk*, resolutely ſpoke.
Suf. Not resolute, except ſo much were done;
For things are often ſpoke, and ſeldom meant:
But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue,—
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my ſovereign from his foe,—
Say but the word, and I will be his prieſt.
Car. But I would have him dead, my lord of *Suffolk*,
Ere you can take due orders for a prieſt:
Say, you conſent, and cenſure well the deed,
And I'll provide his executioner,

22 *Suffolke,* 'tis reſolutely

I tender ſo the ſafety of my liege.
Suf. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.
Que. And ſo ſay I.
Yor. And I: and now we three have ſpoke it,
It ſkills not greatly who impugns our doom.
Enter a Meſſenger.
Meſ. Great lords, from *Ireland* am I come amain,
To ſignify — that rebels there are up,
And put the *Engliſhmen* unto the ſword:
Send ſuccours, lords, and ſtop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow uncurable;
For, being green, there is great hope of help.
Car. A breach, that craves a quick expedient ſtop.
What counſel give you in this weighty cauſe?
Yor. That *Somerſet* be ſent as regent thither:
'Tis meet, that lucky ruler be employ'd;
Witneſs the fortune he hath had in *France.*
Som. If *York,* with all his far-fet policy,
Had been the regent there inſtead of me,
He never would have ſtay'd in *France* ſo long.
Yor. No, not to loſe it all, as thou haſt done:
I rather would have loſt my life betimes,
Than bring a burthen of diſhonour home,
By ſtaying there ſo long, 'till all were loſt.
Shew me one ſcar character'd on thy ſkin:
Men's fleſh preserv'd ſo whole, do ſeldom win.
Que. Nay then, this ſpark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with: —
No more, good *York*; — ſweet *Somerſet,* be ſtill; —
Thy fortune, *York,* hadſt thou been regent there,
Might hapily have prov'd far worſe than his. [all!
Yor. What, worſe than nought? nay, then a ſhame take

Som. And, in the number, thee, that wiſheſt ſhame!
Car. My lord of *York*, try what your fortune is.
The uncivil kerns of *Ireland* are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of *Engliſhmen:*
To *Ireland* will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county ſome,
And try your hap againſt the *Iriſhmen?*
Yor. I will, my lord, ſo please his majeſty.
Suf. Why, our authority is his conſent;
And, what we do eſtabliſh, he confirms:
Then, noble *York*, take thou this taſk in hand.
Yor. I am content: Provide me ſoldiers, lords,
Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.
Suf. A charge, lord *York*, that I will ſee perform'd.
But now return we to the falſe duke *Humphrey.*
Car. No more of him; for I will deal with him,
That, henceforth, he ſhall trouble us no more.
And ſo break off; the day is almoſt ſpent:—
Lord *Suffolk*, you and I muſt talk of that event.
Yor. My lord of *Suffolk*, within fourteen days,
At *Briſtol* I expect my ſoldiers;
For there I'll ſhip them all for *Ireland.*
Suf. I'll ſee it truly done, my lord of *York.*
[*Exeunt all but* York.
Yor. Now, *York*, or never, ſteel thy fearful thoughts,
And change miſdoubt to resolution:
Be that thou hop'ſt to be; or what thou art
Resign to death, it is not worth the enjoying:
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart.
Faſter than ſpring-time ſhowers, comes thought on thought;
And not a thought, but thinks on dignity.

My brain, more busy than a labouring ſpider,
Weaves tedious ſnares to trap mine enemies.
Well, nobles, well; 'tis politickly done,
To ſend me packing with an hoſt of men:
I fear me, you but warm the ſtarved ſnake,
Who, cheriſh'd in your breaſts, will ſting your hearts.
'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me:
I take it kindly; yet, be well aſſur'd,
You put ſharp weapons in a madman's hands.
Whiles I in *Ireland* nouriſh a mighty band,
I will ſtir up in *England* ſome black ſtorm,
Shall blow ten thouſand ſouls to heaven, or hell:
And this fell tempeſt ſhall not ceaſe to rage,
Until the golden circuit on my head,
Like to the glorious ſun's tranſparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.
And, for a miniſter of my intent,
I have ſeduc'd a head-ſtrong *Kentiſhman*,
John Cade of *Aſhford*,
To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of *John Mortimer*.
In *Ireland* have I ſeen this ſtubborn *Cade*
Oppoſe himſelf againſt a troop of kerns;
And fought ſo long, 'till that his thighs with darts
Were almoſt like a ſharp-quill'd porcupine:
And, in the end being reſcu'd, I have ſeen him
Caper upright, like to a wild moriſco,
Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.
Full often, like a ſhag-hair'd crafty kern,
Hath he converſed with the enemy;
And undiſcover'd come to me again,
And given me notice of their villanies.

This devil here ſhall be my ſubſtitute;
For that *John Mortimer*, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, in ſpeech he doth resemble:
By this I ſhall perceive the commons' minds,
How they affect the houſe and claim of *York*.
Say, he be taken, rack'd, and tortured;
I know, no pain, they can inflict upon him,
Will make him ſay—I mov'd him to those arms:
Say, that he thrive, (as 'tis great like he will)
Why, then from *Ireland* come I with my ſtrength,
And reap the harveſt which that raſcal ſow'd:
For, *Humphrey* being dead, as he ſhall be,
And *Henry* put apart, the next for me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The ſame. Another Room.*

Enter certain Murtherers, *haſtily.*

1 *M.* Run to my lord of *Suffolk*; let him know,
We have diſpatch'd the duke, as he commanded.

2 *M.* O, that it were to do!—What have we done?
Didſt ever hear a man ſo penitent?

Enter SUFFOLK.

1 *M.* Here comes my lord.

SUF. Now, ſirs,
Have you diſpatch'd this thing?

1 *M.* Ay, my good lord, he's dead.

SUF. Why, that's well ſaid. Go, get you to my houſe;
I will reward you for this venturous deed.
The king and all the peers are here at hand:—
Have you lay'd fair the bed? are all things well,
According as I gave directions?

1 *M.* Yes, my good lord.

SUF. Away, be gone. [*Exeunt* Murtherers.

Enter King, Queen, Cardinal, SOMERSET,
Lords, and Others.

Kin. Go, call our uncle to our preſence ſtraight:
Say, we intend to try his grace to-day,
If he be guilty, as 'tis publiſhed.
SUF. I'll call him preſently, my noble lord. [*Exit.*
Kin. Lords, take your places; And, I pray you all,
Proceed no ſtraiter 'gainſt our uncle *Gloſter*,
Than from true evidence, of good eſteem,
He be approv'd in practice culpable.
Que. God forbid, any malice ſhould prevail,
That faultleſs may condemn a nobleman!
Pray God, he may acquit him of ſuſpicion! [much.—
Kin. I thank thee, *Meg*; theſe words content me

Re-enter SUFFOLK, *haſtily.*

How now? why look'ſt thou pale? why trembl'ſt thou?
Where is our uncle? what's the matter, *Suffolk?*
SUF. Dead in his bed, my lord; *Gloſter* is dead.
Que. Marry, God forefend!
Car. God's ſecret judgment:—I did dream to-night,
The duke was dumb,, and could not ſpeak a word.
[*King ſwoons.*
Que. How fares my lord?—Help, lords! the king is
SOM. Rear up his body; wring him by the noſe. [dead.
Que. Run, go, help, help!—O, *Henry*, ope thine eyes!
SUF. He doth revive again;—Madam, be patient.
Kin. O heavenly God!
Que. How fares my gracious lord?
SUF. Comfort, my ſovereign! gracious *Henry*, comfort!
Kin. What, doth my lord of *Suffolk* comfort me?
Came he right now to ſing a raven's note,
Whoſe diſmal tune bereft my vital powers;

14 thee *Nell*, theſe

And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breaſt,
Can chaſe away the firſt-conceived ſound?
Hide not thy poiſon with ſuch ſugar'd words.
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I ſay;
Their touch affrights me, as a ſerpent's ſting.
Thou baleful meſſenger, out of my ſight!
Upon thy eye-balls murd'rous tyranny
Sits, in grim majeſty, to fright the world.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding:—
Yet do not go away; Come, baſiliſk,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy ſight:
For in the ſhade of death I ſhall find joy;
In life, but double death, now *Gloſter*'s dead.
Que. Why do you rate my lord of *Suffolk* thus?
Although the duke was enemy to him,
Yet he, moſt chriſtian-like, laments his death:
And for myſelf,—foe as he was to me,
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
Or blood-conſuming ſighs recall his life,
I would be blind with weeping, ſick with groans,
Look pale as primroſe with blood-drinking ſighs,
And all to have the noble duke alive.
What know I how the world may deem of me?
For it is known, we were but hollow friends;
It may be judg'd, I made the duke away:
So ſhall my name with ſlander's tongue be wounded,
And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
This get I by his death: Aye me unhappy!
To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!
Kin. Ah, woe is me for *Gloſter*, wretched man!
Que. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.

What, doſt thou turn away, and hide thy face?
I am no loathſome leper, look on me.
What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?
Be poiſonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.
Is all thy comfort ſhut in *Gloſter*'s tomb?
Why, then dame *Margaret* was ne'er thy joy:
Erect his ſtatue then, and worſhip it,
And make my image but an ale-houſe ſign.
Was I, for this, nigh wreck'd upon the ſea;
And twice by aukward wind from *England*'s bank
Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boded this, but well-fore-warning wind
Did ſeem to ſay,—Seek not a ſcorpion's neſt,
Nor ſet no footing on this unkind ſhore?
What did I then, but curſ'd the gentle guſts,
And he that looſ'd them forth their brazen caves;
And bid them blow towards *England*'s bleſſed ſhore,
Or turn our ſtern upon a dreadful rock?
Yet *Æolus* would not be a murtherer,
But left that hateful office unto thee:
The pretty vaulting ſea refus'd to drown me;
Knowing, that thou would'ſt have me drown'd on ſhore
With tears as ſalt as ſea through thy unkindneſs:
The ſplitting rocks cowr'd in the ſinking ſands,
And would not daſh me with their ragged ſides;
Becauſe thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy palace periſh *Margaret*.
As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
When from thy ſhore the tempeſt beat us back,
I ſtood upon the hatches in the ſtorm:
And when the duſky ſky began to rob
My earneſt-gaping ſight of thy land's view,

I took a coſtly jewel from my neck,—
A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,—
And threw it towards thy land; the ſea receiv'd it;
And ſo, I wiſh'd, thy body might my heart:
And even with this, I loſt fair *England*'s view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart;
And call'd them blind and duſky ſpectacles,
For losing ken of *Albion*'s wiſhed coaſt.
How often have I tempted *Suffolk*'s tongue
(The agent of thy foul inconſtancy)
To ſit and witch me, as *Aſcanius* did,
When he to madding *Dido*, would unfold
His father's acts, commenc'd in burning *Troy*?
Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not falſe like him?
Aye me, I can no more! Die, *Margaret*;
For *Henry* weeps, that thou doſt live ſo long.

Noiſe within. Commons are ſeen preſſing towards the Door, with Salisbury *keeping them back:*
Enter WARWICK.

War. It is reported, mighty ſovereign,
That good duke *Humphrey* trait'rouſly is murther'd
By *Suffolk*'s and the cardinal *Beaufort*'s means.
The commons, like an angry hive of bees
That want their leader, ſcatter up and down,
And care not who they ſting in his revenge:
Myſelf have calm'd their ſpleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death.

Kin. That he is dead, good *Warwick*, 'tis too true;
But how he dy'd, God knows, not *Henry*:
Enter his chamber, view his breathleſs corpſe,
And comment then upon his ſudden death.

War. That ſhall I do, my liege:—Stay, *Saliſbury*,

With the rude multitude, 'till I return.
[*Exit, to an inner Room.*
Kin. O thou that judgeſt all things, ſtay my thoughts;
My thoughts, that labour to perſuade my ſoul,
Some violent hands were lay'd on *Humphrey*'s life!
If my ſuſpect be falſe, forgive me, God;
For judgment only doth belong to thee!
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thouſand kiſſes, and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of ſalt tears;
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:
But all in vain are theſe mean obſequies;
And, to ſurvey his dead and earthy image,
What were it but to make my ſorrow greater?
A Door is thrown open, and Gloſter *diſcover'd dead upon his Bed:* WARWICK, *and Others, by him.*
WAR. Come hither, gracious ſovereign, view this body.
Kin. That is to ſee how deep my grave is made:
For, with his ſoul, fled all my worldly ſolace;
And, ſeeing him, I ſee my death in life.
WAR. As ſurely as my ſoul intends to live
With that dread King, that took our ſtate upon him
To free us from his father's wrathful curſe,
I do believe that violent hands were lay'd
Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.
SUF. A dreadful oath, ſworn with a ſolemn tongue:
What inſtance gives lord *Warwick* for his vow?
WAR. See, how the blood is ſettl'd in his face!
Oft have I ſeen a timely-parted ghoſt,
Of aſhy ſemblance, meager, pale, and bloodleſs,
Being all deſcended to the lab'ring heart;

21 For ſeeing — life in death

Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the ſame for aidance 'gainſt the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To bluſh and beautify the cheek again.
But, ſee, his face is black, and full of blood;
His eye-balls farther out than when he liv'd,
Staring full ghaſtly like a ſtrangl'd man:
His hair up-rear'd, his noſtrils ſtretch'd with ſtruggling;
His hands abroad diſplay'd, as one that graſp'd
And tug'd for life, and was by ſtrength ſubdu'd.
Look on the ſheets, his hair, you ſee, is ſticking;
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the ſummer's corn by tempeſt lodg'd.
It cannot be, but he was murther'd here;
The leaſt of all these ſigns were probable. [death?
Suf. Why, *Warwick*, who ſhould do the duke to
Myſelf, and *Beaufort*, had him in protection;
And we, I hope, ſir, are no murtherers. [foes;
War. But both of you were vow'd duke *Humphrey*'s
And you, forſooth, had the good duke to keep:
'Tis like, you would not feaſt him like a friend;
And 'tis well ſeen, he found an enemy.
Que. Then you, belike, ſuſpect these noblemen,
As guilty of duke *Humphrey*'s timeleſs death.
War. Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding freſh,
And ſees faſt by a butcher with an axe,
But will ſuſpect, 'twas he that made the ſlaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's neſt,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite ſoar with unbloody'd beak?
Even ſo ſuſpicious is this tragedy. [knife?
Que. Are you the butcher, *Suffolk?* where's your

Is *Beaufort* term'd a kite? where are his talons?
Suf. I wear no knife, to ſlaughter ſleeping men;
But here's † a vengeful ſword, ruſted with ease,
That ſhall be ſcoured in his rancorous heart,
That ſlanders me with murder's crimson badge:—
Say, if thou dar'ſt, proud lord of *Warwickſhire*,
That I am faulty in duke *Humphrey*'s death.
[*Exeunt* Car. Som. *and Others.*
War. What dares not *Warwick*, if falſe *Suffolk* dare
Que. He dares not calm his contumelious ſpirit, [him?
Nor ceaſe to be an arrogant controller,
Though *Suffolk* dare him twenty thouſand times.
War. Madam, be ſtill; with reverence may I ſay it;
For every word, you ſpeak in his behalf,
Is ſlander to your royal dignity.
Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour!
If ever lady wrong'd her lord ſo much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some ſtern untutor'd churl, and noble ſtock
Was graft with crab-tree ſlip; whose fruit thou art,
And never of the *Nevils'* noble race.
War. But that the guilt of murther bucklers thee,
And I ſhould rob the death's-man of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thouſand ſhames,
And that my ſovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, falſe murd'rous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy paſſed ſpeech,
And ſay—it was thy mother that thou meant'ſt,
That thou thyſelf waſt born in baſtardy:
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and ſend thy ſoul to hell,
Pernicious blood-ſucker of ſleeping men.

Suf. Thou ſhalt be waking, while I ſhed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dar'ſt go with me.
War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence:
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
And do ſome ſervice to duke *Humphrey*'s ghoſt.
[*Exeunt* SUF. *and* WAR.
Kin. What ſtronger breaſt-plate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel juſt;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in ſteel,
Whose conſcience with injuſtice is corrupted.
Que. What noise is this? [*Noise within.*
Re-enter SUFFOLK, *and* WARWICK.
Kin. Why, how now, lords? your wrathful weapons drawn
Here in our presence? dare you be ſo bold? —
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?
Suf. The trait'rous *Warwick*, with the men of *Bury*,
Set all upon me, mighty ſovereign.
Enter SALISBURY.
Sal. Sirs, ſtand apart, the king ſhall know your mind.
[*to the Commons, entering.*
Dread lord, the commons ſend you word by me,—
Unleſs lord *Suffolk* ſtraight be done to death,
Or baniſhed fair *England*'s territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous ling'ring death.
They ſay, by him the good duke *Humphrey* dy'd;
They ſay, in him they fear your highneſs' death:
And meer inſtinct of love, and loyalty,—
Free from a ſtubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,—
Makes them thus forward in his baniſhment.
They ſay, in care of your moſt royal perſon,

That, if your highneſs ſhould intend to ſleep,
And charge — that no man ſhould diſturb your reſt,
In pain of your diſlike, or pain of death;
Yet, notwithſtanding ſuch a ſtrait edict,
Were there a ſerpent ſeen, with forked tongue,
That ſlily glided towards your majeſty,
It were but neceſſary you were wak'd;
Leſt, being ſuffer'd in that harmful ſlumber,
The mortal worm might make the ſleep eternal:
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, whe'r you will, or no,
From ſuch fell ſerpents as falſe *Suffolk* is;
With whoſe envenomed and fatal ſting,
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They ſay, is ſhamefully bereft of life. [*Salisbury.*
Com. [*within.*] An anſwer from the king, my lord of
SUF. 'Tis like, the commons, rude unpoliſh'd hinds,
Could ſend ſuch meſſage to their ſovereign:
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To ſhew how quaint an orator you are:
But all the honour *Salisbury* hath won,
Is — that he was the lord embaſſador,
Sent from a ſort of tinkers to the king. [all break in.
Com. [*within.*] An anſwer from the king, or we will
Kin. Go, *Salisbury*, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care:
And had I not been cited ſo by them,
Yet did I purpoſe as they do entreat;
For, ſure, my thoughts do hourly propheſy
Miſchance unto my ſtate by *Suffolk*'s means.
And therefore, — by his majeſty I ſwear,
Whoſe far unworthy deputy I am, —

He ſhall not breath infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death.
[*Exit* SALISBURY.

Que. O *Henry*, let me plead for gentle *Suffolk!*

Kin. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle *Suffolk.*
No more, I ſay; if thou doſt plead for him,
Thou wilt but add encreaſe unto my wrath.
Had I but ſaid, I would have kept my word;
But, when I ſwear, it is irrevocable: —
If, after three days' ſpace, thou here be'ſt found
On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world ſhall not be ranſom for thy life. —
Come, *Warwick*, come, good *Warwick*, go with me;
I have great matters to impart to thee.
[*Exeunt* King, WARWICK, *Lords*, &c.

Que. Miſchance, and ſorrow, go along with you!
Heart's diſcontent, and ſour affliction,
Be play-fellows to keep you company!
There's two of you, The devil make a third!
And three-fold vengeance tend upon your ſteps!

Suf. Ceaſe, gentle queen, theſe execrations,
And let thy *Suffolk* take his heavy leave.

Que. Fie, coward woman, and ſoft-hearted wretch!
Haſt thou not ſpirit to curſe thine enemies? [them?

Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore ſhould I curſe
Would curſes kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter ſearching terms,
As curſt, as harſh, and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd ſtrongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many ſigns of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd envy in her loathſome cave:
My tongue ſhould ſtumble in mine earneſt words;

Mine eyes ſhould ſparkle like the beaten flint;
My hair be fixt on end, as one diſtract;
Ay, every joint ſhould ſeem to curſe and ban.
And even now my burthen'd heart would break,
Should I not curſe them. Poiſon be their drink!
Gall, worſe than gall, the daintieſt that they taſte!
Their ſweeteſt ſhade, a grove of cypreſs trees!
Their chiefeſt proſpect, murth'ring baſiliſks!
Their ſofteſt touch, as ſmart as lizards' ſtings!
Their muſick, frightful as the ſerpent's hiſs;
And boding ſcritch-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in dark-ſeated hell—
Que. Enough, ſweet *Suffolk*, thou torment'ſt thyſelf;
And these dread curſes—like the ſun 'gainſt glaſs,
Or like an over-charged gun,—recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thyſelf.
Suf. You bad me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now, by the ground that I am baniſh'd from,
Well could I curſe away a winter's night,
Though ſtanding naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let graſs grow,
And think it but a minute ſpent in ſport.
Que. O, let me entreat thee ceaſe! Give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To waſh away my woful monuments.
O, could this † kiſs be printed in thy hand;
That thou might'ſt think on these lips, by the ſeal,
Through whom a thouſand ſighs are breath'd for thee!
So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'Tis but ſurmis'd whilſt thou art ſtanding by,
As one that ſurfeits thinking on a want.

16 turnes 28 upon

I will repeal thee, or, be well aſſur'd,
Adventure to be baniſhed myſelf:
And baniſhed I am, if but from thee.
Go, ſpeak not to me; even now be gone.
O, go not yet! Even thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace, and kiſs, and take ten thouſand leaves,
Lother a hundred times to part than die.
Yet now farewel; and farewel life with thee.
Suf. Thus is poor *Suffolk* ten times baniſhed,
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence;
A wilderneſs is populous enough,
So *Suffolk* had thy heavenly company:
For where thou art, there is the world itſelf,
With every ſeveral pleaſure in the world;
And where thou art not, deſolation.
I can no more: Live thou to joy thy life;
Myſelf no joy in nought, but that thou liv'ſt.
Enter a Gentleman, *haſtily.*
Que. Whither goes *Vaux* ſo faſt? what news, I pr'ythee?
Gen. To ſignify unto his majeſty,
That cardinal *Beaufort* is at point of death:
For ſuddenly a grievous ſickneſs took him,
That makes him gaſp and ſtare, and catch the air,
Blaſpheming God, and curſing men on earth.
Sometime, he talks as if duke *Humphrey*'s ghoſt
Were by his ſide; ſometime, he calls the king,
And whiſpers to his pillow, as to him,
The ſecrets of his over-charged ſoul:
And I am ſent to tell his majeſty,
That even now he cries aloud for him.
Que. Go, tell this heavy meſſage to the king. [*Ex.* Gen.

Ay me! what is this world? what news are these?
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loſs,
Omitting *Suffolk*'s exile, my ſoul's treaſure?
Why only, *Suffolk*, mourn I not for thee,
And with the ſouthern clouds contend in tears;
Theirs for the earth's encreaſe, mine for my ſorrows?
Now, get thee hence; the king, thou know'ſt, is coming;
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.
Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live:
And in thy ſight to die, what were it elſe,
But like a pleaſant ſlumber in thy lap?
Here could I breath my ſoul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,
Dying with mother's dug between it's lips:
Where, from thy ſight, I ſhould be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to cloſe up mine eyes,
To have thee with thy lips to ſtop my mouth;
So ſhould'ſt thou either turn my flying ſoul,
Or I ſhould breath it ſo into thy body,
And then it liv'd in ſweet *Elyzium*.
To die by thee, were but to die in jeſt;
From thee to die, were torture more than death:
O, let me ſtay, befal what may befal.
Que. Away! though parting be a fretful corroſive,
It is applied to a deathful wound.
To *France*, ſweet *Suffolk*: Let me hear from thee;
For whereſoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an *Iris* that ſhall find thee out.
Suf. I go.
Que. And take my heart with thee along.
Suf. A jewel lock'd into the woful'ſt caſk
That ever did contain a thing of worth.

Even as a ſplitted bark, ſo ſunder we;
This way fall I to death.
Que. This way for me. [*Exeunt, ſeverally.*

SCENE III. *The ſame. Another Room.*

The Cardinal *in his Bed*; *Attendants by him*: *Enter* King, WARWICK, SALISBURY, *and Others.*

Kin. How fares my lord? ſpeak, *Beaufort*, to thy ſovereign.
Car. If thou be'ſt death, I'll give thee *England*'s treaſure,
Enough to purchaſe ſuch another iſland,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.
Kin. Ah, what a ſign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is ſeen ſo terrible!
WAR. *Beaufort*, it is thy ſovereign ſpeaks to thee.
Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Dy'd he not in his bed? where ſhould he die?
Can I make men live, whe'r they will or no?
O! torture me no more, I will confeſs.
Alive again? then ſhew me where he is;
I'll give a thouſand pound to look upon him.
He hath no eyes, the duſt hath blinded them.
Comb down his hair; look, look, it ſtands upright,
Like lime-twigs ſet to catch my winged ſoul.
Give me ſome drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the ſtrong poiſon that I bought of him.
Kin. O thou eternal mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
O, beat away the buſy medling fiend,
That lays ſtrong ſiege unto this wretch's ſoul,
And from his boſom purge this black deſpair!
WAR. See, how the pangs of death do make him grin,

Sal. Diſturb him not, let him paſs peaceably.
Kin. Peace to his ſoul, if God's good pleaſure be!—
Lord cardinal, if thou think'ſt on heaven's bliſs,
Hold up thy hand, make ſignal of thy hope.—
He dies, and makes no ſign:—O God, forgive him!
War. So bad a death argues a monſtrous life.
Kin. Forbear to judge, for we are ſinners all.—
Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain cloſe;
And let us all to meditation. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Kent. *The ſea Shore.*

Firing heard at Sea. After that, a Boat appears; and puts aſhore a Captain, *a* Maſter, *a Maſter's* Mate, Walter Whitmore, *and Others: and with them, as Priſoners,* Suffolk, *and other Gentlemen.*

Cap. The gaudy, blabbing, and remorſeful day
Is crept into the boſom of the ſea;
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragick melancholy night;
Who with their drowzy, ſlow, and flagging wings
Clip dead men's graves, and from their miſty jaws
Breath foul contagious darkneſs in the air:
Therefore, bring forth the ſoldiers of our prize;
For, whilſt our pinnace anchors in the *Downs*,
Here ſhall they make their ranſom on the ſand,
Or with their blood ſtain this diſcolour'd ſhore.—
Maſter, this † priſoner freely give I thee;—
And thou that art his mate, make boot of † this;—
The † other, *Walter Whitmore*, is thy ſhare.

1 *G.* What is my ranſom, maſter? let me know.
Maſ. A thouſand crowns, or elſe lay down your head.
Mat. And ſo much ſhall you give, or off goes yours.
Cap. What, think you much to pay two thouſand
And bear the name and port of gentlemen?— [crowns,
Cut both the villains' throats; —for die you ſhall;
The lives of thoſe which we have loſt in fight,
Cannot be pois'd with ſuch a petty ſum.
1 *G.* I'll give it, ſir; and therefore ſpare my life.
2 *G.* And ſo will I, and write home for it ſtraight.
Whi. I loſt mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore, to revenge it, ſhalt thou die; [*to* Suf.
And ſo ſhould these, if I might have my will.
Cap. Be not ſo raſh, take ranſom, let him live.
Suf. Look on my † *George*, I am a gentleman;
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou ſhalt be pay'd.
Whi. And ſo am I; my name is — *Walter Whitmore.*
How now? why ſtart'ſt thou? what, doth death affright?
Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whoſe ſound is death.
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me — that by Water I ſhould die:
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded;
Thy name is — *Gualtier*, being rightly ſounded.
Whi. *Gualtier*, or *Walter*, which it is, I care not:
Ne'er yet did baſe diſhonour blur our name,
But with our ſword we wip'd away the blot;
Therefore, when merchant-like I ſell revenge,
Broke be my ſword, my arms torn and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a coward through the world.
[*is laying Hands on* Suffolk, *to bear him off.*
Suf. Stay, *Whitmore*; for thy priſoner is a prince,
The duke of *Suffolk*, *William de la Pole.*

[8] Be counter-poys'd

Cap. The duke of *Suffolk*, muffl'd up in rags!
Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke;
Jove ſometime went diſguis'd, And why not I?
Cap. But *Jove* was never ſlain, as thou ſhalt be.
Suf. Obſcure and lowly ſwain, king *Henry*'s blood,
The honourable blood of *Lancaſter*,
Muſt not be ſhed by ſuch a jady groom.
Haſt thou not kiſs'd thy hand, and held my ſtirrop,
And bare-head plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
And thought thee happy when I ſhook my head?
How often haſt thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
When I have feaſted with queen *Margaret*?
Remember it, and let it make thee creſt-faln;
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride:
How in our voiding lobby haſt thou ſtood,
And duly waited for my coming forth?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore ſhall it charm thy riotous tongue.
Whi. Speak, captain, ſhall I ſtab the forlorn ſwain?
Cap. Firſt let my words ſtab him, as he hath me.
Suf. Baſe ſlave! thy words are blunt, and ſo art thou.
Cap. Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's ſide
Strike off his head.
Suf. Thou dar'ſt not for thine own.
Cap. Yes, *Pole*.
Suf. *Pole*?
Cap. *Pole*? ay, *Pole*;
Nay, kennel, puddle, ſink; whoſe filth and dirt
Troubles the ſilver ſpring where *England* drinks.
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
For ſwallowing the treaſure of the realm:

5 lowſie 28 v. *Note*.

Thy lips, that kiſſ'd the queen, ſhall ſweep the ground;
And thou, that ſmil'dſt at good duke *Humphrey*'s death,
Againſt the ſenſeleſs winds ſhalt grin in vain,
Who, in contempt, ſhall hiſs at thee again:
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affy a mighty lord
Unto the daughter of a worthleſs king,
Having neither ſubject, wealth, nor diadem.
By deviliſh policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious *Sylla*, over-gorg'd
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
By thee, *Anjou* and *Maine* were ſold to *France*:
The falſe revolting *Normans*, thorough thee,
Diſdain to call us lord; and *Picardy*
Hath ſlain their governors, ſurpris'd our forts,
And ſent the ragged ſoldiers wounded home.
The princely *Warwick*, and the *Nevils* all,—
Whoſe dreadful ſwords were never drawn in vain,—
As hating thee, are riſing up in arms:
And now the houſe of *York*—thruſt from the crown,
By ſhameful murther of a guiltleſs king,
And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,—
Burns with revenging fire; whoſe hopeful colours
Advance our half-fac'd ſun, ſtriving to ſhine,
Under the which is writ—*Invitis nubibus*.
The commons here in *Kent* are up in arms:
And, to conclude, reproach, and beggary,
Is crept into the palace of our king,
And all by thee;—Away, convey him hence.
Suf. O that I were a god, to ſhoot forth thunder
Upon theſe paltry, ſervile, abject drudges!
Small things make baſe men proud: this villain here,

11 mother-bleeding 19 thee, and riſing

Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
Than *Barguius* the ſtrong *Illyrian* pirate.
Drones ſuck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives.
It is impoſſible, that I ſhould die
By ſuch a lowly vaſſal as thyſelf.
Thy words move rage, and not remorſe, in me:
I go of meſſage from the queen to *France*;
I charge thee, waft me ſafely croſs the channel.
Cap. *Walter,*—
Whi. Come, *Suffolk*, I muſt waft thee to thy death.
Suf. *Gelidus timor occupat artus:* — 'tis thee I fear.
Whi. Thou ſhalt have cauſe to fear, before I leave thee.
What, are ye daunted now? now will ye ſtoop?
1 *G.* My gracious lord, entreat him, ſpeak him fair.
Suf. *Suffolk*'s imperial tongue is ſtern and rough,
Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.
Far be it, we ſhould honour ſuch as theſe
With humble ſuit: no, rather let my head
Stoop to the block, than theſe knees bow to any,
Save to the God of heaven, and to my king;
And ſooner dance upon a bloody pole,
Than ſtand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
Know, true nobility is exempt from fear: —
More can I bear, than you dare execute.
Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.
Suf. Come, ſoldiers, [*preſenting himſelf to them.*] ſhew what cruelty ye can,
That this my death may never be forgot. —
Great men oft die by vile bezonians:
A *Roman* ſworder and banditto ſlave
Murther'd ſweet *Tully*; *Brutus*' baſtard hand
Stab'd *Julius Cæsar*; ſavage iſlanders,

26 v, *Note*.

Pompey the great; and *Suffolk* dies by pirates.
[*Exit, with* WHITMORE, *and Others.*

Cap. And as for these whoſe ranſom we have ſet,—
It is our pleaſure, one of them depart:—
Therefore come you with us, and let him † go.
[*Exeunt All but the firſt Gentleman.*

Re-enter WHITMORE, *with* Suffolk's *Body.*

WHI. There let his head and lifeleſs body lie,
[*throwing it down.*
Until the queen his miſtreſs bury it. [*Exit.*

1 *G.* O barbarous and bloody ſpectacle!
His body will I bear unto the king:
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
So will the queen, that living held him dear.
[*Exit, with the Body.*

SCENE II. *The ſame.* Black-heath.

Enter George Bevis, *and* John Holland.

GEO. Come, and get thee a ſword, though made of a lath; they have been up theſe two days.

JOH. They have the more need to ſleep now then.

GEO. I tell thee, *Jack Cade* the clothier means to dreſs the common-wealth, and turn it, and ſet a new nap upon it.

JOH. So he had need, 'tis thread-bare. Well, I ſay, it was never merry world in *England*, ſince gentlemen came up.

GEO. O miſerable age! Virtue is not regarded in handicrafts-men.

JOH. The nobility think ſcorn to go in leather aprons.

GEO. Nay more, the king's council are no good workmen.

Joh. True; And yet it is ſaid — Labour in thy vocation: which is as much to ſay, as,—let the magiſtrates be labouring men; and therefore ſhould we be magiſtrates.

Geo. Thou haſt hit it: for there's no better ſign of a brave mind, than a hard hand.

Joh. I ſee them! I ſee them! There *Beſt*'s ſon, the tanner of *Wingham*;

Geo. He ſhall have the ſkins of our enemies, to make dog's leather of.

Joh. And *Dick* the butcher;

Geo. Then is ſin ſtruck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

Joh. And *Will* the weaver:

Geo. *Argo*, their thread of life is ſpun.

Joh. Come, come, let's fall in with them: for our enemies ſhall fall before us, inſpired with the ſpirit of putting down kings and princes.

Drum. Enter DICK *the Butcher,*
WILL *the Weaver, and Others in great Number,*
with CADE *at the Head of them.*

Cad. We *John Cade*, ſo term'd of our ſuppoſed father,—

Dic. " Or, rather, of ſtealing a cade of herrings."

Cad. Command ſilence.

Dic. Silence!

Cad. My father was a *Mortimer*;

Dic. " He was an honeſt man, and a good bricklayer."

Cad. My mother a *Plantagenet*;

Dic. " I knew her well, ſhe was a midwife."

Cad. My wife deſcended of the *Lacies*;

Dic. " She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and" " ſold many laces."

15 v. *Note.* 16 faile

Wil. " But now of late, not able to travel with her"
" fur'd pack, ſhe waſhes bucks here at home."

Cad. Therefore am I of an honourable houſe.

Dic. " Ay, by my faith: the field is honourable;"
" and there was he born, under a hedge; for his father"
" had never a houſe, but the cage."

Cad. Valiant I am:

Wil. " 'A muſt needs; for beggary is valiant."

Cad. I am able to endure much:

Dic. " No queſtion of that; for I have ſeen him"
" whip'd three market-days together."

Cad. I fear neither ſword nor fire.

Wil. " He need not fear the ſword, for his coat is of proof."

Dic. " But, methinks, he ſhould ſtand in fear of fire,"
" being burnt i'th' hand for ſtealing of ſheep."

Cad. Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There ſhall be, in *England*, ſeven half-penny loaves ſold for a penny: the three-hoop'd pot ſhall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony, to drink ſmall beer: all the realm ſhall be in common, and in *Cheapſide* ſhall my palfrey go to graſs. And, when I am king, (as king I will be) —

all. God ſave your majeſty!

Cad. I thank you, good people.— there ſhall be no money; all ſhall eat and drink on my ſcore; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worſhip me their lord.

Dic. The firſt thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

Cad. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the ſkin of an innocent lamb ſhould be made parchment; that parchment, being ſcribbl'd o'er, ſhould undo a man? Some ſay, the bee ſtings: but I ſay, 'tis the bee's wax; for I did but ſeal once to a thing, and I was never my own man ſince. How now? who's there?

Enter Some, bringing forward the Clerk of Chatham.

Wil. The clerk of *Chatham:* he can write and read, and caſt accompt.

Cad. O monſtrous!

Wil. We took him ſetting of boys copies.

Cad. Here's a villain!

Wil. H'as a book in his pocket, with red letters in't.

Cad. Nay, then he is a conjurer.

Dic. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

Cad. I am ſorry for't: the man is a proper man, of mine honour; unleſs I find him guilty, he ſhall not die. — Come hither, ſirrah, I muſt examine thee: What is thy name?

Cle. *Emanuel.*

Dic. They uſe to write it on the top of letters; — 'twill go hard with you.

Cad. Let me alone: — Doſt thou uſe to write thy name? or haſt thou a mark to thyſelf, like an honeſt plain-dealing man?

Cle. Sir, I thank God, I have been ſo well brought up, that I can write my name.

all. He hath confeſt: away with him; he's a villain, and a traitor.

Cad. Away with him, I ſay: hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck. [*Exeunt Some with the Clerk.*

Enter Michael, *haſtily.*

Mic. Where's our general?

Cad. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mic. Fly, fly, fly! ſir *Humphrey Stafford,* and his brother, are hard by, with the king's forces.

Cad. Stand, villain, ſtand, or I'll fell thee down: he ſhall be encounter'd with a man as good as himſelf; He is but a knight, is 'a?

Mic. No.

Cad. To equal him, I will make myſelf a knight preſently; Rise up ſir *John Mortimer.* Now have at him.

Drum. Enter Sir Humphrey STAFFORD, *and* Brother, *with Forces.*

Sta. Rebellious hinds, the filth and ſcum of *Kent*,
Mark'd for the gallows,—lay your weapons down,
Home to your cottages, forſake this † groom;
The king is merciful, if you revolt.

Bro. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood,
If you go forward: therefore yield, or die.

Cad. As for these ſilken-coated ſlaves,—I paſs not;—
It is to you, good people, that I ſpeak,
O'er whom, in time to come, I hope to reign;
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Sta. Villain, thy father was a plaiſterer;
And thou thyſelf, a ſhearman, Art thou not?

Cad. And *Adam* was a gard'ner.

Bro. And what of that?

Cad. Marry, this: *Edmund Mortimer*, earl of *March*,
Marry'd the duke of *Clarence*' daughter; Did he not?

Sta. Ay, ſir.

Cad. By her he had two children at one birth.

Bro. That's falſe.

Cad. Ay, that's the queſtion; but, I ſay, 'tis true:
The elder of them, being put to nurſe,
Was by a beggar-woman ſtoln away;
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer, when he came to age:

His ſon am I; deny it, if you can.

Dic. Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he ſhall be king.

Wil. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's houſe, and the bricks are alive at this day to teſtify it; therefore, deny it not.

Sta. And will you credit this baſe drudge's words,
That ſpeaks he knows not what?

all. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get you gone.

Bro. *Jack Cade*, the duke of *York* hath taught you this.

Cad. "He lies, for I invented it myſelf."— Go to, ſirrah, Tell the king from me, that — for his father's ſake, *Henry* the fifth, in whoſe time boys went to ſpan-counter for *French* crowns, — I am content he ſhall reign; but I'll be protector over him.

Dic. And, furthermore, we'll have the lord *Say*'s head, for ſelling the dukedom of *Maine*.

Cad. And good reaſon; for thereby is *England* main'd, and fain to go with a ſtaff, but that my puiſſance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you, that that lord *Say* hath gelded the common-wealth, and made it an eunuch: and more than that, he can ſpeak *French*, and therefore he is a traitor.

Sta. O groſs and miſerable ignorance!

Cad. Nay, anſwer, if you can: The *Frenchmen* are our enemies: go to then, I aſk but this; Can he, that ſpeaks with the tongue of an enemy, be a good counſellor, or no?

all. No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

Bro. Well, ſeeing gentle words will not prevail,
Aſſail them with the army of the king.

Sta. Herald, away: and, throughout every town,
Proclaim them traitors that are up with *Cade*;

That thoſe, which fly before the battle ends,
May, even in their wives' and children's ſight,
Be hang'd up for example at their doors: —
And you, that be the king's friends, follow me.
[*Exeunt* STAFFORD, *and Forces.*

CAD. And you, that love the commons, follow me.—
Now ſhew yourſelves men, 'tis for liberty.
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:
Spare none, but ſuch as go in clouted ſhoen;
For they are thrifty honeſt men, and ſuch
As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

DIC. They are all in order, and march toward us.

CAD. But then are we in order, when we are moſt out of order. Come, march forward. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The ſame. Another Part of it. Alarums. Enter the two Parties, and fight; and both the* Staffords *are ſlain.*

CAD. Where's *Dick,* the butcher of *Aſhford?*

DIC. Here, ſir.

CAD. They fell before thee like ſheep and oxen, and thou behav'dſt thyſelf as if thou hadſt been in thine own ſlaughter-houſe: therefore thus will I reward thee,— The lent ſhall be as long again as it is; and thou ſhalt have a licenſe to kill for a hundred lacking one.

DIC. I desire no more.

CAD. And, to ſpeak truth, thou deserv'ſt no leſs. — This monument of the victory [*taking off* Stafford'*s Armour.*] will I bear; and the bodies ſhall be drag'd at my horſe' heels, 'till I do come to *London,* where we will have the mayor's ſword born before us.

DIC. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the goals, and let out the priſoners.

Cad. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards *London.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King Henry, *reading*; Buckingham, *and the Lord* Say, *with him: at a Diſtance, Queen* Margaret, *mourning over a Head.*

Que. Oft have I heard — that grief ſoftens the mind,
And makes it fearful and degenerate;
Think therefore on revenge, and ceaſe to weep.
But who can ceaſe to weep, and look on this?
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breaſt:
But where's the body that I ſhould embrace?

Buc. What anſwer makes your grace to the rebels' ſupplication?

Kin. I'll ſend ſome holy biſhop to entreat:
For God forbid, ſo many ſimple ſouls
Should periſh by the ſword! And I myſelf,
Rather than bloody war ſhall cut them ſhort,
Will parly with *Jack Cade* their general.
But ſtay, I'll read it over once again.

Que. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
Rul'd, like a wand'ring planet, over me;
And could it not enforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the ſame?

Kin. Lord *Say, Jack Cade* hath ſworn to have thy head.

Say. Ay, but (I hope) your highneſs ſhall have his.

Kin. How now, madam?
Lamenting ſtill, and mourning *Suffolk*'s death?
I fear, my love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldeſt not have mourn'd ſo much for me.

30 Still lamenting and mourning for

Que. No, love, I ſhould not mourn, but die for thee.
Enter a Meſſenger, *haſtily.*
Kin. How now! what news? why com'ſt thou in ſuch haſte?
Meſ. The rebels are in *Southwark*; Fly, my lord!
Jack Cade proclaims himſelf lord *Mortimer*,
Deſcended from the duke of *Clarence'* houſe;
And calls your grace uſurper, openly,
And vows to crown himſelf in *Weſtminſter*.
His army is a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peaſants, rude and mercileſs:
Sir *Humphrey Stafford* and his brother's death
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed:
All ſcholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call — falſe caterpillars, and intend their death.
Kin. O graceleſs men! they know not what they do.
Buc. My gracious lord, retire to *Kenelworth*,
Until a power be rais'd to put them down.
Que. Ah, were the duke of *Suffolk* now alive,
These *Kentiſh* rebels ſhould be ſoon appeas'd.
Kin. Lord *Say*, the traitor rebel hateth thee,
Therefore away with us to *Kenelworth*.
SAY. So might your grace's perſon be in danger;
The ſight of me is odious in their eyes:
And therefore in this city will I ſtay,
And live alone as ſecret as I may.
Enter another Meſſenger.
Meſ. *Jack Cade* hath gotten *London*-bridge, **my lord**;
The citizens fly him, and forſake their houſes:
The raſcal people, thirſting after prey,
Join with the traitor; and they jointly ſwear,
To ſpoil the city, and your royal court.

[1] No my Love [21] Traitors

Buc. Then linger not, my lord; away, take horſe.
Kin. Come, *Margaret*; God, our hope, will ſuccour [us.
Que. My hope is gone, now *Suffolk* is deceaſ'd.
Kin. Farewel, my lord; truſt not to *Kentiſh* rebels.
Buc. Truſt no body, for fear you be betray'd.
Say. The truſt I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and reſolute. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The ſame. The Tower.*

Lord SCALES, *and Others, upon the Walls. Enter certain* Citizens, *beneath.*

Sca. How now? is *Jack Cade* ſlain?

1 *C.* No, my lord, nor likely to be ſlain; for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withſtand them: The lord mayor craves aid of your honour from the tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

Sca. Such aid as I can ſpare, you ſhall command;
But I am troubl'd here with them myſelf,
The rebels have aſſay'd to win the tower.
But get you into *Smithfield*, gather head,
And thither will I ſend you *Matthew Gough*:
Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;
And ſo farewel, for I muſt hence again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The ſame.* Cannon-ſtreet.

Enter JACK CADE, *and the reſt, and ſtrikes his Sword upon* London-*ſtone.*

Cad. Now is *Mortimer* lord of this city. And here, ſitting upon *London*-ſtone, I charge and command, that, of the city's coſt, the piſſing-conduit run nothing but claret wine the firſt year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it ſhall be treaſon for any that calls me other

20 Smithfield, and gather

than — lord *Mortimer.*

Enter one of his Soldiers, running.

Sol. *Jack Cade, Jack Cade,*—

CAD. Knock him down there. [*they kill him.*

WIL. If this fellow be wiſe, he'll never call ye *Jack Cade* more; I think, he hath a very fair warning.

DIC. My lord, there's an army gather'd together in *Smithfield.*

CAD. Come then, let's go fight with them: But, firſt, go and ſet *London*-bridge on fire; and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The ſame.* Smithfield.

Alarums. Enter, on one Side, CADE *and his Company; on the other, Citizens, and King's Forces, headed by* Matthew Gough: *They fight; and the Citizens,* &c. *are routed, and* Gough *ſlain.*

CAD. So, ſirs: — Now go ſome and pull down the *Savoy*; others to the inns of court; down with them all.

DIC. I have a ſuit unto your lordſhip.

CAD. Be it a lordſhip, thou ſhalt have it for that word.

DIC. Only, that the laws of *England* may come out of your mouth.

JOH. " Maſs, 'twill be ſore law then; for he was"
" thruſt in the mouth with a ſpear, and 'tis not whole yet."

WIL. " Nay, *John*, it will be ſtinking law; for his"
" breath ſtinks with eating toaſted cheeſe."

CAD. I have thought upon it, it ſhall be ſo. Away, burn all the records of the realm; my mouth ſhall be the parliament of *England.*

JOH. " Then we are like to have biting ſtatutes,"
" unleſs his teeth be pull'd out."

CAD. And henceforward all things ſhall be in common.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the lord *Say*, which ſold the towns in *France*; he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens, and one ſhilling to the pound, the laſt ſubſidy.

Enter GEORGE, *with the Lord* SAY.

CAD. Well, he ſhall be beheaded for it ten times. — Ah, thou ſay, thou ſerge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our juriſdiction regal. What canſt thou anſwer to my majeſty, for giving up of *Normandy* unto monſieur *Basimecu*, the dauphin of *France?* Be it known unto thee by these presence, even the presence of lord *Mortimer*, that I am the besom that muſt ſweep the court clean of ſuch filth as thou art. Thou haſt moſt traitorouſly corrupted the youth of the realm, in erecting a grammar-ſchool: and whereas, before, our fore-fathers had no other books but the ſcore and the tally, thou haſt caused printing to be us'd; and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou haſt built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face, that thou haſt men about thee, that usually talk of a noun, and a verb; and ſuch abominable words, as no chriſtian ear can endure to hear. Thou haſt appointed juſtices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to anſwer: Moreover, thou haſt put them in prison; and, because they could not read, thou haſt hang'd them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been moſt worthy to live. Thou doſt ride on a foot-cloth, doſt thou not?

SAY. What of that?

CAD. Marry, thou ought'ſt not to let thy horſe wear a cloak, when boneſter men than thou go in their hoſe and doublets.

Dic. And work in their ſhirt too; as myſelf, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of *Kent*,—

Dic. What ſay you of *Kent?*

Say. Nothing but this,—'Tis *bona terra*, *mala gens.*

Cad. Away with him, away with him! he ſpeaks *Latin.*

Say. Hear me but ſpeak, and bear me where you will.
Kent, in the commentaries *Cæsar* writ,
Is term'd the civil'ſt place of all this iſle:
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
I ſold not *Maine*, I loſt not *Normandy*;
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
Juſtice with favour have I always done;
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.
When have I aught exacted at your hands?
Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and you,
Large gifts have I beſtow'd on learned clerks,
Because my book prefer'd me to the king:
And—ſeeing ignorance is the curſe of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,—
Unleſs you be poſſeſſ'd with deviliſh ſpirits,
You cannot but forbear to murther me.
This tongue hath parly'd unto foreign kings
For your behoof,—

Cad. Tut! when ſtruck'ſt thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands: oft have I ſtruck
Those that I never ſaw, and ſtruck them dead. [folks!

Geo. O monſtrous coward! what, to come behind

SAY. These cheeks are pale with watching for your good.

CAD. Give him a box o'th'ear, and that will make 'em red again.

SAY. Long ſitting to determine poor men's cauſes
Hath made me full of ſickneſs and diſeaſes.

CAD. Ye ſhall have a hempen caudle then, and the help of a hatchet.

DIC. Why doſt thou quiver, man?

SAY. The palſy, and not fear, provoketh me.

CAD. Nay, he nods at us; as who ſhould ſay, I'll be even with you. I'll ſee if his head will ſtand ſteadier on a pole, or no: Take him away, and behead him.

SAY. Tell me, wherein have I offended moſt?
Have I affected wealth, or honour; ſpeak?
Are my cheſts fill'd up with extorted gold?
Is my apparel ſumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injur'd, that ye ſeek my death?
These hands are free from guiltleſs blood-ſhedding,
This breaſt from harb'ring foul deceitful thoughts.
O, let me live!

CAD. "I feel remorſe in myſelf with his words:" "but I'll bridle it; he ſhall die, an it be but for plead-" "ing ſo well for his life." Away with him! he has a familiar under his tongue; he ſpeaks not, o'God's name. Go, take him away, I ſay, and ſtrike off his head preſently; and then break into his ſon-in-law's houſe, ſir *James Cromer*, and ſtrike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

all. It ſhall be done.

SAY. Ah, countrymen! if, when you make your prayers,
God ſhould be ſo obdurate as yourſelves,
How would it fare with your departed ſouls?

6 Candle 9 provokes

And therefore yet relent, and ſave my life.

CAD. Away with him, and do as I command ye: —
[*Exeunt Some with Lord* SAY.
the proudeſt peer in the realm ſhall not wear a head on his ſhoulders, unleſs he pay me tribute; there ſhall not a maid be marry'd, but ſhe ſhall pay to me her maidenhead ere they have it: Men ſhall hold of me *in capite*; and we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can wiſh, or tongue can tell.

DIC. My lord, when ſhall we go to *Cheapſide*, and take up commodities upon our bills?

CAD. Marry, presently.

all. O brave!

Re-enter Rebels, with the Heads.

CAD. But is not this braver?— Let them kiſs one another; for they lov'd well, when they were alive. Now part them again, leſt they conſult about the giving up of ſome more towns in *France*. Soldiers, defer the ſpoil of the city until night: for with these born before us, inſtead of maces, will we ride through the ſtreets; and, at every corner, have them kiſs. Away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. Southwark.

Alarums. Enter CADE, *and his Party.*

CAD. Up *Fiſh-ſtreet!* down ſaint *Magnus'* corner! kill and knock down! throw them into *Thames!*—
[*Parley ſounded; afterwards, a Retreat.*
What noise is this I hear? Dare any be ſo bold, to ſound retreat or parley when I command them kill?

Enter BUCKINGHAM, *and old* CLIFFORD;
Forces with them.

BUC. Ay, here they be that dare and will diſturb thee:

Know, *Cade*, we come embaſſadors from the king
Unto the commons, whom thou haſt miſ-led ;
And here pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will forſake thee, and go home in peace.
o. C. What ſay ye, countrymen ? will ye relent,
And yield to mercy, whilſt 'tis offer'd you ;
Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths ?
Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap, and ſay — God ſave his majeſty !
Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
Henry the fifth, that made all *France* to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us, and paſs by.
all. God ſave the king ! God ſave the king !

CAD. What, *Buckingham*, and *Clifford*, are ye ſo brave ? — And you, baſe peaſants, do ye believe him ? will you needs be hang'd with your pardons about your necks ? Hath my ſword therefore broke through *London* gates, that you ſhould leave me at the White-hart in *Southwark?* I thought, ye would never have given out these arms, 'till you had recover'd your antient freedom : but you are all recreants, and daſtards ; and delight to live in ſlavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burthens, take your houses over your heads, raviſh your wives and daughters before your faces : For me, — I will make ſhift for one ; and ſo — God's curſe light upon you all !

all. We'll follow *Cade*, we'll follow *Cade*.
o. C. Is *Cade* the ſon of *Henry* the fifth,
That thus you do exclaim — you'll go with him ?
Will he conduct you through the heart of *France*,
And make the meaneſt of you earls and dukes ?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to ;

Nor knows he how to live, but by the ſpoil,
Unleſs by robbing of your friends, and us.
Wer't not a ſhame, that, whilſt you live at jar,
The fearful *French*, whom you late vanquiſhed,
Should make a ſtart o'er ſeas, and vanquiſh you?
Methinks, already, in this civil broil,
I ſee them lording it in *London* ſtreets,
Crying — *Villageois!* unto all they meet:
Better, ten thouſand baſe-born *Cades* miſcarry,
Than you ſhould ſtoop unto a *Frenchman*'s mercy.
To *France*, to *France*, and get what you have loſt;
Spare *England*, for it is your native coaſt:
Henry hath money, you are ſtrong and manly;
God on our ſide, doubt not of victory.

all. A *Clifford!* a *Clifford!* we'll follow the king, and *Clifford*.

CAD. Was ever feather ſo lightly blown to and fro, as this multitude? the name of *Henry* the fifth hales them to an hundred miſchiefs, and makes them leave me deſolate. I ſee them lay their heads together, to ſurprize me: my ſword make way for me, for here is no ſtaying. — In deſpight of the devils and hell, have through the very midſt of you! and heavens and honour be witneſs, that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' baſe and ignominious treasons, makes me betake me to my heels. [*Exit.*

BUC. What, is he fled? go ſome, and follow him;
And he, that brings his head unto the king,
Shall have a thouſand crowns for his reward. —
[*Exeunt ſome of them.*
Follow me, ſoldiers; we'll deviſe a mean
To reconcile you all unto the king. [*Exeunt.*

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8 *Villiago*

SCENE IX. Kenelworth.

Enter King Henry, *and Queen, with* SOMERSET *and Others, upon a Terras.*

Kin. Was ever king, that joy'd an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I?
No ſooner was I crept out of my cradle,
But I was made a king, at nine months old:
Was never ſubject long'd to be a king,
As I do long and wiſh to be a ſubject.

Enter BUCKINGHAM, *and old* CLIFFORD.

Buc. Health, and glad tidings, to your majeſty!

Kin. Why, *Buckingham*, is the traitor *Cade* ſurpriz'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him ſtrong?

Enter, below, the Soldiers of Cade's *Army, with Halters about their Necks.*

o. C. He is fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield;
And humbly thus † with halters on their necks
Expect your highneſs' doom, of life, or death.

Kin. Then, heaven, ſet ope thy everlaſting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise. —
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And ſhew'd how well you love your prince and country:
Continue ſtill in this ſo good a mind,
And *Henry*, though he be infortunate,
Aſſure yourſelves, will never be unkind:
And ſo, with thanks, and pardon to you all,
I do diſmiſs you to your ſeveral countries.

all. God ſave the king! God ſave the king! [*Exeunt.*

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Please it your grace to be advertised,
The duke of *York* is newly come from *Ireland:*

And with a puiſſant and a mighty power,
Of nimble *Gallow-glaſſes*, and ſtout *Kernes*,
Is marching hitherward in proud array;
And ſtill proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee
The duke of *Somerſet*, whom he terms a traitor.

Kin. Thus ſtands my ſtate, 'twixt *Cade* and *York* diſtreſſ'd;
Like to a ſhip, that, having 'ſcap'd a tempeſt,
Is ſtraitway calm'd, and boarded with a pirate:
But now is *Cade* driven back, his men diſperſ'd;
And now is *York* in arms, to ſecond him. —
I pray thee, *Buckingham*, go and meet with him;
And aſk him, what's the reaſon of theſe arms:
Tell him, I'll ſend duke *Edmund* to the tower; —
And, *Somerſet*, we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be diſmiſſ'd from him.

Som. My lord, I'll yield myſelf to priſon willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good.

Kin. In any caſe, be not too rough in terms;
For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.

Buc. I will, my lord; and doubt not ſo to deal,
As all things ſhall redound unto your good.

Kin. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better;
For yet may *England* curſe my wretched reign. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Kent. Iden's *Garden.*

Enter Cade.

Cad. Fie on ambition! fie on myſelf; that have a ſword, and yet am ready to famiſh! Theſe five days

9 calme,

have I hid me in theſe woods; and durſt not peep out, for all the country is lay'd for me; but now am I ſo hungry, that, if I might have a leaſe of my life for a thouſand years, I could ſtay no longer. Wherefore, o'er a brick-wall have I climb'd into this garden; to ſee if I can eat graſs, or pick a ſallet another while, which is not amiſs to cool a man's ſtomack this hot weather: And, I think, this word ſallet was born to do me good: for, many a time, but for a ſallet, my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and, many a time, when I have been dry, and bravely marching, it hath ſerv'd me inſtead of a quart-pot to drink in; and now the word ſallet muſt ſerve me to feed on.

Enter IDEN.

IDE. Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,
And may enjoy ſuch quiet walks as theſe?
This ſmall inheritance, my father left me,
Contenteth me, and's worth a monarchy:
I ſeek not to wax great by others' waining;
Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy;
Sufficeth, that I have maintains my ſtate,
And ſends the poor well pleaſed from my gate.

CAD. Here's the lord of the ſoil come to ſeize me for a ſtray, for ent'ring his fee-ſimple without leave. — Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thouſand crowns of the king by carrying my head to him; but I'll make thee eat iron like an oſtridge, and ſwallow my ſword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

IDE. Why, rude companion, whatſoe'er thou be,
I know thee not; Why then ſhould I betray thee?
Is't not enough, to break into my garden,
And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,

5 on a 19 warning

Climbing my walls in ſpight of me the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with theſe ſaucy terms?

CAD. Brave thee? ay, by the beſt blood that ever was broach'd, and beard thee too. Look on me well: I have eat no meat theſe five days; yet, come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door-nail, I pray God, I may never eat graſs more.

IDE. Nay, it ſhall ne'er be ſaid, while *England* ſtands,
That *Alexander Iden*, 'ſquire of *Kent*,
Took odds to combat a poor famiſh'd man.
Oppoſe thy ſtedfaſt-gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canſt out-face me with thy looks.
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the leſſer:
Thy hand is but a finger to my fiſt;
Thy leg a ſtick, compared with this truncheon;
My foot ſhall fight with all the ſtrength thou haſt;
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
Thy grave is dig'd already in the earth.
As for more words,— let this † my ſword report,
Whoſe greatneſs anſwers words, what ſpeech forbears.

CAD. By my valour, the moſt compleat champion that ever I heard. — Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out the burly-bon'd clown in chines of beef ere thou ſleep in thy ſheath, I beſeech *Jove* on my knees, thou may'ſt be turn'd to hob-nails. [*fight*; *and* Cade *falls*.] O, I am ſlain! famine, and no other, hath ſlain me: let ten thouſand devils come againſt me, and give me but the ten meals I have loſt, and I'd defy them all. — Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this houſe, because the unconquer'd ſoul of *Cade* is fled.

IDE. Is't *Cade* that I have ſlain, that monſtrous traitor?

9 *Iden*, an Eſquire 19 v. *Note*.

Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead:
Ne'er ſhall this blood be wiped from thy point;
But thou ſhalt wear it as a herald's coat,
To emblaze the honour that thy maſter got.

CAD. *Iden*, farewel; and be proud of thy victory: Tell *Kent* from me, ſhe hath loſt her beſt man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never feared any, am vanquiſhed by famine, not by valour. [*dies.*

IDE. How much thou wrong'ſt me, heaven be my judge.
Die, damned wretch, the curſe of her that bare thee!
And as I thruſt † thy body in with my ſword,
So wiſh I, I might thruſt thy ſoul to hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
Unto a dunghil, which ſhall be thy grave,
And there cut off thy moſt ungracious head;
Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.
[*Exit*, *dragging out the Body*.

SCENE II. *Fields near Saint* Alban's. *Two Camps pitch'd*, *the King's*, *and the Duke of* York's; *on either Side*, *one*. *Enter* YORK, *attended.*

YOR. From *Ireland* thus comes *York*, to claim his right,
And pluck the crown from feeble *Henry*'s head:
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
To entertain great *England*'s lawful king.
Ah, majeſty, who would not buy thee dear!
Let them obey, that know not how to rule;
This hand was made to handle nought but gold:
I cannot give due action to my words

29 Ah *Sancta Majeſtas* 30 knowes

Except a ſword, or ſcepter, balance it.
A ſcepter ſhall it have, have I a ſoul;
On which I'll toſs the flower-de-luce of *France*.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Whom have we here? *Buckingham*, to diſturb me?
The king hath ſent him, ſure: I muſt diſſemble.
BUC. *York*, if thou meaneſt well, I greet thee well.
YOR. *Humphrey* of *Buckingham*, I accept thy greeting.
Art thou a meſſenger, or come of pleaſure?
BUC. A meſſenger from *Henry*, our dread liege,
To know the reaſon of theſe arms in peace;
Or why, thou — being a ſubject, as I am, —
Againſt thy oath and true allegiance ſworn,
Should'ſt raiſe ſo great a power without his leave,
Or dare to bring thy force ſo near the court.
YOR. " Scarce can I ſpeak, my choler is ſo great."
" O, I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,"
" I am ſo angry at theſe abject terms;"
" And now, like *Ajax Telamonius*,"
" On ſheep and oxen could I ſpend my fury!"
" I am far better born than is the king;"
" More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts: —"
" But I muſt make fair weather yet a while,"
" 'Till *Henry* be more weak, and I more ſtrong. —"
O *Buckingham*, I pr'ythee, pardon me,
That I have given no anſwer all this while;
My mind was troubl'd with deep melancholy.
The cauſe why I have brought this army hither,
Is — to remove proud *Somerſet* from the king,
Seditious to his grace, and to the ſtate.
BUC. That is too much preſumption on thy part:
But if thy arms be to no other end,

The king hath yielded unto thy demand;
The duke of *Somerſet* is in the tower.
Yor. Upon thine honour, is he priſoner?
Buc. Upon mine honour, he is priſoner.
Yor. Then, *Buckingham*, I do diſmiſs my powers: —
Soldiers, I thank you all; diſperſe yourſelves;
Meet me to-morrow in ſaint *George*'s field,
You ſhall have pay, and every thing you wiſh. —
And let my ſovereign, virtuous *Henry*,
Command my eldeſt ſon, — nay, all my ſons, —
As pledges of my fealty and love,
I'll ſend them all as willing as I live;
Lands, goods, horſe, armour, any thing I have
Is to his uſe, ſo *Somerſet* may die.
Buc. *York*, I commend this kind ſubmiſſion:
We twain will go into his highneſs' tent.
Enter King Henry, *attended.*
Kin. *Buckingham*, doth *York* intend no harm to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?
Yor. In all ſubmiſſion and humility,
York doth preſent himſelf unto your highneſs.
Kin. Then what intend theſe forces thou doſt bring?
Yor. To heave the traitor *Somerſet* from hence;
And fight againſt that monſtrous rebel, *Cade*,
Whom ſince I hear to be diſcomfited.
Enter IDEN, *with* Cade'*s Head.*
Ide. If one ſo rude, and of ſo mean condition,
May paſs into the preſence of a king,
Lo, I preſent your grace a traitor's head,
The head of *Cade*, whom I in combat ſlew. [thou! —
Kin. The head of *Cade*? — Great God, how juſt art
O, let me view his viſage being dead,

22 intends 25 heard

That living wrought me ſuch exceeding trouble.
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that ſlew him?
Ide. I was, an't like your majeſty.
Kin. How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?
Ide. *Alexander Iden*, that's my name;
A poor eſquire of *Kent*, that loves the king.
Buc. So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiſs
He were created knight for his good ſervice.
Kin. *Iden*, kneel down; now rise thou up a knight:
We give thee for reward a thouſand marks;
And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.
Ide. May *Iden* live to merit ſuch a bounty,
And never live but true unto his liege!

Enter the Queen, *and* SOMERSET.

Kin. See, *Buckingham! Somerſet* comes with the queen;
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.
Que. For thouſand *Yorks* he ſhall not hide his head,
But boldly ſtand, and front him to his face.
Yor. How now! is *Somerſet* at liberty?
Then *York* unlooſe thy long impriſon'd thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I endure the ſight of *Somerſet*?—
Falſe king, why haſt thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuſe?
King did I call thee? no, thou art not king;
Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
Which dar'ſt not, no, nor canſt not, rule a traitor:
That head of thine doth not become a crown;
Thy hand is made to graſp a palmer's ſtaff,
And not to grace an awful princely ſcepter.
That gold muſt round engirt these brows of mine;
Whose ſmile and frown, like to *Achilles'* ſpear,

Is able with the change to kill and cure:
Here is a hand to hold a ſcepter up,
And with the ſame to act controuling laws.
Give place; by heaven, thou ſhalt rule no more
O'er him, whom heaven created for thy ruler.
Som. O monſtrous traitor! — I arreſt thee, *York*,
Of capital treaſon 'gainſt the king and crown:
Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.
Yor. Would'ſt have me kneel? firſt let me aſk of theſe,
[*pointing to his Troops, and Attendants.*
If they can brook I bow a knee to man. —
Sirrah, call in my ſons to be my bail; — [*Exit Att.*
I know, ere they will let me go to ward,
They'll pawn their ſwords for my enfranchiſement.
Que. Call hither *Clifford*; bid him come amain,
[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.
To ſay, if that the baſtard boys of *York*
Shall be the ſurety for their traitor father.
Yor. O blood-beſpotted *Neapolitan*,
Out-caſt of *Naples*, *England*'s bloody ſcourge!
The ſons of *York*, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail; and bane to thoſe
That for my ſurety will refuſe the boys.
See, where they come; I'll warr'nt, they'll make it good.
Que. And here comes *Clifford*, to deny their bail.

Drums. Enter, from one Side, the Lords EDWARD *and* RICHARD, *Sons to* York; *and, from the other, Old* CLIFFORD *and his Son*; *Forces with them both.*

o. C. Health and all happineſs to my lord the king!
[*kneeling to* Henry.
Yor. We thank thee, *Clifford*: Say, what news with thee?

Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:
We are thy ſovereign, *Clifford*, kneel again;
For thy miſtaking ſo, we pardon thee.
o. C. This is my king, *York*, I do not miſtake;
But thou miſtak'ſt me much, to think I do:
To *Bedlam* with him! is the man grown mad?
Kin. Ay, *Clifford*; a bedlam and ambitious humour
Makes him oppose himſelf againſt his king.
o. C. He is a traitor; let him to the tower,
And crop away that factious pate of his.
Que. He is arreſted, but will not obey;
His ſons, he ſays, ſhall give their words for him.
Yor. Will you not, ſons?
Edw. Ay, noble father, if our words will ſerve.
Ric. And if words will not, then our weapons ſhall.
o. C. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!
Yor. Look in a glaſs, and call thy image ſo;
I am thy king, and thou a falſe-heart traitor. —
Call hither to the ſtake my two brave bears,
That, with the very ſhaking of their chains,
They may aſtoniſh these fell lurking curs;
Bid *Saliſbury*, and *Warwick*, come to me.

Drums. Enter SALISBURY, *and* WARWICK, *with Forces.*

o. C Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,
And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,
If thou dar'ſt bring them to the baiting-place.
Ric. Oft have I ſeen a hot o'er-weening cur
Run back and bite, because he was with-held;
Who, being ſuffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
Hath clap'd his tail between his legs, and cry'd:
And ſuch a piece of ſervice will you do,

If you oppoſe yourſelves to match lord *Warwick.*
y. C. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigeſted lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy ſhape!
YOR. Nay, we ſhall heat you thoroughly anon.
o. C. Take heed, leſt by your heat you burn yourſelves.
Kin. Why, *Warwick*, hath thy knee forgot to bow?—
Old *Salisbury*,— ſhame to thy ſilver hair,
Thou mad miſ-leader of thy brain-ſick ſon!—
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
And ſeek for ſorrow with thy ſpectacles?—
O, where is faith? o, where is loyalty?
If it be baniſh'd from the froſty head,
Where ſhall it find a harbour in the earth?—
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
And ſhame thine honourable age with blood?
Why art thou old, and want'ſt experience?
Or wherefore doſt abuse it, if thou haſt it?
For ſhame! in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.
SAL. My lord, I have conſider'd with myſelf
The title of this moſt renowned duke;
And in my conſcience do repute his grace
The rightful heir to *England*'s royal ſeat.
Kin. Haſt thou not ſworn allegiance unto me?
SAL. I have.
Kin. Canſt thou diſpenſe with heaven for ſuch a vow?
SAL. It is great ſin, to ſwear unto a ſin;
But greater ſin, to keep a ſinful oath:
Who can be bound by any ſolemn vow
To do a murd'rous deed, to rob a man,
To force a ſpotleſs virgin's chaſtity,
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,

To wring the widow from her cuſtom'd right;
And have no other reaſon for this wrong,
But that he was bound by a ſolemn oath?
Que. A ſubtle traitor needs no ſophiſter.
Kin. Call *Buckingham*, and bid him arm himſelf.
Yor. Call *Buckingham*, and all the friends thou haſt,
I am reſolv'd for death, or dignity.
o. C. The firſt I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.
War. You were beſt go to bed, and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempeſt of the field.
o. C. I am reſolv'd to bear a greater ſtorm,
Than any thou canſt conjure up to-day;
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy houſe's badge.
War. Now by my father's age, old *Nevil*'s creſt,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged ſtaff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,
(As on a mountain top the cedar ſhows,
That keeps his leaves in ſpight of any ſtorm)
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.
o. C. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Deſpight the bear-ward that protects the bear.
y. C. And ſo to arms, victorious noble father,
To quell these traitors, and their complices.
Ric. Fie! charity, for ſhame! ſpeak not in ſpight,
For you ſhall ſup with *Jeſu Chriſt* to-night.
y. C. Foul ſtigmatic, that's more than thou canſt tell.
Ric. If not in heaven, you'll ſurely ſup in hell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Saint* Alban's.

Alarums, as of a Battle join'd. Excurſions.

7 death and dignity

Enter WARWICK.

WAR. *Clifford* of *Cumberland*, 'tis *Warwick* calls!
And if thou doſt not hide thee from the bear,
Now,— when the angry trumpet ſounds alarm,
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,—
Clifford, I ſay, come forth and fight with me!
Proud northern lord, *Clifford* of *Cumberland*,
Warwick is hoarſe with calling thee to arms.

Enter YORK.

How now, my noble lord? what, all a-foot?

YOR. The deadly-handed *Clifford* ſlew my ſteed:
But match to match I have encounter'd him,
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beaſt he lov'd ſo well.

Enter CLIFFORD.

WAR. Of one or both of us the time is come. [*to* Cli.

YOR. Hold, *Warwick*, ſeek thee out ſome other chace,
For I myſelf muſt hunt this deer to death. ['ſt: —

WAR. Then, nobly, *York*; 'tis for a crown thou fight-
As I intend, *Clifford*, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my ſoul to leave thee unaſſail'd. [*Exit.*

o. C. What ſee'ſt thou in me, *York?* why doſt thou pauſe?

YOR. With thy brave bearing ſhould I be in love,
But that thou art ſo faſt mine enemy.

o. C. Nor ſhould thy proweſs want praiſe and eſteem,
But that 'tis ſhewn ignobly, and in treaſon.

YOR. So let it help me now againſt thy ſword,
As I in juſtice and true right expreſs it!

o. C. My ſoul and body on the action both!

YOR. A dreadful lay! — addreſs thee inſtantly.
[*fight*; *and* Clifford *falls.*

o. C. *La fin couronne les oeuvres.* [*dies.*

Yor. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art ſtill.
Peace with his ſoul, heaven, if it be thy will. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter young CLIFFORD.

y. C. Shame and confuſion! all is on the rout;
Fear frames diſorder, and diſorder wounds
Where it ſhould guard. — O war, thou ſon of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their miniſter,
Throw in the frozen boſoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance! — Let no ſoldier fly:
He, that is truly dedicate to war,
Hath no ſelf-love; nor he, that loves himſelf,
Hath not eſſentially, but by circumſtance,
The name of valour. — O, let the vile world end,
[*ſeeing his dead Father.*
And the premiſed flames of the laſt day
Knit earth and heaven together!
Now let the general trumpet blow his blaſt,
Particularities and petty ſounds
To ceaſe! — Waſt thou ordain'd, dear father,
To loſe thy youth in peace, and to atchieve
The ſilver livery of adviſed age;
And, in thy reverence, and in thy chair-days, thus
To die in ruffian battle? — Even at this ſight,
My heart is turn'd to ſtone: and, while 'tis mine,
It ſhall be ſtony. *York* not our old men ſpares;
No more will I their babes: tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
Henceforth, I will not have to do with pity:
Meet I an infant of the houſe of *York*,

Into as many gobbits will I cut it
As wild *Medea* young *Abſyrtus* did:
In cruelty will I ſeek out my fame.
Come, thou new ruin of old *Clifford*'s houſe;
[*taking up the Body.*
As did *Æneas* old *Anchiſes* bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly ſhoulders:
But then *Æneas* bare a living load,
Nothing ſo heavy as these woes of mine. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter RICHARD, *and* Somerſet, *fighting*; *and* Somerſet *falls.*

RIC. So, lye thou there;—
For, underneath an ale-houſe paltry ſign,
The caſtle in Saint *Alban's*, *Somerſet*
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.—
Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful ſtill:
Prieſts pray for enemies, but princes kill. [*Exit.*

Alarums again. Excurſions. Enter King Henry, *and* Queen, *with Others, flying.*

Que. Away, my lord, you are ſlow; for ſhame, away!
Kin. Can we out-run the heavens? good *Margaret*, ſtay.
Que. What are you made of? you'll nor fight, nor fly:
Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
To give the enemy way; and to ſecure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.
If you be ta'en, we then ſhould ſee the bottom
Of all our fortunes: but if we haply ſcape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect)
We ſhall to *London* get; where you are lov'd;
And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,
May readily be ſtopt.

Other Alarums. Enter young CLIFFORD.

y. C. But that my heart's on future miſchief ſet,
I would ſpeak blaſphemy ere bid you fly;
But fly you muſt; uncureable diſcomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our preſent party.
Away, for your relief! and we will live
To ſee their day, and them our fortune give:
Away, my lord, away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Fields without the Town.*

Retreat heard. Flouriſh; and Enter, with Drum and Colours, triumphantly, YORK, RICHARD, WARWICK, *and Soldiers.*

YOR. Of *Salisbury*, who can report of him;
That winter lion, who, in rage, forgets
Aged contuſions and all bruſh of time;
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with occaſion? this happy day
Is not itſelf, nor have we won one foot,
If *Salisbury* be loſt.

RIC. My noble father,
Three times to-day I holp him to his horſe,
Three times beſtrid him; thrice I led him off,
Perſuaded him from any further act:
But ſtill, where danger was, ſtill there I met him;
And like rich hangings in a homely houſe,
So was his will in his old feeble body.
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter SALISBURY.

SAL. Now, by my ſword, well haſt thou fought to-day; [*to* York.
By th' maſs, ſo did we all. — I thank you, *Richard:*

5 parts,

God knows, how long it is I have to live;
And it hath pleas'd him, that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death.—
Well, lords, we have not got that which we have;
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being oppoſites of ſuch repairing nature.
Yor. I know, our ſafety is to follow them;
For, as I hear, the king is fled to *London*,
To call a preſent court of parliament.
Let us purſue him, ere the writs go forth:—
What ſays lord *Warwick*, ſhall we after them?
War. After them! nay, before them, if we can.
Now by my hand, lords, 'twas a glorious day:
Saint *Alban's* battle, won by famous *York*,
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.—
Sound, drums and trumpets;—and to *London* all:
And more ſuch days as this to us befal! [*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

HENRY VI.

Part III.

Perſons repreſented.

King Henry *the ſixth:*
Edward, *Prince of* Wales, *his Son.*
Lewis *the eleventh, the* French *King.*
Richard Plantagenet, *Duke of* York:
Edward, *Earl of* March, *afterwards King*;
George, *afterwards Duke of* Clarence;
Richard, *afterwards Duke of* Gloſter; } *his Sons.*
Edmund, *Earl of* Rutland, *a Youth,*
Dukes of Exeter, Norfolk, *and* Somerſet.
Earl of Warwick: *Marqueſs of* Mountague, *his Brother.*
Earls of Weſtmoreland, Oxford, *and* Northumberland.
Lords Clifford, Haſtings, *and* Rivers.
Sir John *and Sir* Hugh Mortimer. *Sir* John Montgomery.
Sir John Somervile. *a Nobleman.*
Lieutenant of the Tower. The Mayor of York.
Humphrey, *and* Sinklo, *Huntsmen. another Huntsman.*
a Son, that has kill'd his Father:
a Father, that has kill'd his Son.
Tutor to Rutland. *three Watchmen. eight Meſſengers.*

Margaret, *Queen to* Henry.
Lady Grey, *afterwards Queen to* Edward.
Bona, *Siſter to the* French *Queen.*

Attendants, French *and* Engliſh. *Soldiers of both Parties: Officers*, &c.

Scene, diſperſ'd; in England, *and* France.

The third Part of
King HENRY *the ſixth.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. *The Parliament Houſe.*
Drums. Enter Soldiers of York'*s Party, as breaking in: Then, Enter the Duke of* YORK, *with* EDWARD *and* RICHARD, *his Sons; Earl of* WARWICK, *Marqueſs of* MOUNTAGUE, *Duke of* NORFOLK, *and Others, with white Roses in their Hats.*

WAR. I wonder, how the king eſcap'd our hands.
YOR. While we purſu'd the horſemen of the north,
He ſlily ſtole away, and left his men:
Whereat the great lord of *Northumberland*,
Whoſe warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Cheer'd up the drooping army; and himſelf,
Lord *Clifford*, and lord *Stafford*, all a-breaſt,
Charg'd our main battle's front, and, breaking in,
Were by the ſwords of common ſoldiers ſlain.
EDW. Lord *Stafford*'s father, duke of *Buckingham*,
Is either ſlain, or wounded dang'rouſly:
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow;
That this is true, father, behold his blood.
[*ſhewing his bloody Sword.*
MON. And, brother, here's the earl of *Wiltſhire*'s blood,
[*to* Warwick, *ſhewing his.*

Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.
Ric. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.
[*ſhewing* Somerſet'*s Head.*
Yor. *Richard* hath beſt deſerv'd of all my ſons. —
Is your grace dead, my lord of *Somerſet?*
Nor. Such end have all the line of *John* of *Gaunt!*
Ric. Thus do I hope to ſhake king *Henry*'s head.
[*ſhakes, and throws it away.*
War. And ſo do I. — Victorious prince of *York,*
Before I ſee thee ſeated in that throne
Which now the houſe of *Lancaſter* usurps,
I vow by heaven, these eyes ſhall never close.
This is the palace of the fearful king,
[*drawing towards the Throne.*
And this the regal ſeat: posseſs it, *York*;
For it is thine, and not king *Henry*'s heirs'.
Yor. Aſſiſt me then, ſweet *Warwick*, and I will;
For hither are we broken in by force.
Nor. We'll all aſſiſt you; he, that flies, ſhall die.
Yor. Thanks, gentle *Norfolk*. — Stay by me, my lords; —
And, ſoldiers, ſtay, and lodge by me this night.
War. And, when the king comes, offer him no violence,
Unleſs he ſeek to put us out by force.
[*to the Soldiers, who retire.*
Yor. The queen, this day, here holds her parliament;
But little thinks, we ſhall be of her council:
By words, or blows, here let us win our right.
Ric. Arm'd as we are, let's ſtay within this houſe.
War. The bloody parliament ſhall this be call'd,
Unleſs *Plantagenet*, duke of *York*, be king;
And baſhful *Henry* depos'd, whose cowardiſe
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

---

5 But is   6 Such hope have   16 For this is

Yor. Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute;
I mean to take poſſeſſion of my right.
War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him beſt,
The proudeſt he that holds up *Lancaſter*,
Dares ſtir a wing, if *Warwick* ſhake his bells.
I'll plant *Plantagenet*, root him up who dares: —
[*putting him in the Throne.*
Resolve thee, *Richard*; claim the *Engliſh* crown.

Flouriſh. Enter King Henry, *attended*;
Duke of EXETER, *Earl of* NORTHUMBERLAND, *Earl of* WESTMORELAND, *Lord* CLIFFORD, *and Others, with red Roses in their Hats.*

Kin. My lords, look where the ſturdy rebel ſits,
Even in the chair of ſtate! belike, he means,
(Back'd by the power of *Warwick*, that falſe peer)
To aſpire unto the crown, and reign as king. —
Earl of *Northumberland*, he ſlew thy father; —
And thine, lord *Clifford*; and you both have vow'd
Revenge on him, his ſons, his favourers.
North. If I be not, heavens, be reveng'd on me!
Cli. The hope thereof makes *Clifford* mourn in ſteel.
Wes. What, ſhall we ſuffer this? let's pluck him down:
My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.
Kin. Be patient, gentle earl of *Weſtmoreland*.
Cli. Patience is for poltroons, and ſuch as † he:
He durſt not ſit there, had your father liv'd.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us aſſail the family of *York*.
North. Well haſt thou ſpoken, couſin; be it ſo.
Kin. Ah, know you not, the city favours them,
And they have troops of ſoldiers at their beck?
Exe. But, when the duke is ſlain, they'll quickly fly.

19 favourites, and his friends.

Kin. Far be it from the thoughts of *Henry*'s heart,
To make a ſhambles of the parliament houſe!
Couſin of *Exeter*, frowns, words, and threats,
Shall be the war that *Henry* means to uſe. —
Thou factious duke of *York*, deſcend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;
I am thy ſovereign.
Yor. Thou'rt deceiv'd, I am thine.
Exe. For ſhame, come down; he made thee duke of *York*.
Yor. 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was.
Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.
War. *Exeter*, thou art a traitor to the crown,
In following this uſurping *Henry*.
Cli. Whom ſhould he follow, but his natural king?
War. True, *Clifford*; and that's *Richard*, duke of *York*.
Kin. And ſhall I ſtand, and thou ſit in my throne?
Yor. It muſt and ſhall be ſo, content thyſelf.
War. Be duke of *Lancaſter*, let him be king.
Wes. He is both king and duke of *Lancaſter*;
And that the lord of *Weſtmoreland* ſhall maintain.
War. And *Warwick* ſhall diſprove it. You forget,
That we are thoſe, which chac'd you from the field,
And ſlew your fathers, and with colours ſpread
March'd through the city to the palace-gates.
North. Yes, *Warwick*, I remember't to my grief;
And, by his ſoul, thou and thy houſe ſhall rue it.
Wes. *Plantagenet*, of thee, and theſe thy ſons,
Thy kinſmen, and thy friends, I'll have more lives,
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.
Cli. Urge it no more; leſt that, inſtead of words,
I ſend thee, *Warwick*, ſuch a meſſenger,
As ſhall revenge his death, before I ſtir.

War. Poor *Clifford!* how I ſcorn his worthleſs threats!
Yor. Will you, we ſhew our title to the crown?
If not, our ſwords ſhall plead it in the field.
Kin. What title haſt thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, duke of *York*;
Thy grandfather, *Roger Mortimer*, earl of *March*:
I am the ſon of *Henry* the fifth,
Who made the dauphin and the *French* to ſtoop,
And ſeiz'd upon their towns and provinces.
War. Talk not of *France*, ſith thou haſt loſt it all.
Kin. The lord protector loſt it, and not I;
When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.
Ric. You are old enough now, and yet (methinks) you loſe: —
Father, tear the crown from the uſurper's head.
Edw. Sweet father, do ſo; ſet it on your head.
Mou. Good brother, [*to* War.] as thou lov'ſt and honour'ſt arms,
Let's fight it out, and not ſtand cavilling thus. [fly.
Ric. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will
Yor. Sons, peace!
Kin. Peace thou! and give king *Henry* leave to ſpeak.
War. *Plantagenet* ſhall ſpeak firſt: — hear him, lords;
And be you ſilent and attentive too,
For he, that interrupts him, ſhall not live. [throne,
Kin. Think'ſt thou, that I will leave my kingly
Wherein my grandſire, and my father, ſat?
No: firſt ſhall war unpeople this my realm;
Ay, and their colours — often born in *France*;
And now in *England*, to our heart's great ſorrow, —
Shall be my winding-ſheet. — Why faint you, lords?
My title's good, and better far than his.

War. But prove it, *Henry*, and thou ſhalt be king.
Kin. *Henry* the fourth by conqueſt got the crown.
Yor. 'Twas by rebellion againſt his king.
Kin. "I know not what to ſay; my title's weak."
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?
Yor. What then?
Kin. An if he may, then am I lawful king:
For *Richard*, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the crown to *Henry* the fourth;
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.
Yor. He rose againſt him, being his ſovereign,
And made him to resign the crown perforce.
War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconſtrain'd,
Think you, 'twere prejudicial to the crown?
Exe. No; for he could not ſo resign his crown,
But that the next heir ſhould ſucceed and reign.
Kin. Art thou againſt us, duke of *Exeter?*
Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
Yor. Why whiſper you, my lords, and anſwer not?
Exe. My conſcience tells me, he is lawful king.
[*to the Lords.*
Kin. "All will revolt from me, and turn to him."
North. *Plantagenet*, for all the claim thou lay'ſt,
Think not, that *Henry* ſhall be ſo depos'd.
War. Depos'd he ſhall be, in deſpight of all.
North. Thou art deceiv'd: 'tis not thy ſouthern power,
Of *Eſſex*, *Norfolk*, *Suffolk*, nor of *Kent*,—
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,—
Can ſet the duke up, in deſpight of me.
Clif. King *Henry*, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord *Clifford* vows to fight in thy defence:
May that ground gape, and ſwallow me alive,

Where I ſhall kneel to him that ſlew my father!
Kin. O *Clifford*, how thy words revive my heart!
Yor. *Henry* of *Lancaſter*, reſign thy crown :—
What mutter you, or what conſpire you, lords?
War. Do right unto this princely duke of *York*;
Or I will fill the houſe with armed men,
And, o'er the chair of ſtate, where now he ſits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.
[*ſtamps, and the Soldiers ſhew themſelves.*
Kin. My lord of *Warwick*, hear me but one word;—
Let me, for this my life-time, reign as king.
Yor. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,
And thou ſhalt reign in quiet while thou liv'ſt.
Kin. I am content: *Richard Plantagenet*,
Enjoy the kingdom after my deceaſe.
Cli. What wrong is this unto the prince your ſon?
War. What good is this to *England*, and himſelf?
Wes. Baſe, fearful, and deſpairing *Henry!*
Cli. How haſt thou injur'd both thyſelf and us?
Wes. I cannot ſtay to hear these articles.
North. Nor I.
Cli. Come, couſin, let's go tell the queen these news.
Wes. Farewel, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
In whose cold blood no ſpark of honour bides.
North. Be thou a prey unto the houſe of *York*,
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!
Cli. In dreadful war may'ſt thou be overcome!
Or live in peace, abandon'd, and deſpis'd!
[*Exeunt* Cli. Wes. *and* North.
War. Turn this way, *Henry*, and regard them not.
Exe. They ſeek revenge, and therefore will not yield.
Kin. Ah, *Exeter!*

War. Why ſhould you ſigh, my lord?
Kin. Not for myſelf, lord *Warwick*, but my ſon,
Whom I unnaturally ſhall diſ-inherit.
But, be it as it may: — I here entail
The crown to thee and to thine heirs for ever;
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath
To ceaſe this civil war, and, whilſt I live,
To honour me as thy king and ſovereign;
Neither by treaſon, nor hoſtility,
To ſeek to put me down, and reign thyſelf.
Yor. This oath I willingly take, and will perform.
[*coming from the Throne.*
War. Long live king *Henry!* — *Plantagenet*, embrace him.
Kin. And long live thou, and theſe thy forward ſons!
Yor. Now *York* and *Lancaſter* are reconcil'd.
Exe. Accurſ'd be he, that ſeeks to make them foes!
[*Flouriſh*; *and the Lords come forward.*
Yor. Farewel, my gracious lord; I'll to my caſtle.
War. And I'll keep *London* with my ſoldiers.
Nor. And I to *Norfolk*, with my followers.
Mou. And I unto the ſea, from whence I came.
Kin. " And I, with grief and ſorrow, to the court."
[*Exeunt* York, *and his* Sons, War.
Nor. Mou. *their Soldiers, and Att.*
Exe. Here comes the queen, whoſe looks bewray her anger:
I'll ſteal away.
Kin. *Exeter*, ſo will I. [*going.*

Enter the Queen, *and* Prince.

Que. Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.
Kin. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will ſtay.
Que. Who can be patient in ſuch extreams?

Ah, wretched man! 'would I had dy'd a maid,
And never ſeen thee, never born thee ſon,
Seeing thou haſt prov'd ſo unnatural a father!
Hath he deſerv'd to lose his birth-right thus?
Hadſt thou but lov'd him half ſo well as I;
Or felt that pain which I did for him once;
Or nouriſh'd him, as I did with my blood;
Thou wouldſt have left thy deareſt heart-blood there,
Rather than made that ſavage duke thine heir,
And diſ-inherited thine only ſon.
Pri. Father, you cannot diſ-inherit me:
If you be king, why ſhould not I ſucceed? [ſon;—
Kin. Pardon me, *Margaret*; — pardon me, ſweet
The earl of *Warwick*, and the duke, enforc'd me.
Que. Enforc'd thee! art thou king, and wilt be forc'd?
I ſhame to hear thee ſpeak. Ah, timerous wretch!
Thou haſt undone thyſelf, thy ſon, and me;
And given unto the houſe of *York* ſuch head,
As thou ſhalt reign but by their ſufferance:
To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
What is it, but to make thy ſepulcher,
And creep into it far before thy time?
Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of *Calais*;
Stern *Falconbridge* commands the narrow ſeas;
The duke is made protector of the realm;
And yet ſhalt thou be ſafe? ſuch ſafety finds
The trembling lamb, environed with wolves.
Had I been there, which am a ſilly woman,
The ſoldiers ſhould have toſſ'd me on their pikes,
Before I would have granted to that act.
But thou prefer'ſt thy life before thine honour:
And, ſeeing thou doſt, I here divorce myſelf,

Both from thy table, *Henry*, and thy bed,
Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,
Whereby my ſon is diſ-inherited.
The northern lords, that have forſworn thy colours,
Will follow mine, if once they ſee them ſpread:
And ſpread they ſhall be; to thy foul diſgrace,
And utter ruin of the houſe of *York*.
Thus do I leave thee: — Come, ſon, let's away;
Our army's ready, come, we'll after them.

Kin. Stay, gentle *Margaret*, and hear me ſpeak.

Que. Thou haſt ſpoke too much already; get thee gone.

Kin. Gentle ſon *Edward*, thou wilt ſtay with me?

Que. Ay, to be murther'd by his enemies.

Pri. When I return with victory from the field,
I'll ſee your grace: 'till then, I'll follow her.

Que. Come, ſon, away; we may not linger thus.
[*Exeunt* Queen, *and her* Son.

Kin. Poor queen! how love to me, and to her ſon,
Hath made her break out into terms of rage!
Reveng'd may ſhe be on that hateful duke;
Whose haughty ſpirit, winged with desire,
Will coſt my crown, and, like an empty eagle,
Tire on the fleſh of me, and of my ſon.
The loſs of those three lords torments my heart:
I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair; —
Come, cousin, you ſhall be the meſſenger.

Exe. And I, I hope, ſhall reconcile them all. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Sandal *Caſtle*, *near* Wakefield *in* Yorkſhire. *A Room in the Caſtle.*

Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, *and* MOUNTAGUE.

Ric. Brother, though I be youngeſt, give me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the orator.
Mou. But I have reaſons ſtrong and forceable.

Enter York.

Yor. Why, how now, ſons, and couſin, at a ſtrife?
What is your quarrel? how began it firſt?
Edw. No quarrel, but a ſlight contention.
Yor. About what?
Ric. About that which concerns your grace, and us;
The crown of *England*, father, which is yours.
Yor. Mine, boy? not 'till king *Henry* be dead.
Ric. Your right depends not on his life, or death.
Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving the houſe of *Lancaſter* leave to breath,
It will out-run you, father, in the end.
Yor. I took an oath, that he ſhould quietly reign.
Edw. But, for a kingdom, any oath may be broken:
I'd break a thouſand oaths, to reign one year.
Ric. No; God forbid, your grace ſhould be forſworn.
Yor. I ſhall be, if I claim by open war.
Ric. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me ſpeak.
Yor. Thou canſt not, ſon; it is impoſſible.
Ric. An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magiſtrate,
That hath authority over him that ſwears:
Henry had none, but did usurp the place;
Then, ſeeing 'twas he that made you to depoſe,
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
Therefore, to arms: And, father, do but think,
How ſweet a thing it is to wear a crown;
Within whoſe circuit is *Elyzium*,
And all that poets feign of bliſs and joy.
Why do we linger thus? I cannot reſt,

Until the white rose, that I wear, be dy'd
Even in the luke-warm blood of *Henry*'s heart.
Yor. *Richard*, enough; I will be king, or die.—
Couſin, thou ſhalt to *London* preſently,
And whet on *Warwick* to this enterprize.—
Thou, *Richard*, ſhalt to the duke of *Norfolk* go,
And tell him privily of our intent.—
You, *Edward*, ſhall unto my lord of *Cobham*,
With whom the *Kentiſhmen* will willingly riſe:
In them I truſt; for they are ſoldiers,
Witty, and courteous, liberal, full of ſpirit.—
While you are thus employ'd, what reſteth more,
But that I ſeek occaſion how to riſe;
And yet the king not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the houſe of *Lancaſter?*
Enter a Meſſenger, *haſtily.*
But, ſtay; What news?—Why com'ſt thou in ſuch poſt?
Meſ. The queen, with all the northern earls and lords,
Intend here to beſiege you in your caſtle:
She is hard by with twenty thouſand men;
And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.
Yor. Ay, with my ſword. What! think'ſt thou, that we fear them?—
Edward and *Richard*, you ſhall ſtay with me;—
My couſin *Mountague* ſhall poſt to *London:*
Let noble *Warwick*, *Cobham*, and the reſt,
Whom we have left protectors of the king,
With powerful policy ſtrengthen themſelves,
And truſt not ſimple *Henry*, nor his oaths.
Mou. Couſin, I go; I'll win them, fear it not:
And thus moſt humbly I do take my leave.
[*Exit* MOUNTAGUE.

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[31] Brother, I goe

Enter Sir John, *and Sir* Hugh MORTIMER.

YOR. Sir *John*, and ſir *Hugh Mortimer*, mine uncles!
You are come to *Sandal* in a happy hour;
The army of the queen mean to beſiege us.

Sir J. She ſhall not need, we'll meet her in the field.

YOR. What, with five thouſand men?

RIC. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.
A woman's general; What ſhould we fear?
[*March afar off.*

EDW. I hear their drums: Let's ſet our men in order;
And iſſue forth, and bid them battle ſtraight.

YOR. Five men to twenty!—though the odds be great,
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.
Many a battle have I won in *France*,
When as the enemy hath been ten to one;
Why ſhould I not now have the like ſucceſs?
[*Alarum. Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Plains near the Caſtle.*

Alarums, as a Battle join'd. Excurſions, and Parties flying. Enter, in the Rear of them, Edmund *Earl of* RUTLAND, *and his* Tutor.

RUT. Ah, whither ſhall I fly, to ſcape their hands!
Ah, tutor! look, where bloody *Clifford* comes!

Enter CLIFFORD, *and Soldiers, purſuing.*

CLI. Chaplain, away! thy prieſthood ſaves thy life.
As for the brat of this accurſed duke,—
His father ſlew my father, he ſhall die.

Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

CLI. Soldiers, away with him.

Tut. Ah, *Clifford*, murther not this innocent child,
Leſt thou be hated both of God and man. [*Exit, forc'd off.*

Cli. How now! is he dead already? Or, is it fear,
That makes him close his eyes? — I'll open them.
Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws:
And ſo he walks, inſulting o'er his prey;
And ſo he comes, to rend his limbs aſunder. —
Ah, gentle *Clifford*, kill me with thy ſword,
And not with ſuch a cruel threat'ning look.
Sweet *Clifford*, hear me ſpeak before I die; —
I am too mean a ſubject for thy wrath;
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live. [blood
Cli. In vain thou ſpeak'ſt, poor boy; my father's
Hath ſtopt the paſſage where thy words ſhould enter.
Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again;
He is a man, and, *Clifford*, cope with him.
Cli. Had I thy brethren here, their lives, and thine,
Were not revenge ſufficient for me:
No, if I dig'd up thy fore-fathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not ſlake mine ire, nor eaſe my heart.
The ſight of any of the houſe of *York*
Is as a fury to torment my ſoul;
And 'till I root out their accurſed line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore —
Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death: —
To thee I pray; Sweet *Clifford*, pity me!
Cli. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.
Rut. I never did thee harm; Why wilt thou ſlay me?
Cli. Thy father hath.
Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.
Thou haſt one ſon, for his ſake pity me;

Leſt, in revenge thereof,—ſith God is juſt,—
He be as miſerably ſlain as I.
Ah, let me live in priſon all my days;
And when I give occaſion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou haſt no cauſe.
Cli. No cauſe?
Thy father ſlew my father; therefore, die.
[*ſtabbing him.*
Rut. Dii faciant, laudis ſumma ſit iſta tuæ! [*dies.*
Cli. Plantagenet! I come, *Plantagenet!*
And this thy ſon's blood, cleaving to my blade,
Shall ruſt upon my weapon, 'till thy blood,
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The ſame. Another Part of them.*

Alarums, &c. *Enter* York.

Yor. The army of the queen hath got the field:
My uncles both are ſlain, in reſcuing me;
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back, and fly, like ſhips before the wind,
Or lambs purſu'd by hunger-ſtarved wolves.
My ſons — God knows, what hath bechanced them:
But this I know, They have demean'd themſelves
Like men born to renown, by life, or death.
Three times did *Richard* make a lane to me;
And thrice cry'd,—*Courage, father! fight it out!*
And full as oft came *Edward* to my ſide,
With purple falchion, painted to the hilt
In blood of thoſe that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardieſt warriors did retire,
Richard cry'd,—*Charge! and give no foot of ground!*
And cry'd—*A crown, or elſe a glorious tomb!*

A ſcepter, or an earthly ſepulcher!
With this, we charg'd again: but (out, alas!)
We bodg'd again; as I have ſeen a ſwan
With bootleſs labour ſwim againſt the tide,
And ſpend her ſtrength with over-matching waves.
[*Alarum heard.*
Ah, hark! the fatal followers do purſue;
And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury:
And, were I ſtrong, I would not ſhun their fury:
The ſands are number'd, that make up my life;
Here muſt I ſtay, and here my life muſt end.
Enter Queen, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND,
and Soldiers.
Come, bloody *Clifford*, — rough *Northumberland*, —
I dare your quenchleſs fury to more rage;
I am your but, and I abide your ſhot.
NORTH. Yield to our mercy, proud *Plantagenet.*
CLI. Ay, to ſuch mercy, as his ruthleſs arm,
With downright payment, ſhew'd unto my father.
Now *Phaeton* hath tumbl'd from his car,
And made an evening at the noon-tide prick.
YOR. My aſhes, as the phœnix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all:
And, in that hope, I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?
CLI. So cowards fight, when they can fly no farther;
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So deſperate thieves, all hopeleſs of their lives,
Breath out invectives 'gainſt the officers.
YOR. O, *Clifford*, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time:

And, if thou canſt for bluſhing, view this face;
And bite thy tongue, that ſlanders him with cowardiſe
Whoſe frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.
Cli. I will not bandy with thee word for word;
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.
[*aſſailing him.*
Que. Hold, valiant *Clifford!* for a thouſand cauſes,
I would prolong a while the traitor's life: —
Wrath makes him deaf; ſpeak thou, *Northumberland.*
North. Hold, *Clifford*; do not honour him ſo much,
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thruſt his hand between his teeth,
When he might ſpurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize, to take all vantages;
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.
[*joins with* Cli.
Cli. Ay, ay, ſo ſtrives the woodcock with the gin.
North. So doth the coney ſtruggle in the net.
Yor. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
So true men yield, with robbers ſo o'er-match'd.
[*falls his Sword.*
North. What would your grace have done unto him now?
Que. Brave warriors, *Clifford*, and *Northumberland*,
Come make him ſtand upon this mole-hill here;
That raught at mountains with out-ſtretched arms,
Yet parted but the ſhadow with his hand. —
What! was it you, that would be *England*'s king?
Was't you, that revel'd in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high deſcent?
Where are your meſs of ſons, to back you now?
The wanton *Edward*, and the luſty *George*?

And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that, with his grumbling voice,
Was wont to chear his dad in mutinies?
Or, with the reſt, where is your darling *Rutland?*
Look, *York*; I ſtain'd this † napkin with the blood
That valiant *Clifford*, with his rapier's point,
Made iſſue from the bosom of the boy:
And, if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this † to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas, poor *York!* but that I hate thee deadly,
I ſhould lament thy miserable ſtate.
I pr'ythee, grieve, to make me merry, *York*.
What, hath thy fiery heart ſo parch'd thine entrails,
That not a tear can fall for *Rutland*'s death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou ſhould'ſt be mad;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may ſing and dance.
Thou would'ſt be fee'd, I ſee, to make me ſport;
York cannot ſpeak, unleſs he wear a crown. —
A crown for *York*; — and, lords, bow low to him. —
[*they give her a paper Crown.*
Hold you his hands, whilſt I do ſet it on. —
[*puts it upon his Head.*
Ay, marry, ſir, now looks he like a king!
Ay, this is he that took king *Henry*'s chair;
And this is he was his adopted heir. —
But how is it, that great *Plantagenet*
Is crown'd ſo ſoon, and broke his ſolemn oath?
As I bethink me, you ſhould not be king,
'Till our king *Henry* had ſhook hands with death.
And will you pale your head in *Henry*'s glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem,

Now in his life, againſt your holy oath?
O, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable! —
Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head;
And, whilſt we breath, take time to do him dead.
Cli. That is my office, for my father's death.
Que. Nay, ſtay; let's hear the orisons he makes.
Yor. She-wolf of *France*, but worſe than wolves of *France*,
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!
How ill-beſeeming is it in thy ſex,
To triumph, like an *Amazonian* trull,
Upon their woes, whom fortune captivates?
But that thy face is vizard-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with uſe of evil deeds,
I would aſſay, proud queen, to make thee bluſh:
To tell thee whence thou cam'ſt, of whom deriv'd,
Were ſhame enough to ſhame thee, wert thou not ſhameleſs.
Thy father bears the type of king of *Naples*,
Of both the *Sicils*, and *Jerusalem*;
Yet not ſo wealthy as an *Engliſh* yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to inſult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen;
Unleſs the adage muſt be verify'd,—
That beggars, mounted, run their horſe to death.
'Tis beauty, that doth oft make women proud;
But, God he knows, thy ſhare thereof is ſmall:
'Tis virtue, that doth make them moſt admir'd;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:
'Tis government, that makes them ſeem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable:
Thou art as opposite to every good,
As the *Antipodes* are unto us,

Or as the ſouth to the *Septentrion.*
O tygreſs' heart, wrapt in a woman's hide!
How could'ſt thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be ſeen to bear a woman's face?
Women are ſoft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou ſtern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorſeleſs.
Bid'ſt thou me rage? why, now thou haſt thy wiſh:
Would'ſt have me weep? why, now thou haſt thy will:
For raging wind blows up inceſſant ſhowers,
And, when the rage allays, the rain begins.
These tears are my ſweet *Rutland*'s obſequies;
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,—
'Gainſt thee, fell *Clifford*,—and thee, falſe *French*-woman.
North. Beſhrew me, but his paſſions move me ſo,
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.
York. That face of his the hungry cannibals [blood:
Would not have touch'd, would not have ſtain'd with
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,—
O, ten times more,— than tygers of *Hyrcania.*
See, ruthleſs queen, a hapleſs father's tears:
This cloth thou dip'dſt in blood of my ſweet boy,
And I with tears do waſh the blood away.
Keep thou † the napkin, and go boaſt of this:
And, if thou tell'ſt the heavy ſtory right,
Upon my ſoul, the hearers will ſhed tears;
Yea, even my foes will ſhed faſt-falling tears,
And ſay,— Alas, it was a piteous deed!
There, take † the crown, and, with the crown, my curſe;
And, in thy need, ſuch comfort come to thee,
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!—
Hard-hearted *Clifford*, take me from the world;

My ſoul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!
North. Had he been ſlaughter-man of all my kin,
I could not for my life but weep with him,
To ſee how inly ſorrow gripes his ſoul.
Que. What, weeping ripe, my lord *Northumberland?*
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears. [death.
Cli. Here's † for my oath, here's † for my father's
Que. And here's † to right our gentle-hearted king.
[*ſtabbing him.*
Yor. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
My ſoul flies through theſe wounds to ſeek out thee.
[*dies.*
Que. Off with his head, and ſet it on *York* gates; —
So *York* may over-look the town of *York.* [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Plain in* Hereford-*ſhire.*

Drums. Enter Edward, *and* Richard, *with Forces, marching.*

Edw. I wonder, how our princely father 'ſcap'd;
Or whether he be 'ſcap'd away, or no,
From *Clifford*'s and *Northumberland*'s purſuit:
Had he been ta'en, we ſhould have heard the news;
Had he been ſlain, we ſhould have heard the news;
Or, had he 'ſcap'd, methinks, we ſhould have heard
The happy tidings of his good eſcape. —
How fares our brother? why is he ſo ſad?
Ric. I cannot joy, until I be reſolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become.

I ſaw him in the battle range about;
And watch'd him, how he ſingl'd *Clifford* forth.
Methought, he bore him in the thickeſt troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of neat:
Or as a bear, encompaſſ'd round with dogs;
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
The reſt ſtand all aloof, and bark at him:
So far'd our father with his enemies,
So fled his enemies my warlike father;
Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his ſon.
See, how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewel of the glorious ſun!
How well reſembles it the prime of youth,
Trim'd like a yonker, prancing to his love?
EDW. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I ſee three ſuns?
RIC. Three glorious ſuns, each one a perfect ſun;
Not ſeparated by the racking clouds,
But ſever'd in a pale clear-ſhining ſky.
See, ſee! they join, embrace, and ſeem to kiſs,
As if they vow'd ſome league inviolable:
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one ſun.
In this the heaven figures ſome event. [of.
EDW. 'Tis wond'rous ſtrange, the like yet never heard
I think, it cites us, brother, to the field;
That we, the ſons of brave *Plantagenet*,
Each one already blazing by our meeds,
Should, notwithſtanding, join our lights together,
And over-ſhine the earth, as this the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair ſhining ſuns. [it,
RIC. Nay, bear three daughters; by your leave I ſpeak
You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Meſſenger.

But what art thou, whoſe heavy looks fore-tell
Some dreadful ſtory hanging on thy tongue?
Meſ. Ah, one that was a woful looker-on,
When as the noble duke of *York* was ſlain,
Your princely father, and my loving lord.
Edw. O, ſpeak no more! for I have heard too much.
Ric. Say how he dy'd, for I will hear it all.
Meſ. Environed he was with many foes;
And ſtood againſt them, as the hope of *Troy*
Againſt the *Greeks*, that would have enter'd *Troy*.
But *Hercules* himſelf muſt yield to odds;
And many ſtrokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardeſt-timber'd oak.
By many hands your father was ſubdu'd;
But only ſlaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting *Clifford*, and the queen:
Who crown'd the gracious duke, in high deſpight;
Laugh'd in his face; and, when with grief he wept,
The ruthleſs queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,
A napkin ſteeped in the harmleſs blood
Of ſweet young *Rutland*, by rough *Clifford* ſlain:
And, after many ſcorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of *York*
They ſet the ſame; and there it doth remain,
The ſaddeſt ſpectacle that e'er I view'd.
Edw. Sweet duke of *York*, our prop to lean upon;
Now thou art gone, we have no ſtaff, no ſtay! —
O *Clifford*, boiſtrous *Clifford*, thou haſt ſlain
The flower of *Europe* for his chivalry;
And treacherouſly haſt thou vanquiſh'd him,
For, hand to hand, he would have vanquiſh'd thee! —

14 Hewes downe and fells

Now my ſoul's palace is become a priſon:
Ah, would ſhe break from hence! that this my body
Might in the ground be cloſed up in reſt:
For never henceforth ſhall I joy again;
Never, o, never, ſhall I ſee more joy.

Ric. I cannot weep; for all my body's moiſture
Scarce ſerves to quench my furnace-burning heart:
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burthen;
For ſelf-ſame wind, that I ſhould ſpeak withal,
Is kindling coals, that fire all my breaſt,
And burn me up with flames, that tears would quench.
To weep, is to make leſs the depth of ſorrow:
Tears, then, for babes; blows, and revenge, for me!—
Richard, I bear thy name, I'll venge thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee;
His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Ric. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Shew thy deſcent by gazing 'gainſt the ſun:
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom ſay;
Either that is thine, or elſe thou wert not his.

Drums. Enter Warwick, Mountague, *and Others, with Forces.*

War. How now, fair lords? What fare? what news abroad?

Ric. Great lord of *Warwick*, if we ſhould recount
Our baleful news, and, at each word's deliverance,
Stab poniards in our fleſh, 'till all were told,
The words would add more anguiſh than the wounds.
O valiant lord, the duke of *York* is ſlain.

Edw. Ah, *Warwick*, *Warwick*, that *Plantagenet*
Which held thee dearly, as his ſoul's redemption,

[10] fires all my breſt, | And burnes

Is by the ſtern lord *Clifford* done to death!
WAR. Ten days ago, I drown'd these news in tears:
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things ſince then befall'n.
After the bloody fray at *Wakefield* fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his lateſt gaſp,
Tidings, as ſwiftly as the poſts could run,
Were brought me of your loſs, and his depart.
I then in *London*, keeper of the king,
Muſter'd my ſoldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
March'd toward Saint *Alban*'s to intercept the queen,
Bearing the king in my behalf along:
For by my ſcouts I was advertised,
That ſhe was coming with a full intent
To daſh our late decree in parliament,
Touching king *Henry*'s oath, and your ſucceſſion.
Short tale to make,— We at Saint *Alban*'s met,
Our battles join'd, and both ſides fiercely fought:
But, whether 'twas the coldneſs of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
That rob'd my ſoldiers of their heated ſpleen;
Or whether 'twas report of her ſucceſs;
Or more than common fear of *Clifford*'s rigour,
Who thunders to his captives — blood and death,
I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
Our ſoldiers' — like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like an idle threſher with a flail,—
Fell gently down, as if they ſtruck their friends.
I cheer'd them up with juſtice of the cause,
With promise of high pay and great rewards:
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,

And we (in them) no hope to win the day,
So that we fled; the king, unto the queen;
Lord *George* your brother, *Norfolk*, and myſelf,
In haſte, poſt haſte, are come to join with you;
For in the marches here, we heard, you were,
Making another head to fight again.
Edw. Where is the duke of *Norfolk*, gentle *Warwick?*
And when came *George* from *Burgundy* to *England?*
War. Some ſix miles off the duke is with his power:
And for your brother,—he was lately ſent,
From your kind aunt, dutcheſs of *Burgundy*,
With aid of ſoldiers to this needful war.
Ric. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant *Warwick* fled:
Oft have I heard his praiſes in purſuit;
But ne'er, 'till now, his ſcandal of retire.
War. Nor now my ſcandal, *Richard*, doſt thou hear:
For thou ſhalt know, this ſtrong right-hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint *Henry*'s head,
And wring the awful ſcepter from his fiſt;
Were he as famous and as bold in war,
As he is fam'd for mildneſs, peace, and prayer.
Ric. I know it well, lord *Warwick:* blame me not;
'Tis love, I bear thy glories, makes me ſpeak.
But, in this troublous time, what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of ſteel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numb'ring our *Ave-maries* with our beads?
Or ſhall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the laſt, ſay—Ay, and to it, lords.
War. Why, therefore *Warwick* came to ſeek you out;
And therefore comes my brother *Mountague*.

Attend me, lords. The proud inſulting queen,
With *Clifford*, and the haught *Northumberland*,
And, of their feather, many more proud birds,
Have wrought the eaſy-melting king like wax:
He ſwore conſent to your ſucceſſion,
His oath enrolled in the parliament;
And now to *London* all the crew are gone,
To fruſtrate both his oath, and what beſide
May make againſt the houſe of *Lancaſter*.
Their power, I think, is thirty thouſand ſtrong:
Now, if the help of *Norfolk*, and myſelf,
With all the friends that thou, brave earl of *March*,
Among the loving *Welſhmen* canſt procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thouſand,
Why, *via!* to *London* will we march amain;
And once again beſtride our foaming ſteeds,
And once again cry — Charge upon the foe,
But never once again turn back and fly.
Ric. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great *Warwick* ſpeak:
Ne'er may he live to ſee a ſun-ſhine day,
That cries — Retire, when *Warwick* bids him ſtay.
Edw. Lord *Warwick*, on thy ſhoulder will I lean;
And when thou fail'ſt, (as God forbid the hour!)
Muſt *Edward* fall, Which peril heaven forefend!
War. No longer earl of *March*, but duke of *York*;
The next degree is, *England*'s royal king:
For king of *England* ſhalt thou be proclaim'd
In every borough as we paſs along;
And he, that caſts not up his cap for joy,
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King *Edward*, — valiant *Richard*, — *Mountague*, —
Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,

But ſound the trumpets, and about our taſk.
RIC. Then, *Clifford*, were thy heart as hard as ſteel,
(As thou haſt ſhewn it flinty by thy deeds)
I come to pierce it,—or to give thee mine. [for us!
EDW. Then ſtrike up, drums;—God, and ſaint *George*,
Enter a Meſſenger.
WAR. How now? what news?
Meſ. The duke of *Norfolk* ſends you word by me,
The queen is coming with a puiſſant hoſt;
And craves your company for ſpeedy counſel.
WAR. Why then it ſorts, brave warriors: Let's away.
[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE II. *Before* York.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, marching,
King Henry, *and* Queen, Prince, CLIFFORD,
NORTHUMBERLAND, *and Forces.*

Que. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of *York.*
Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy,
That ſought to be encompaſſ'd with your crown:
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?
Kin. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their
To ſee this ſight, it irks my very ſoul:— [wreck;—
With-hold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow.
CLI. My gracious liege, this too much lenity,
And harmful pity, muſt be lay'd aſide.
To whom do lions caſt their gentle looks?
Not to the beaſt that would uſurp their den.
Whoſe hand is that, the foreſt bear doth lick?
Not his, that ſpoils her young before her face.
Who 'ſcapes the lurking ſerpent's mortal ſting?

Not he, that ſets his foot upon her back.
The ſmalleſt worm will turn, being trodden on;
And doves will peck, in ſafe-guard of their brood.
Ambitious *York* did level at thy crown,
Thou ſmiling, while he knit his angry brows:
He, but a duke, would have his ſon a king,
And raise his iſſue like a loving ſire;
Thou, being a king, bleſt with a goodly ſon,
Didſt yield conſent to diſ-inherit him,
Which argu'd thee a moſt unloving father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young:
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not ſeen them, even with those wings
Which ſometime they have us'd in fearful flight,
Make war with him that climb'd unto their neſt,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
For ſhame, my liege, make them your precedent!
Were it not pity, that this † goodly boy
Should lose his birth-right by his father's fault;
And long hereafter ſay unto his child,—
What my great-grandfather and grandſire got,
My careleſs father fondly gave away?
Ah, what a ſhame were this! Look on the boy;
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Succeſsful fortune, ſteel thy melting heart,
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.
Kin. Full well hath *Clifford* play'd the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But, *Clifford*, tell me, didſt thou never hear,—
That things ill-got had ever bad ſucceſs?
And happy always was it for that ſon,

Whoſe father for his hoarding went to hell?
I'll leave my ſon my virtuous deeds behind;
And 'would, my father had left me no more!
For all the reſt is held at ſuch a rate,
As brings a thouſand fold more care to keep,
Than in poſſeſſion any jot of pleaſure. —
Ah, couſin *York!* 'would, thy beſt friends did know,
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here! [nigh,
Que. My lord, cheer up your ſpirits; our foes are
And this ſoft courage makes your followers faint.
You promis'd knighthood to our forward ſon;
Unſheath your ſword, and dub him preſently: —
Edward, kneel down.
Kin. *Edward Plantagenet,* ariſe a knight;
And learn this leſſon,— Draw thy ſword in right.
Pri. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel uſe it to the death.
Cli. Why, that is ſpoken like a toward prince.
Enter a Meſſenger.
Meſ. Royal commanders, be in readineſs:
For, with a band of thirty thouſand men,
Comes *Warwick,* backing of the duke of *York*;
And, in the towns as they do march along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him:
Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.
Cli. I would, your highneſs would depart the field;
The queen hath beſt ſucceſs when you are abſent.
Que. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.
Kin. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore I'll ſtay.
North. Be it with reſolution then to fight.
Pri. My royal father, cheer theſe noble lords,

And hearten thoſe that fight in your defence:
Unſheath your ſword, good father; cry, *Saint* George!

Drums. Enter EDWARD, *Duke of* York; *with*
GEORGE, *and* RICHARD, *his Brothers*; WARWICK,
Norfolk, Mountague, *and Soldiers*.

EDW. Now, perjur'd *Henry*, wilt thou kneel for grace;
And ſet thy diadem upon my head;
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

Que. Go rate thy minions, proud inſulting boy:
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms,
Before thy ſovereign, and thy lawful king?

EDW. I am his king, and he ſhould bow his knee;
I was adopted heir by his conſent:
Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,
You — that are king, though he do wear the crown,—
Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own ſon in.

CLI. And reaſon too;
Who ſhould ſucceed the father, but the ſon?

RIC. Art thou there, butcher? — O, I cannot ſpeak!

CLI. Ay, crook-back; here I ſtand, to anſwer thee,
Or any he the proudeſt of thy ſort.

RIC. 'Twas you that kill'd young *Rutland*, was it not?

CLI. Ay, and old *York*, and yet not ſatiſfy'd.

RIC. For God's ſake, lords, give ſignal to the fight.

WAR. What ſay'ſt thou, *Henry*, wilt thou yield the crown?

Que. Why, how now, long-tongu'd *Warwick*? dare you ſpeak?
When you and I met at Saint *Alban*'s laſt,
Your legs did better ſervice than your hands.

WAR. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.

CLI. You ſaid ſo much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not your valour, *Clifford*, drove me thence.
North. No, nor your manhood, that durſt make you ſtay.
Ric. *Northumberland*, I hold thee reverently;—
Break off the parley; for ſcarce I can refrain
The execution of my big ſwoln heart
Upon that *Clifford* there, that cruel child-killer.
Cli. I ſlew thy father; Call'ſt thou him a child?
Ric. Ay, like a daſtard, and a treacherous coward,
As thou didſt kill our tender brother *Rutland*;
But, ere ſun-ſet, I'll make thee curſe the deed. [ſpeak.
Kin. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me
Que. Defy them then, or elſe hold cloſe thy lips.
Kin. I pr'ythee, give no limits to my tongue;
I am a king, and priviledg'd to ſpeak.
Cli. My liege, the wound, that bred this meeting here,
Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be ſtill.
Ric. Then, executioner, unſheath thy ſword:
By him that made us all, I am reſolv'd,
That *Clifford*'s manhood lies upon his tongue.
Edw. Say, *Henry*, ſhall I have my right, or no?
A thouſand men have broke their faſts to-day,
That ne'er ſhall dine, unleſs thou yield the crown.
War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
For *York* in juſtice puts his armour on.
Pri. If that be right, which *Warwick* ſays is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.
Ric. Whoever got thee, there thy mother ſtands;
For, well I wot, thou haſt thy mother's tongue.
Que. But thou art neither like thy ſire, nor dam;
But like a foul miſ-ſhapen ſtigmatick,
Mark'd by the deſtinies to be avoided,
As venom'd toads, or lizards' dreadful ſtings.

Ric. Iron of *Naples*, hid with *Engliſh* gilt,
Whoſe father bears the title of a king,
(As if a channel ſhould be call'd the ſea)
Sham'ſt thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy baſe-born heart?

Edw. A wiſp of ſtraw were worth a thouſand crowns,
To make this ſhameleſs callet know herſelf.—
Helen of *Greece* was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be *Menelaus*;
And ne'er was *Agamemnon*'s brother wrong'd
By that falſe woman, as this † king by thee.
His father revel'd in the heart of *France*,
And tam'd the king, and made the dauphin ſtoop;
And, had he † match'd according to his ſtate,
He might have kept that glory to this day:
But, when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor ſire with his bridal day;
Even then that ſun-ſhine brew'd a ſhower for him,
That waſh'd his father's fortunes forth of *France*,
And heap'd ſedition on his crown at home.
For what hath broach'd this tumult, but thy pride?
Hadſt thou been meek, our title ſtill had ſlept;
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had ſlipt our claim until another age.

Geo. But, when we ſaw our ſun-ſhine made thy ſpring,
And that thy ſummer bred us no encreaſe,
We ſet the axe to thy usurping root:
And though the edge hath ſomething hit ourſelves,
Yet, know thou, ſince we have begun to ſtrike,
We'll never leave, 'till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edw. And, in this reſolution, I defy thee;

Not willing any further conference,
Since thou deny'ſt the gentle king to ſpeak. —
Sound, trumpets! — let our bloody colours wave! —
And either victory, or elſe a grave.

Que. Stay, *Edward.*

Edw. No, wrangling woman, I'll no longer ſtay:
Thy words will coſt ten thousand lives to-day.
[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE III. *The ſame. A Field of Battle.*

Alarums. Excurſions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Fore-ſpent with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breath:
For ſtrokes receiv'd, and many blows repay'd,
Have rob'd my ſtrong-knit ſinews of their ſtrength,
That, ſpight of ſpight, needs muſt I reſt a while.

Enter EDWARD, *running.*

Edw. Smile, gentle heaven! or ſtrike, ungentle death!
For this world frowns, and *Edward*'s ſun is clouded.

War. How now, my lord? what hap? what hope of good?

Enter GEORGE.

Geo. Our hap is loſs, our hope but ſad deſpair;
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us:
What counſel give you? whither ſhall we fly?

Edw. Bootleſs is flight, they follow us with wings;
And weak we are, and cannot ſhun purſuit.

Enter RICHARD.

Ric. Ah, *Warwick*, why haſt thou withdrawn thyſelf?
Thy brother's blood the thirſty earth hath drunk,
Broach'd with the ſteely point of *Clifford*'s lance:
And, in the very pangs of death, he cry'd,
Like to a diſmal clangor heard from far,—

Warwick, *revenge! brother, revenge my death!*
So underneath the belly of their ſteeds,
That ſtain'd their fet-locks in his ſmoaking blood,
The noble gentleman gave up the ghoſt.
War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
I'll kill my horſe, because I will not fly.
Why ſtand we like ſoft-hearted women here,
Wailing our loſſes, while the foe doth rage;
And look upon, as if the tragedy
Were play'd in jeſt by counterfeiting actors?
Here on my † knee I vow to God above,
I'll never pause again, never ſtand ſtill,
'Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
Or fortune giv'n me measure of revenge.
Edw. O *Warwick*, I do bend † my knee with thine;
And, in this vow, do chain my ſoul to thine. —
And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to Thee,
Thou ſetter up and plucker down of kings;
Beſeeching thee,— if with thy will it ſtands,
That to my foes this body muſt be prey,—
Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
And give ſweet paſſage to my ſinful ſoul! —
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where-e'er it be, in heaven, or in earth.
Ric. Brother, give me thy hand; — and, gentle *Warwick,*
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms: —
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe,
That winter ſhould cut off our ſpring-time ſo.
War. Away, away! Once more, ſweet lords, farewel.
Geo. Yet let us all together to our troops:
And give them leave to fly that will not ſtay:

And call them pillars, that will ſtand to us;
And, if we thrive, promiſe them ſuch rewards
As victors wear at the *Olympian* games :
This may plant courage in their quailing breaſts;
For yet is hope of life, and victory.
Fore-ſlow no longer, make we hence amain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The ſame. Another Part of it.*

Excurſions. Enter RICHARD, *and* CLIFFORD.

RIC. Now, *Clifford*, I have ſingl'd thee alone :
Suppoſe, this arm is for the duke of *York*,
And this for *Rutland*; both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

CLI. Now, *Richard*, I am with thee here alone :
This is the hand, that ſtab'd thy father *York*;
And this the hand, that ſlew thy brother *Rutland*;
And here's the heart, that triumphs in their death,
And cheers theſe hands, that ſlew thy ſire and brother,
To execute the like upon thyſelf;
And ſo, have at thee. [*they fight.*

Enter Warwick, *as joining* Richard;
CLIFFORD *flies.*

RIC. Nay, *Warwick*, ſingle out ſome other chace;
For I myſelf will hunt this wolf to death. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The ſame. Another Part.*

Alarums. Enter King Henry.

Kin. This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light;
What time the ſhepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
Now ſways it this way, like a mighty ſea,

Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;
Now ſways it that way, like the ſelf-ſame ſea,
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind:
Sometime, the flood prevails; and then, the wind;
Now, one the better; then, another beſt;
Both tugging to be victors, breaſt to breaſt,
Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered:
So is the equal poize of this fell war.
Here on this mole-hill will I ſit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory!
For *Margaret* my queen, and *Clifford* too,
Have chid me from the battle; ſwearing both,
They proſper beſt of all when I am thence.
'Would, I were dead! if God's good will were ſo:
For what is in this world, but grief and woe?
O God! methinks, it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely ſwain;
To ſit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to ſee the minutes how they run:
How many make the hour full compleat,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finiſh up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the time:
So many hours muſt I tend my flock,
So many hours muſt I take my reſt,
So many hours muſt I cóntemplate,
So many hours muſt I ſport myſelf;
So many days my ewes have been with young,
So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean,
So many years ere I ſhall ſhear the fleece:

21 makes 25 Times

So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
Paſt over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how ſweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn buſh a ſweeter ſhade
To ſhepherds, looking on their ſilly ſheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings, that fear their ſubjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thouſand fold it doth.
And to conclude,— the ſhepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted ſleep under a freſh tree's ſhade,
All which ſecure and ſweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands ſparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, miſtruſt, and treaſon waits on him.

Alarums. Enter a Son *that has kill'd his Father, dragging in the Body.*

Son. Ill blows the wind, that profits nobody.
This man, whom hand to hand I ſlew in fight,
May be poſſeſſed with ſome ſtore of crowns:
And I, that (haply) take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To ſome man elſe, as this dead man doth me.
[*goes to rifle him.*
Who's this?—O God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd.
O heavy times, begetting ſuch events!
From *London* by the king was I preſs'd forth;
My father, being the earl of *Warwick*'s man,
Came on the part of *York*, preſs'd by his maſter;

And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.—
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!—
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!—
My tears ſhall wipe away these bloody marks;
And no more words, 'till they have flow'd their fill.
Kin. O piteous ſpectacle! o bloody times!
Whilſt lions war, and battle for their dens,
Poor harmleſs lambs abide their enmity.—
Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear;
And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.

Enter a Father *that has kill'd his Son, bringing in the Body.*

Fat. Thou that ſo ſtoutly haſt resiſted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou haſt any gold;
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.—
But let me ſee! is this our foe-man's face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only ſon!—
Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye; ſee, ſee, what ſhowers arise,
Blown by the windy tempeſt of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!—
O, pity, God, this miserable age!—
What ſtratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!—
O boy, thy father gave thee life too late,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too ſoon!
Kin. Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!
O, that my death would ſtay these ruthful deeds!—
O, pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!—

15 hath 23 killes 25 Stragems

The red roſe and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our ſtriving houſes:
The one, his purple blood right well reſembles;
The other, his pale cheek (methinks) preſenteth:
Wither one roſe, and let the other flouriſh!
If you contend, a thouſand lives muſt wither.
Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,
Take on with me, and ne'er be ſatiſfy'd?
Fat. How will my wife, for ſlaughter of my ſon,
Shed ſeas of tears, and ne'er be ſatiſfy'd?
Kin. How will the country, for theſe woful chances,
Miſ-think the king, and not be ſatiſfy'd?
Son. Was ever ſon, ſo ru'd a father's death?
Fat. Was ever father, ſo bemoan'd his ſon?
Kin. Was ever king, ſo griev'd for ſubjects' woe?
Much is your ſorrow; mine, ten times ſo much.
Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.
[*Exit, with the Body.*
Fat. Theſe arms of mine ſhall be thy winding-ſheet;
My heart, ſweet boy, ſhall be thy ſepulcher;
For from my heart thine image ne'er ſhall go:
My ſighing breaſt ſhall be thy funeral bell;
And ſo obſequious will thy father be,
Even for the loſs of thee, having no more,
As *Priam* was for all his valiant ſons.
I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,
For I have murther'd where I ſhould not kill.
[*Exit, with the Body.*
Kin. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
Here ſits a king more woful than you are.

Alarums. Excurſions. Enter the Queen, Prince,
EXETER, *and Others, haſtily.*

4 Checkes 24 Men for

Pri. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
And *Warwick* rages like a chafed bull:
Away! for death doth hold us in purſuit.

Que. Mount you, my lord, towards *Berwick* poſt amain:
Edward and *Richard*, like a brace of greyhounds
Having the fearful flying hare in ſight,
With fiery eyes, ſparkling for very wrath,
And bloody ſteel graſpt in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

Exe. Away! for vengeance comes along with them:
Nay, ſtay not to expoſtulate, make ſpeed;
Or elſe come after, I'll away before.

Kin. Nay, take me with thee, good ſweet *Exeter*;
Not that I fear to ſtay, but love to go
Whither the queen intends. Forward; away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The ſame.*

A loud Alarum. Enter CLIFFORD, *wounded.*

Cli. Here burns my candle out, ay, here it dies, [*ſinks.*
Which, whilſt it laſted, gave king *Henry* light.
Ah, *Lancaſter*, I fear thine over-throw,
More than my body's parting with my ſoul:
My love, and fear, glew'd many friends to thee;
And, now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt.
Impairing *Henry*, ſtrength'ning miſproud *York*,
The common people ſwarm like ſummer flies:
And whither fly the gnats, but to the ſun?
And who ſhines now, but *Henry*'s enemy?
O *Phœbus*, hadſt thou never given conſent
That *Phaeton* ſhould check thy fiery ſteeds,
Thy burning car never had ſcorch'd the earth:

And, *Henry*, hadſt thou ſway'd as kings ſhould do,
And as thy father, and his father, did,
Giving no ground unto the houſe of *York*,
I, and ten thouſand in this luckleſs realm,
Had left no mourning widows for our deaths,
And thou this day hadſt kept thy chair in peace.
For what doth cheriſh weeds, but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold, but too much lenity?
Bootleſs are plaints, and cureleſs are my wounds;
No way to fly, nor ſtrength to hold out flight:
The foe is mercileſs, and will not pity;
And, at their hands, I have deserv'd no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuſe of blood doth make me faint: —
Come, *York*, and *Richard*, *Warwick*, and the reſt;
I ſtab'd your fathers' boſoms, ſplit my breaſt. [*faints.*

Drums. Enter EDWARD; GEORGE, *and* RICHARD, *his Brothers*; WARWICK, Mountague, *and Forces.* [pause,

EDW. Now breath we, lords; good fortune bids us
And ſmooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks. —
Some troops purſue the bloody-minded queen; —
That led calm *Henry*, though he were a king,
As doth a ſail, fill'd with a fretting guſt,
Command an argoſy to ſtem the waves.
But think you, lords, that *Clifford* fled with them?

WAR. No, 'tis impoſſible he ſhould eſcape:
For, though before his face I ſpeak the words,
Your brother *Richard* mark'd him for the grave;
And, whereſoe'er he is, he's ſurely dead.
[Clifford *groans.*

EDW. Who's ſoul is that which takes her heavy leave?

Ric. A deadly groan, like life in death departing.
Edw. See who it is: and, now the battle's ended,
If friend, or foe, let him be gently us'd.
Ric. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis *Clifford*;
Who not contented that he lop'd the branch
In hewing *Rutland* when his leaves put forth,
But ſet his murd'ring knife unto the root
From whence that tender ſpray did ſweetly ſpring,
I mean, our princely father, duke of *York*.
War. From off the gates of *York* fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which *Clifford* placed there:
Inſtead whereof, let his ſupply the room;
Meaſure for meaſure muſt be anſwered.
Edw. Bring forth that fatal ſcritch-owl to our houſe,
That nothing ſung but death to us and ours:
Now death ſhall ſtop his diſmal threat'ning ſound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more ſhall ſpeak.
[*Attendants bring the Body forward.*
War. I think, his underſtanding is bereft: —
Speak, *Clifford*, doſt thou know who ſpeaks to thee? —
Dark cloudy death o'er-ſhades his beams of life,
And he nor ſees, nor hears us what we ſay.
Ric. O, 'would he did! and ſo, perhaps, he doth;
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
Becauſe he would avoid ſuch bitter taunts
As in the time of death he gave our father.
Geo. If ſo thou think'ſt, vex him with eager words.
Ric. *Clifford*, aſk mercy, and obtain no grace.
Edw. *Clifford*, repent in bootleſs penitence.
War. *Clifford*, deviſe excuſes for thy faults.
Geo. While we deviſe fell tortures for thy faults.
Ric. Thou didſt love *York*, and I am ſon to *York*.

[1] life and death.

Edw. Thou pity'dſt *Rutland*, I will pity thee.
Geo. Where's captain *Margaret*, to fence you now?
War. They mock thee, *Clifford*; ſwear as thou waſt wont.
Ric. What, not an oath? nay, then the world goes hard,
When *Clifford* cannot ſpare his friends an oath: —
I know by that, he's dead; And, by my ſoul,
Would this right hand buy but an hour's life,
That I in all deſpight might rail at him,
I'd chop it off; and with the iſſuing blood
Stifle the villain, whoſe unſtanched thirſt
York and young *Rutland* could not ſatiſfy.
War. Ay, but he's dead: Off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's ſtands. —
And now to *London* with triumphant march,
There to be crowned *England*'s royal king.
From thence ſhall *Warwick* cut the ſea to *France*,
To aſk the lady *Bona* for thy queen:
So ſhalt thou ſinew both these lands together;
And, having *France* thy friend, thou ſhalt not dread
The ſcatter'd foe, that hopes to riſe again;
For though they cannot greatly ſting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buz, to offend thine ears.
Firſt, will I ſee the coronation;
And then to *Britany* I'll croſs the ſea,
To effect this marriage, ſo it pleaſe my lord.
Edw. Even as thou wilt, ſweet *Warwick*, let it be:
For on thy ſhoulder do I build my ſeat;
And never will I undertake the thing,
Wherein thy counſel and conſent is wanting. —
Richard, I will create thee duke of *Gloſter*; —
And *George*, of *Clarence*; — *Warwick*, as ourſelf,

Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth beſt.
RIC. Let me be duke of *Clarence*; *George*, of *Gloſter*;
For *Gloſter*'s dukedom is too ominous.
WAR. Tut, that's a fooliſh obſervation;
Richard, be duke of *Gloſter*: Now to *London*,
To ſee these honours in poſſeſſion. [*Exeunt*.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Chace in the North of* England.

Enter HUMPHREY, *and* SINKLO, *Keepers*; *with Croſs-bows in their Hands*.

SIN. Under this thick-grown brake we'll ſhroud ourſelves;
For through this lawn anon the deer will come;
And in this covert will we make our ſtand,
Culling the principal of all the deer.
HUM. I'll ſtay above the hill, ſo both may ſhoot.
SIN. That cannot be; the noise of thy croſs-bow
Will ſcare the herd, and ſo my ſhoot is loſt.
Here ſtand we both, and aim we at the beſt:
And, for the time ſhall not ſeem tedious,
I'll tell thee what befel me on a day,
In this ſelf place where now we mean to ſtand.
HUM. Here comes a man, let's ſtay 'till he be paſt.

Enter King Henry, *diſguis'd*.

K. H. From *Scotland* am I ſtoln, even of pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wiſhful ſight.
No, *Harry*, *Harry*, 'tis no land of thine;
Thy place is fill'd, thy ſcepter wrung from thee,
Thy balm waſh'd off, wherewith thou waſt anointed:
No bending knee will call thee *Cæsar* now,

No humble ſuitors preaſe to ſpeak for right,
No, not a man comes for redreſs of thee;
For how can I help them, and not myſelf?
Sin. " Ay, here's a deer, whoſe ſkin's a keeper's fee:"
" This is the *quondam* king; let's ſeize upon him."
K. H. Let me embrace these four adverſities;
For wiſe men ſay, it is the wiſeſt courſe.
Hum. " Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him."
Sin. " Forbear a while, we'll hear a little more."
K. H. My queen, and ſon, are gone to *France* for aid;
And (as I hear) the great commanding *Warwick*
Is thither gone, to crave the *French* king's ſiſter
To wife for *Edward:* If this news be true,
Poor queen, and ſon, your labour is but loſt;
For *Warwick* is a ſubtle orator,
And *Lewis* a prince ſoon won with moving words.
By this account, then, *Margaret* may win him;
For ſhe's a woman to be pity'd much:
Her ſighs will make a battery in his breaſt;
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
The tiger will be mild, while ſhe doth mourn;
And *Nero* will be tainted with remorſe,
To hear, and ſee, her plaints, her briniſh tears.
Ay, but ſhe's come to beg; *Warwick*, to give:
She, on his left ſide, craving aid for *Henry*;
He, on his right, aſking a wife for *Edward*.
She weeps, and ſays — her *Henry* is depos'd;
He ſmiles, and ſays — his *Edward* is inſtall'd;
That ſhe, poor wretch, for grief can ſpeak no more:
Whiles *Warwick* tells his title, ſmooths the wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty ſtrength;
And, in concluſion, wins the king from her,

6 the fowre Adverſaries

With promiſe of his ſiſter, and what elſe,
To ſtrengthen and ſupport king *Edward*'s place.
O *Margaret*, thus 'twill be; and thou (poor ſoul)
Art then forſaken, as thou went'ſt forlorn.
Hum. Say, what art thou, that talk'ſt of kings and queens? [*ſtarting out upon him.*
K. H. More than I ſeem, and leſs than I was born to:
A man at leaſt, for leſs I ſhould not be;
And men may talk of kings, And why not I?
Hum. Ay, but thou talk'ſt as if thou wert a king.
K. H. Why, ſo I am, in mind; and that's enough.
Hum. But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?
K. H. My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not deck'd with diamonds, and *Indian* ſtones,
Nor to be ſeen: my crown is call'd, content;
A crown it is, that ſeldom kings enjoy.
Hum. Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,
Your crown content, and you, muſt be contented
To go along with us: for, as we think,
You are the king, king *Edward* hath depos'd;
And we his ſubjects, ſworn in all allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his enemy.
K. H. But did you never ſwear, and break an oath?
Hum. No, never ſuch an oath; nor will not now.
K. H. Where did you dwell, when I was king of *England?*
Hum. Here in this country, where we now remain.
K. H. I was anointed king at nine months old;
My father, and my grandfather, were kings;
And you were ſworn true ſubjects unto me:
And, tell me then, have you not broke your oaths?
Sin. No; for we were ſubjects but while you were king.
K. H. Why, am I dead? do I not breath a man?

Ah, ſimple men, you know not what you ſwear.
Look, as I blow this † feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater guſt;
Such is the lightneſs of you common men.
But do not break your oaths; for, of that ſin,
My mild entreaty ſhall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king ſhall be commanded;
And be you kings, command, and I'll obey.
Sin. We are true ſubjects to the king, king *Edward.*
K. H. So would you be again to *Henry,*
If he were ſeated as king *Edward* is.
Sin. We charge you, in God's name, and in the king's,
To go with us unto the officers. [obey'd:
K. H. In God's name, lead; your king's name be
And what God will, that let your king perform;
And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Edward, *as King*; *the Lady* Grey *with him*;
Clarence, *and* Gloster, *following.*

K. E. Brother of *Gloſter,* at Saint *Alban*'s field
This lady's husband, ſir *John Grey,* was ſlain,
His lands then ſeiz'd on by the conqueror:
Her ſuit is now, to reposseſs those lands;
Which we in juſtice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the houſe of *York*
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.
Glo. Your highneſs ſhall do well, to grant her ſuit;
It were diſhonour, to deny it her.

25 Sir *Richard Grey*

K. E. It were no leſs; but yet I'll make a pauſe.
Glo. "Yea, is it ſo?"
"I ſee, the lady hath a thing to grant," [*to* Cla.
"Before the king will grant her humble ſuit." [wind?"
Cla. "He knows the game; How true he keeps the
Glo. "Silence!"
K. E. Widow, we will conſider of your ſuit;
And come ſome other time, to know our mind.
Lad. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:
May't please your highneſs, to reſolve me now;
And what your pleasure is, ſhall ſatiſfy me. [lands,"
Glo. "Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all your
"An if what pleaſes him, ſhall pleaſure you."
"Fight cloſer, or (good faith) you'll catch a blow."
Cla. "I fear her not, unleſs ſhe chance to fall."
Glo. "God forbid that! for he'll take vantages."
K. E. How many children haſt thou, widow? tell me.
Cla. "I think, he means to beg a child of her."
Glo. "Nay, whip me then; he'll rather give her two."
Lad. Three, my moſt gracious lord.
Glo. "You ſhall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him."
K. E. 'Twere pity, they ſhould lose their father's land.
Lad. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.
K. E. Lords, give us leave; I'll try this widow's wit.
Glo. "Ay, good leave have you; for you will have"
"leave,"
"Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch."
[*retiring to a Diſtance with* Cla.
K. E. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?
Lad. Ay, full as dearly as I love myſelf.
K. E. And would you not do much to do them good?
Lad. To do them good, I would ſuſtain ſome harm.

22 Lands

K. E. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.
Lad. Therefore I came unto your majeſty.
K. E. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.
Lad. So ſhall you bind me to your highneſs' ſervice.
K. E. What ſervice wilt thou do me, if I give them?
Lad. What you command, that reſts in me to do.
K. E. But you will take exceptions to my boon.
Lad. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.
K. E. Ay, but thou canſt do what I mean to aſk.
Lad. Why, then I will do what your grace commands.
Glo. " He plies her hard; and much rain wears the"
" marble."
Cla. " As red as fire! nay, then her wax will melt."
Lad. Why ſtops my lord? ſhall I not hear my taſk?
K. E. An easy taſk; 'tis but to love a king.
Lad. That's ſoon perform'd, because I am a ſubject.
K. E. Why then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.
Lad. I take my leave, with many thousand thanks.
Glo. " The match is made, ſhe ſeals it with a curt'ſy."
K. E. But ſtay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.
Lad. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.
K. E. Ay, but (I fear me) in another ſenſe.
What love, think'ſt thou, I ſue ſo much to get?
Lad. My love 'till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;
That love, which virtue begs, and virtue grants.
K. E. No, by my troth, I did not mean ſuch love.
Lad. Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.
K. E. But now you partly may perceive my mind.
Lad. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your highneſs aims at, if I aim aright.
K. E. To tell thee plain, I aim to lye with thee.
Lad. To tell you plain, I had rather lye in priſon.

K E. Why, then thou ſhalt not have thy husband's lands.
Lad. Why, then mine honeſty ſhall be my dower;
For by that loſs I will not purchaſe them.
K. E. Herein thou wrong'ſt thy children mightily.
Lad. Herein your highneſs wrongs both them and me;
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the ſadneſs of my ſuit;
Please you diſmiſs me, either with ay, or no.
K. E. Ay; if thou wilt ſay, ay, to my requeſt:
No; if thou doſt ſay, no, to my demand.
Lad. Then, no, my lord; my ſuit is at an end.
Glo. "The widow likes him not, ſhe knits her brows."
Cla. "He is the blunteſt wooer in chriſtendom."
K. E. "Her looks do argue her replete with modeſty;"
"Her words do ſhew her wit incomparable;"
"All her perfections challenge ſovereignty:"
"One way, or other, ſhe is for a king;"
"And ſhe ſhall be my love, or elſe my queen."—
Say, that king *Edward* take thee for his queen?
Lad. 'Tis better ſaid than done, my gracious lord:
I am a ſubject fit to jeſt withal,
But far unfit to be a ſovereign.
K. E. Sweet widow, by my ſtate I ſwear to thee,
I ſpeak no more than what my ſoul intends;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.
Lad. And that is more than I will yield unto:
I know, I am too mean to be your queen;
And yet too good to be your concubine.
K. E. You cavil, widow; I did mean my queen.
Lad. 'Twill grieve your grace, my ſons ſhould call you—father.
K. E. No more, than when my daughters call thee mother.

Thou art a widow, and thou haſt ſome children;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a batchelor,
Have other ſome: why, 'tis a happy thing,
To be the father unto many ſons.
Anſwer no more, for thou ſhalt be my queen.
Glo. "The ghoſtly father now hath done his ſhrift."
Cla. "When he was made a ſhriver, 'twas for ſhift."
K. E. Brothers, you muſe what chat we two have had.
Glo. The widow likes it not, for ſhe looks ſad.
K. E. You'd think it ſtrange, if I ſhould marry her.
Cla. To whom, my lord?
K. E. Why, *Clarence*, to myſelf.
Glo. That would be ten days' wonder, at the leaſt.
Cla. That's a day longer than a wonder laſts.
Glo. By ſo much is the wonder in extreams.
K. E. Well, jeſt on, brothers: I can tell you both,
Her ſuit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter ſome Noblemen.

1 *N.* My gracious lord, *Henry* your foe is taken,
And brought as priſoner to your palace gate.
K. E. See, that he be convey'd unto the tower: —
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To queſtion of his apprehenſion. —
Widow, go you along; — Lords, use her honourably.
[*Exeunt* King, Lady, Clarence, *and Lords.*
Glo. Ay, *Edward* will uſe women honourably.
'Would he were waſted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may ſpring,
To croſs me from the golden time I look for!
And yet, between my ſoul's deſire, and me,
(The luſtful *Edward*'s title buried)
Is *Clarence*, *Henry*, and his ſon young *Edward*,

And all the unlook'd-for iſſue of their bodies,
To take their rooms, ere I can place myſelf:
A cold premeditation for my purpose!
Why, then I do but dream on ſovereignty; —
Like one that ſtands upon a promontory,
And ſpies a far-off ſhore where he would tread,
Wiſhing his foot were equal with his eye;
And chides the ſea that ſunders him from thence,
Saying — he'll lade it dry to have his way:
So do I wiſh the crown, being ſo far off;
And ſo I chide the means that keep me from it;
And ſo I ſay — I'll cut the causes off,
Flattering me with impoſſibilities: —
My eye's too quick, my heart o'er-weens too much,
Unleſs my hand and ſtrength could equal them.
Well, ſay there is no kingdom then for *Richard*;
What other pleasure can the world afford?
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch ſweet ladies with my words and looks.
O miserable thought! and more unlikely,
Than to accompliſh twenty golden crowns!
Why, love fore-ſwore me in my mother's womb:
And, for I ſhould not deal in her ſoft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with ſome bribe
To ſhrink mine arm up like a wither'd ſhrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where ſits deformity to mock my body;
To ſhape my legs of an unequal ſize;
To diſproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp,
That carries no impreſſion like the dam.

And am I then a man to be belov'd?
O monſtrous fault, to harbour ſuch a thought!
Then, ſince this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o'er-bear ſuch
As are of better perſon than myſelf,
I'll make my heaven — to dream upon the crown;
And, while I live, to account this world but hell,
Until the head, this miſ-ſhap'd trunk doth bear,
Be round-impaled with a glorious crown.
And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives ſtand between me and home:
And I,—like one loſt in a thorny wood,
That rents the thorns, and is rent with the thorns;
Seeking a way, and ſtraying from the way;
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling deſperately to find it out,—
Torment myſelf to catch the *Engliſh* crown:
And from that torment I will free myſelf,
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can ſmile, and murther while I ſmile;
And, cry, content, to that which grieves my heart;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occaſions:
I'll drown more ſailors than the mermaid ſhall;
I'll ſlay more gazers than the baſiliſk;
I'll play the orator as well as *Neſtor*,
Deceive more ſlily than *Ulyſſes* could,
And, like a *Sinon*, take another *Troy*:
I can add colours to the cameleon;
Change ſhapes, with *Proteus*, for advantages,
And ſet the murth'rous *Machiavel* to ſchool.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?

§ Untill my mis-ſhap'd Trunke, that beares this Head, Tut! were it farther off, I'll pluck it down. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. France. *A Room in ſome Palace.*

Flouriſh. Enter LEWIS *the* French *King, and*
Lady BONA, *attended: King takes his State. Then,*
Enter Queen Margaret, *Prince* Edward *her Son,*
and the Earl of OXFORD.

LEW. Fair queen of *England*, worthy *Margaret*, [*rising.*
Sit down with us; it ill befits thy ſtate,
And birth, that thou ſhould'ſt ſtand, while *Lewis* doth ſit.
Q. M. No, mighty king of *France*; now *Margaret*
Muſt ſtrike her ſail, and learn a while to ſerve,
Where kings command. I was, I muſt confeſs,
Great *Albion*'s queen in former golden days:
But now miſchance hath trod my title down,
And with diſhonour lay'd me on the ground;
Where I muſt take like ſeat unto my fortune,
And to my humble ſeat conform myſelf.
LEW. Why, ſay, fair queen, whence ſprings this deep deſpair?
Q. M. From ſuch a cauſe as fills mine eyes with tears,
And ſtops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.
LEW. Whate'er it be, be thou ſtill like thyſelf,
And ſit thee by our ſide: [*ſeats her by him.*] yield not thy neck
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntleſs mind
Still ride in triumph over all miſchance.
Be plain, queen *Margaret*, and tell thy grief;
It ſhall be eas'd, if *France* can yield relief.
Q. M. Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,
And give my tongue-ty'd ſorrows leave to ſpeak.
Now, therefore, be it known to noble *Lewis*,—
That *Henry*, ſole poſſeſſor of my love,

Is, of a king, become a baniſh'd man,
And forc'd to live in *Scotland* a forlorn ;
While proud ambitious *Edward*, duke of *York*,
Uſurps the regal title, and the ſeat
Of *England*'s true anointed lawful king.
This is the cauſe, that I, poor *Margaret*,—
With this my ſon, prince *Edward*, *Henry*'s heir,—
Am come to crave thy juſt and lawful aid ;
And, if thou fail us, all our hope is done :
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
Our people and our peers are both miſ-led,
Our treaſure ſeiz'd, our ſoldiers put to flight,
And, as thou ſee'ſt, ourſelves in heavy plight.
LEW. Renowned queen, with patience calm the ſtorm,
While we bethink a means to break it off.
Q. M. The more we ſtay, the ſtronger grows our foe.
LEW. The more I ſtay, the more I'll ſuccour thee.
Q. M. O, but impatience waiteth on true ſorrow.
And ſee, where comes the breeder of my ſorrow.

Enter WARWICK, *attended.*

LEW. What's he, approacheth boldly to our preſence?
Q. M. Our earl of *Warwick*, *Edward*'s greateſt friend.
LEW. Welcome, brave *Warwick!* [*coming from his State*]
What brings thee to *France?* [Mar. *riſes.*
Q. M. Ay, now begins a ſecond ſtorm to riſe;
For this is he, that moves both wind and tide.
WAR. From worthy *Edward*, king of *Albion*,
My lord and ſovereign, and thy vowed friend,
I come,—in kindneſs, and unfeigned love,—
Firſt, to do greetings to thy royal perſon;
And, then, to crave a league of amity;
And, laſtly, to confirm that amity

With nuptial knot, if thou vouchſafe to grant
That virtuous lady *Bona*, thy fair ſiſter,
To *England*'s king, in lawful marriage.
Q. M. "If that go forward, *Henry*'s hope is done."
WAR. And, gracious madam, [*to* Bona.] in our king's behalf,
I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiſs your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the paſſion of my ſovereign's heart;
Where fame, late ent'ring at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.
Q. M. King *Lewis*, — and lady *Bona*, — hear me ſpeak,
Before you anſwer *Warwick*. His demand
Springs not from *Edward*'s well-meant honeſt love,
But from deceit, bred by neceſſity:
For how can tyrants ſafely govern home,
Unleſs abroad they purchaſe great alliance?
To prove him tyrant, this reaſon may ſuffice,—
That *Henry* liveth ſtill: but were he dead,
Yet here prince *Edward* ſtands, king *Henry*'s ſon.
Look therefore, *Lewis*, that by this league and marriage
Thou draw not on thy danger and diſhonour:
For though uſurpers ſway the rule a while,
Yet heavens are juſt, and time ſuppreſſeth wrongs.
WAR. Injurious *Margaret!*
Pri. And why not queen?
WAR. Becauſe thy father *Henry* did uſurp;
And thou no more art prince, than ſhe is queen.
OXF. Then *Warwick* diſannuls great *John* of *Gaunt*,
Which did ſubdue the greateſt part of *Spain*;
And, after *John* of *Gaunt*, *Henry* the fourth,
Whoſe wiſdom was a mirror to the wiſeſt;

And, after that wiſe prince, *Henry* the fifth,
Who by his prowеſs conquered all *France*:
From theſe our *Henry* lineally deſcends.
  War. *Oxford*, how haps it, in this ſmooth diſcourſe,
You told not, how *Henry* the ſixth hath loſt
All that which *Henry* the fifth had gotten?
Methinks, these peers of *France* ſhould ſmile at that.
But for the reſt,—You tell a pedigree
Of threeſcore and two years; a ſilly time,
To make preſcription for a kingdom's worth. [liege,
  Oxf. Why, *Warwick*, canſt thou ſpeak againſt thy
Whom thou obeyed'ſt thirty and ſix years,
And not bewray thy treaſon with a bluſh?
  War. Can *Oxford*, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falſhood with a pedigree?
For ſhame, leave *Henry*, and call *Edward* king.
  Oxf. Call him my king, by whoſe injurious doom
My elder brother, the lord *Aubrey Vere*,
Was done to death? and more than ſo, my father,
Even in the downfal of his mellow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of death?
No, *Warwick*, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the houſe of *Lancaſter*.
  War. And I the houſe of *York*.
  Lew. Queen *Margaret*, prince *Edward*, and lord *Oxford*,
Vouchſafe, at our requeſt, to ſtand aſide
While I uſe further conference with *Warwick*.
  Q. M. Heavens grant, that *Warwick*'s words bewitch
    him not! [*retiring, with* Oxf. *and the Prince.*
  Lew. Now, *Warwick*, tell me, even upon thy conſci-
Is *Edward* your true king? for I were loth, [ence,
To link with him that were not lawful choſen.

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.
Lew. But is he gracious in the people's eye?
War. The more, that *Henry* was unfortunate.
Lew. Then further,—all diſſembling ſet aſide,
Tell me for truth the meaſure of his love
Unto our ſiſter *Bona*.
War. Such it ſeems,
As may beſeem a monarch like himſelf.
Myſelf have often heard him ſay, and ſwear,—
That this his love was an eternal plant;
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's ſun;
Exempt from envy, but not from diſdain,
Unleſs the lady *Bona* quit his pain.
Lew. Now, ſiſter, let us hear your firm reſolve.
Bon. Your grant, or your denial, ſhall be mine:—
Yet I confeſs, [*to* War.] that often ere this day,
When I have heard your king's deſert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to deſire.
Lew. Then, *Warwick*, this,—Our ſiſter ſhall be *Edward*'s;
And now forthwith ſhall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your king muſt make,
Which with her dowry ſhall be counterpoiz'd:—
Draw near, queen *Margaret*; and be a witneſs,
That *Bona* ſhall be wife to the *Engliſh* king.
Pri. To *Edward*, but not to the *Engliſh* king.
Q. M. Deceitful *Warwick!* it was thy device,
By this alliance to make void my ſuit;
Before thy coming, *Lewis* was *Henry*'s friend.
Lew. And ſtill is friend to him and *Margaret*:
But if your title to the crown be weak,—
As may appear by *Edward*'s good ſucceſs,—

Then 'tis but reason, that I be releaſ'd
From giving aid, which late I promiſed.
Yet ſhall you have all kindneſs at my hand,
Which your eſtate requires, and mine can yield.
War. *Henry* now lives in *Scotland*, at his eaſe;
Where having nothing, nothing can he loſe.
And as for you yourſelf, our *quondam* queen,—
You have a father able to maintain you;
And better 'twere, you troubl'd him than *France*.
Q. M. Peace, impudent and ſhameleſs *Warwick*, peace;
Proud ſetter-up and puller-down of kings!
I will not hence, 'till with my talk and tears
(Both full of truth) I make king *Lewis* behold
Thy ſly conveyance, and thy lord's falſe love;
For both of you are birds of ſelf-ſame feather.
[*Tucket heard.*
Lew. *Warwick*, this is ſome poſt to us, or thee.
Enter a Meſſenger.
Meſ. My lord embaſſador, these ☩ letters are for you;
Sent from your brother, marqueſs *Mountague*. —
These ☩ from our king unto your majeſty. — [*to* Lew.
And, madam, these ☩ for you; from whom, I know not.
[*to* Mar. *They all read their Letters.*
Oxf. I like it well, that our fair queen and miſtreſs
Smiles at her news, while *Warwick* frowns at his.
Pri. Nay, mark, how *Lewis* ſtamps as he were nettl'd:
I hope, all's for the beſt.
Lew. *Warwick*, what are thy news? — and yours, fair queen?
Q. M. Mine, ſuch as fill my heart with unhop'd joys.
War. Mine, full of ſorrow and heart's diſcontent.
Lew. What! has your king marry'd the lady *Grey*?
And now, to ſooth your forgery and his,

Sends me a paper to perſuade me patience?
Is this the alliance that he ſeeks with *France?*
Dare he preſume to ſcorn us in this manner?
Q. M. I told your majeſty as much before:
This proveth *Edward*'s love, and *Warwick*'s honeſty.
WAR. King *Lewis*, I here proteſt,—in ſight of heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliſs,—
That I am clear from this miſdeed of *Edward*'s;
No more my king, for he diſhonours me;
But moſt himſelf, if he could ſee his ſhame.—
Did I forget, that by the houſe of *York*
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let paſs the abuſe done to my niece?
Did I impale him with the regal crown;
Did I put *Henry* from his native right;
And am I guerdon'd at the laſt with ſhame?
Shame on himſelf! for my deſert is honour.
And, to repair my honour loſt for him,
I here renounce him, and return to *Henry:*—
My noble queen, let former grudges paſs,
And henceforth I am thy true ſervitor;
I will revenge his wrong to lady *Bona*,
And replant *Henry* in his former ſtate.
Q. M. Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to [love;
And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becom'ſt king *Henry*'s friend.
WAR. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
That, if king *Lewis* vouchſafe to furniſh us
With ſome few bands of choſen ſoldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our coaſt,
And force the tyrant from his ſeat by war.
'Tis not his new-made bride ſhall ſuccour him:

And as for *Clarence*,—as my letters tell me,
He's very likely now to fall from him;
For matching more for wanton luſt than honour,
Or than for ſtrength and ſafety of our country.
Bon. Dear brother, how ſhall *Bona* be reveng'd,
But by the help of this diſtreſſed queen?
Q. M. Renowned prince, how ſhall poor *Henry* live,
Unleſs thou reſcue him from foul deſpair?
Bon. My quarrel, and this *Engliſh* queen's, are one.
War. And mine, fair lady *Bona*, joins with yours.
Lew. And mine, with hers, and thine, and *Margaret*'s.
Therefore, at laſt, I firmly am reſolv'd,
You ſhall have aid.
Q. M. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.
Lew. Then, *England*'s meſſenger, return in poſt;
And tell falſe *Edward*, thy ſuppoſed king,—
That *Lewis* of *France* is ſending over maſkers,
To revel it with him and his new bride:
Thou ſee'ſt what's paſt, go fear thy king withal.
Bon. Tell him, In hope he'll prove a widower ſhortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his ſake.
Q. M. Tell him, My mourning weeds are lay'd aſide,
And I am ready to put armour on.
War. Tell him from me, That he hath done me wrong;
And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't be long.
There's thy ‡ reward; be gone. [*Exit* Meſſenger.
Lew. But, *Warwick*;
Thyſelf, and *Oxford*, with five thouſand men,
Shall croſs the ſeas, and bid falſe *Edward* battle:
And, as occaſion ſerves, this noble queen
And prince ſhall follow with a freſh ſupply.
Yet, ere thou go, but anſwer me one doubt;—

What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?
War. This ſhall aſſure my conſtant loyalty; —
That, if our queen and this young prince agree,
I'll join mine eldeſt daughter, and my joy,
To him forthwith in holy wedlock-bands.
Q. M. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion: —
Son *Edward*, ſhe is fair and virtuous,
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to *Warwick*;
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only *Warwick*'s daughter ſhall be thine.
Pri. Yes, I accept her, for ſhe well deserves it;
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my † hand.
Lew. Why ſtay we now? These ſoldiers ſhall be levy'd, —
And thou, lord *Bourbon*, our high admiral,
Shalt waft them over with our royal fleet. —
I long, 'till *Edward* fall by war's miſchance,
For mocking marriage with a dame of *France*.
[*Exeunt All but* Warwick.
War. I came from *Edward* as embaſſador,
But I return his ſworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war ſhall anſwer his demand.
Had he none elſe to make a ſtale, but me?
Then none but I ſhall turn his jeſt to ſorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity *Henry*'s misery,
But ſeek revenge on *Edward*'s mockery. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLARENCE, GLOSTER, SOMERSET,
MOUNTAGUE, *and Others.*

GLO. Now tell me, brother *Clarence*, what think you
Of this new marriage with the lady *Grey?*
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?
CLA. Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to *France*;
How could he ſtay 'till *Warwick* made return?
SOM. My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.
GLO. And his well-choſen bride.
CLA. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

Flouriſh. Enter King Edward, *attended*;
Lady Grey, *as Queen*; Pembroke, Stafford, HASTINGS,
and divers Others.

K. E. Now, brother of *Clarence*, how like you our
That you ſtand penſive, as half malecontent? [choice,
CLA. As well as *Lewis* of *France*, or the earl of *Warwick*;
Which are ſo weak of courage, and in judgment,
That they'll take no offence at our abuſe.
K. E. Suppoſe, they take offence without a cauſe,
They are but *Lewis* and *Warwick*; I am *Edward*,
Your king and *Warwick*'s, and muſt have my will.
GLO. And you ſhall have your will, becauſe our king:
Yet haſty marriage ſeldom proveth well.
K. E. Yea, brother *Richard*, are you offended too?
GLO. Not I:
No; God forbid, that I ſhould wiſh them ſever'd,
Whom God hath join'd together: ay, and 'twere pity,
To ſunder them that yoke ſo well together.
K. E. Setting your ſcorns, and your miſlike, aſide,
Tell me ſome reaſon, why the lady *Grey*
Should not become my wife, and *England*'s queen:—

And you too, *Somerſet*, and *Mountague*,
Speak freely what you think.
Cla. Then this is my opinion,—that king *Lewis*
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
About the marriage of the lady *Bona*.
Glo. And *Warwick*, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now diſhonoured by this new marriage.
K. E. What, if both *Lewis* and *Warwick* be appeas'd,
By ſuch invention as I can deviſe?
Mou. Yet to have join'd with *France* in ſuch alliance,
Would more have ſtrengthen'd this our commonwealth
'Gainſt foreign ſtorms, than any home-bred marriage.
Has. Why, knows not *Mountague*, that of itſelf
England is ſafe, if true within itſelf?
Mou. Yes; but the ſafer, when 'tis back'd with *France*.
Has. 'Tis better using *France*, than truſting *France*:
Let us be back'd with God, and with the ſeas,
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps only defend ourſelves;
In them, and in ourſelves, our ſafety lies.
Cla. For this one ſpeech, lord *Haſtings* well deserves
To have the heir of the lord *Hungerford*.
K. E. Ay, what of that? it was my will, and grant;
And, for this once, my will ſhall ſtand for law.
Glo. And yet, methinks, your grace hath not done well,
To give the heir and daughter of lord *Scales*
Unto the brother of your loving bride;
She better would have fitted me, or *Clarence*:
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.
Cla. Or elſe you would not have beſtow'd the heir
Of the lord *Bonville* on your new wife's ſon,
And leave your brothers to go ſpeed elſewhere.

K. E. Alas, poor *Clarence!* is it for a wife,
That thou art malecontent? I will provide thee.
Cla. In chooſing for yourſelf, you ſhew'd your judgment:
Which being ſhallow, you ſhall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And, to that end, I ſhortly mind to leave you.
K. E. Leave me, or tarry, *Edward* will be king,
And not be ty'd unto his brother's will.
Que. My lords, before it pleas'd his majeſty
To raiſe my ſtate to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you muſt all confeſs,—
That I was not ignoble of deſcent,
And meaner than myſelf have had like fortune.
But as this title honours me and mine,
So your diſlikes, to whom I would be pleaſing,
Do cloud my joys with danger and with ſorrow.
K. E. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns:
What danger, or what ſorrow can befal thee,
So long as *Edward* is thy conſtant friend,
And their true ſovereign, whom they muſt obey?
Nay, whom they ſhall obey, and love thee too,
Unleſs they ſeek for hatred at my hands:
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee ſafe,
And they ſhall feel the vengeance of my wrath.
Glo. I hear, yet ſay not much, but think the more.
Enter Meſſenger.
K. E. Now, meſſenger, what letters, or what news,
From *France?*
Meſ. My liege, no letters; and few words,
But ſuch as I (without your ſpecial pardon)
Dare not relate.
K. E. Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,

16 Doth 29 My Soveraigne Liege

Tell me their words as near as thou canſt gueſs them.
What anſwer makes king *Lewis* unto our letters?
Meſ. At my depart, these were his very words;
Go tell falſe Edward, *thy ſuppoſed king,*—
That Lewis *of* France *is ſending over maſkers,*
To revel it with him and his new bride.
K. E. Is *Lewis* ſo brave? belike, he thinks me *Henry*.
But what ſaid lady *Bona* to my marriage?
Meſ. These were her words, utter'd with mild diſdain:
Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower ſhortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his ſake.
K. E. I blame her not, ſhe could ſay little leſs;
She had the wrong. But what ſaid *Henry*'s queen?
For I have heard, that ſhe was there in place.
Meſ. *Tell him,* quoth ſhe, *my mourning weeds are done,*
And I am ready to put armour on.
K. E. Belike, ſhe minds to play the *Amazon*.
But what ſaid *Warwick* to these injuries?
Meſ. He, more incens'd againſt your majeſty
Than all the reſt, diſcharg'd me with these words;
Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong;
And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't be long.
K. E. Ha! durſt the traitor breath out ſo proud words?
Well, I will arm me, being thus fore-warn'd:
They ſhall have wars, and pay for their preſumption.
But ſay, is *Warwick* friends with *Margaret*? [friendſhip,
Meſ. Ay, gracious ſovereign; they are ſo link'd in
That young prince *Edward* marries *Warwick*'s daughter.
Cla. Belike, the elder; *Clarence* will have the younger.
Now, brother king, farewel, and ſit you faſt,
For I will hence to *Warwick*'s other daughter;
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage

I may not prove inferior to yourſelf: —
You, that love me and *Warwick*, follow me.
[*Exit.* SOMERSET *follows.*
GLO. “ Not I:”
“ My thoughts aim at a further matter; I”
“ Stay not for love of *Edward*, but the crown.”
K. E. *Clarence* and *Somerſet* both gone to *Warwick!*
Yet am I arm'd againſt the worſt can happen;
And haſte is needful in this deſperate caſe. —
Pembroke, and *Stafford*, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare for war;
They are already, or quickly will be landed:
Myſelf in perſon will ſtraight follow you.
[*Exeunt* Pemb. *and* Staf.
But, ere I go, *Haſtings*, — and *Mountague*, —
Reſolve my doubt. You twain, of all the reſt,
Are near to *Warwick*, by blood, and by alliance:
Tell me, if you love *Warwick* more than me?
If it be ſo, then both depart to him;
I rather wiſh you foes, than hollow friends:
But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
Give me aſſurance with ſome friendly vow,
That I may never have you in ſuſpect.
MOU. So God help *Mountague*, as he proves true!
HAS. And *Haſtings*, as he favours *Edward*'s cauſe!
K. E. Now, brother *Richard*, will you ſtand by us?
GLO. Ay, in deſpight of all that ſhall withſtand you.
K. E. Why ſo; then am I ſure of victory.
Now therefore let us hence; and loſe no hour,
'Till we meet *Warwick* with his foreign power. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Plain in* Warwickſhire.

---

[6] for the love

Enter WARWICK, Oxford, *and Forces.*

WAR. Truſt me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;
The common people by numbers ſwarm to us.

Enter CLARENCE, *and* Somerſet.

But, ſee, where *Somerſet* and *Clarence* comes; —
Speak ſuddenly, my lords, are we all friends?
CLA. Fear not that, my lord.
WAR. Then, gentle *Clarence*, welcome unto *Warwick*; —
And welcome, *Somerſet*: — I hold it cowardice,
To reſt miſtruſtful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in ſign of love;
Elſe might I think, that *Clarence*, *Edward*'s brother,
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:
But welcome, *Clarence*; my daughter ſhall be thine.
[*giving him his Hand.*
And now what reſts, but, in night's coverture,
Thy brother being careleſly encamp'd,
His ſoldiers lurking in the towns about,
And but attended by a ſimple guard,
We may ſurprize and take him at our pleaſure?
Our ſcouts have found the adventure very eaſy:
That as *Ulyſſes*, and ſtout *Diomede*,
By ſlight and manhood ſtole to *Rheſus'* tents,
And brought from thence the *Thracian* fatal ſteeds;
So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
At unawares may beat down *Edward*'s guard,
And ſeize himſelf; I ſay not — ſlaughter him,
For I intend but only to ſurprize him. —
You that will follow me in this attempt,
Applaud the name of *Henry*, with your leader.
[*they all cry*, Henry!
Why, then, let's on our way in ſilent ſort:

14 welcome ſweet *Clarence* 18 Towne

For *Warwick* and his friends, God and ſaint *George!*
[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE III. Edward's *Camp, near* Warwick.
His Tent in Front: Enter certain Watchmen.

1. *W.* Come on, my maſters, each man take his ſtand;
The king, by this, is ſet him down to ſleep.

2. *W.* What, will he not to bed?

1. *W.* Why, no: for he hath made a ſolemn vow,—
Never to lye and take his natural reſt,
Till *Warwick*, or himſelf, be quite ſuppreſt.

2. *W.* To-morrow then, belike, ſhall be the day,
If *Warwick* be ſo near as men report.

3. *W.* But ſay, I pray, what nobleman is that,
That with the king here reſteth in his tent?

1. *W.* 'Tis the lord *Haſtings*, the king's chiefeſt friend.

3. *W.* O, is it ſo? But why commands the king,
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himſelf keeps here in the cold field?

2. *W.* 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous.

3. *W.* Ay; but give me worſhip, and quietneſs,
I like it better than a dangerous honour.
If *Warwick* knew in what eſtate he ſtands,
'Tis to be doubted, he would waken him.

1. *W.* Unleſs our halberds did ſhut up his paſſage.

2. *W.* Ay; wherefore elſe guard we his royal tent,
But to defend his perſon from night-foes?

Enter WARWICK, Clarence, Oxford,
Somerſet, *and Forces.*

WAR. This is his tent; and ſee, where ſtand his guard:
Courage, my maſters; honour now, or never!
But follow me, and *Edward* ſhall be ours.

1. *W.* Who goes there?
2. *W.* Stay, or thou dy'ſt.

Warwick, *and the reſt, cry all* — Warwick!
Warwick! — *and ſet upon the Guard; who fly, crying* — *Arm! arm!* — Warwick, *and the reſt, following them.*

The Drum beating, and Trumpet ſounding, Re-enter WARWICK, *and the reſt; bringing the* King *out in his Gown, ſitting in a Chair:* Gloſter, *and* Haſtings *fly.*

SOM. What are they that fly there?
WAR. *Richard*, and *Haſtings:* let them go, here's the duke.
K. E. The duke! why, *Warwick*, when we parted laſt,
Thou call'dſt me king.
WAR. Ay, but the caſe is alter'd:
When you diſgrac'd me in my embaſſage,
Then I degraded you from being king,
And come now to create you duke of *York.*
Alas! how ſhould you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use embaſſadors;
Nor how to be contented with one wife;
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly;
Nor how to ſtudy for the people's welfare;
Nor how to ſhrowd yourſelf from enemies?
K. E. Yea, brother of *Clarence*, and art thou here too?
Nay, then I ſee, that *Edward* needs muſt down. —
Yet, *Warwick*, in deſpight of all miſchance,
Of thee thyſelf, and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himſelf as king:
Though fortune's malice overthrow my ſtate,
My mind exceeds the compaſs of her wheel.
WAR. Then, for his mind, be *Edward England*'s king:

But *Henry* now ſhall wear the *Engliſh* crown,
[*taking it from* Edward'*s Head.*
And be true king indeed; thou but the ſhadow. —
My lord of *Somerſet*, at my requeſt,
See that forthwith duke *Edward* be convey'd
Unto my brother, archbiſhop of *York:*
When I have fought with *Pembroke* and his fellows,
I'll follow you; and tell his grace what anſwer
Lewis, and the lady *Bona*, ſend to him: —
Now, for a while, farewel, good duke of *York.*
K. E. What fates impoſe, that men muſt needs abide;
It boots not to reſiſt both wind and tide.
[*Exit, led off forcibly*; SOMERSET *with him.*
Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us to do,
But march to *London* with our ſoldiers?
War. Ay, that's the firſt thing that we have to do;
To free king *Henry* from impriſonment,
And ſee him ſeated in the regal throne. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter the Queen, *and Lord* RIVERS.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this ſudden change?
Que. Why, brother *Rivers*, are you yet to learn
What late miſfortune is befaln king *Edward?*
Riv. What, loſs of ſome pitch'd battle againſt *Warwick?*
Que. No, but the loſs of his own royal perſon.
Riv. Then is my ſovereign ſlain?
Que. Ay, almoſt ſlain, for he is taken priſoner;
Either betray'd by falſhood of his guard,
Or by his foe ſurpriz'd at unawares:
And, as I further have to underſtand,
Is new committed to the biſhop of *York*,

Fell *Warwick*'s brother, and by that our foe.
Riv. These news, I muſt confeſs, are full of grief:
Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may;
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.
Que. 'Till then, fair hope muſt hinder life's decay.
And I the rather wean me from deſpair,
For love of *Edward*'s off-ſpring in my womb:
This is it that makes me bridle my paſſion,
And bear with mildneſs my miſfortune's croſs;
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
And ſtop the rising of blood-ſucking ſighs,
Leſt with my ſighs or tears I blaſt or drown
King *Edward*'s fruit, true heir to the *Engliſh* crown.
Riv. But, madam, where is *Warwick* then become?
Que. I am informed, that he comes towards *London*,
To ſet the crown once more on *Henry*'s head:
Gueſs thou the reſt, king *Edward*'s friends muſt down.
But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,
(For truſt not him that hath once broken faith)
I'll hence forthwith unto the ſanctuary,
To ſave at leaſt the heir of *Edward*'s right;
There ſhall I reſt ſecure from force, and fraud.
Come therefore, let us fly, while we may fly;
If *Warwick* take us, we are ſure to die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Yorkſhire. *Park of* Middleham *Caſtle.*

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *Sir* William Stanley, *and Others.*

Glo. Now, my lord *Haſtings*, and ſir *William Stanley*,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefeſt thicket of the park.
Thus ſtands the caſe: You know, our king, my brother,

Is priſoner to the biſhop here, at whoſe hands
He hath good uſage and great liberty;
And often, but attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to diſport himſelf:
I have advértis'd him by ſecret means,
That if, about this hour, he make this way,
Under the colour of his uſual game,
He ſhall here find his friends, with horſe and men,
To ſet him free from his captivity. [*Horns.*

Enter King Edward, *and a* Huntsman.

Hun. This way, my lord; for this way lies the game.
K. E. Nay, this way, man; ſee, where the huntſmen ſtand.—
Now, brother of *Gloſter*, lord *Haſtings*, and the reſt,
Stand you thus cloſe to ſteal the biſhop's deer?
Glo. Brother, the time and caſe requireth haſte;
Your horſe ſtands ready at the park-corner for you.
K. E. But whither ſhall we then? [*ders.*
Has. To *Lyn*, my lord; and ſhip from thence to *Flan-*
Glo. Well gueſſ'd, believe me; for that was my mean-
K. E. *Stanley*, I will requite thy forwardneſs. [ing.
Glo. But wherefore ſtay we? 'tis no time to talk.
K. E. Huntſman, what ſay'ſt thou? wilt thou go along?
Hun. Better do ſo, than tarry and be hang'd.
Glo. Come then, away; let's ha' no more ado. [frown;
K. E. Biſhop, farewel: ſhield thee from *Warwick's*
And pray that I may repoſſeſs the crown. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. London. *A Room in the Tower.*

Enter King Henry, *and the* Lieutenant *of the Tower*;
Somerset, *leading in his Hand young* Richmond;
Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, *and divers Others.*

K. H. Maſter lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have ſhaken *Edward* from the regal ſeat;
And turn'd my captive ſtate to liberty,
My fear to hope, my ſorrows unto joys;
At our enlargement what are thy due fees? [reigns;
Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their ſove-
But, if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your majeſty.
K. H. For what, lieutenant? for well using me?
Nay, be thou ſure, I'll well requite thy kindneſs,
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure:
Ay, ſuch a pleasure as incaged birds
Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,
At laſt, by notes of houſhold harmony,
They quite forget their loſs of liberty.—
But, *Warwick*, after God, thou ſet'ſt me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God, and thee;
He was the author, thou the inſtrument.
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's ſpite,
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me;
And that the people of this bleſſed land
May not be puniſh'd with my thwarting ſtars;
Warwick, although my head ſtill wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.
War. Your grace hath ſtill been fam'd for virtuous;
And now may ſeem as wise as virtuous,
By ſpying, and avoiding, fortune's malice,
For few men rightly temper with the ſtars:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
For choosing me, when *Clarence* is in place.
Cla. No, *Warwick*, thou art worthy of the ſway,

To whom the heavens, in thy nativity,
Adjudg'd an olive branch, and lawrel crown,
As likely to be bleſt in peace, and war;
And therefore I yield thee my free conſent.
War. And I choose *Clarence* only for protector.
K. H. *Warwick,* and *Clarence,* give me both your hands;
Now join your hands, and, with your hands, your hearts,
That no diſſention hinder government:
I make you both protectors of this land;
While I myſelf will lead a private life,
And in devotion ſpend my latter days,
To ſin's rebuke, and my creator's praise.
War. What anſwers *Clarence* to his ſovereign's will?
Cla. That he conſents, if *Warwick* yield conſent;
For on thy fortune I repose myſelf.
War. Why then, though loth, yet muſt I be content:
We'll yoke together, like a double ſhadow
To *Henry*'s body, and ſupply his place;
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.
And, *Clarence,* now then it is more than needful,
Forthwith that *Edward* be pronounc'd a traitor,
And all his lands and goods confiſcated.
Cla. What elſe? and that ſucceſſion be determin'd.
War. Ay, therein *Clarence* ſhall not want his part.
K. H. But, with the firſt of all your chief affairs,
Let me entreat, (for I command no more)
That *Margaret* your queen, and my ſon *Edward,*
Be ſent for, to return from *France* with ſpeed:
For, 'till I ſee them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclipſ'd.
Cla. It ſhall be done, my ſovereign, with all ſpeed.

K. H. My lord of *Somerſet*, what youth is that,
Of whom you ſeem to have ſo tender care?
Som. My liege, it is young *Henry* earl of *Richmond*.
K. H. Come hither, *England*'s hope: If ſecret powers
[*laying his Hand on his Head.*
Suggeſt but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliſs:
His looks are full of peaceful majeſty;
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a ſcepter; and himſelf
Likely, in time, to bleſs a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords; for this is he,
Muſt help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Meſſenger.

War. What news, my friend?
Meſ. That *Edward* is eſcaped from your brother,
And fled, as he hears ſince, to *Burgundy*.
War. Unſavoury news: But how made he eſcape?
Meſ. He was convey'd by *Richard* duke of *Gloſter*,
And the lord *Haſtings*, who attended him
In ſecret ambuſh on the foreſt ſide,
And from the biſhop's huntsmen reſcu'd him;
For hunting was his daily exerciſe.
War. My brother was too careleſs of his charge.—
But let us hence, my ſovereign, to provide
A ſalve for any ſore that may betide.
[*Exeunt* King, War. Cla. Lieu. *and Att.*
Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of *Edward*'s;
For, doubtleſs, *Burgundy* will yield him help;
And we ſhall have more wars, before't be long.
As *Henry*'s late preſaging propheſy
Did glad my heart, with hope of this young *Richmond*:

So doth my heart miſ-give me, in theſe conflicts
What may befal him, to his harm, and ours:
Therefore, lord *Oxford*, to prevent the worſt,
Forthwith we'll ſend him hence to *Britany*,
'Till ſtorms be paſt of civil enmity.
Oxf. Ay; for, if *Edward* reposseſs the crown,
'Tis like, that *Richmond* with the reſt ſhall down.
Som. It ſhall be ſo; he ſhall to *Britany*.
Come therefore, let's about it ſpeedily. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Before* York.

Drums. Enter King Edward, GLOSTER,
HASTINGS, *and Forces, marching.*

K. E. Now, brother *Richard*, lord *Haſtings*, and the reſt;
Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
And ſays — that once more I ſhall interchange
My wained ſtate for *Henry*'s regal crown.
Well have we paſſ'd, and now repaſſ'd the ſeas,
And brought deſired help from *Burgundy*:
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From *Ravenſpurg* haven before the gates of *York*,
But that we enter, as into our dukedom.
[*they approach the Gates, and knock.*
Glo. The gates made faſt! — Brother, I like not this;
For many men, that ſtumble at the threſhold,
Are well foretold — that danger lurks within. [us:
K. E. Tuſh, man! abodements muſt not now affright
By fair or foul means we muſt enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.
Has. My liege, I'll knock once more, to ſummon them.

Enter the Mayor, *and Others,*
upon the Walls.

May. My lords, we were fore-warned of your coming,
And ſhut the gates for ſafety of ourſelves;
For now we owe allegiance unto *Henry*.
K. E. But, maſter mayor, if *Henry* be your king,
Yet *Edward*, at the leaſt, is duke of *York*.
May. True, my good lord; I know you for no leſs.
K. E. Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom;
As being well content with that alone.
Glo. " But, when the fox hath once got in his noſe,"
" He'll ſoon find means to make the body follow."
Has. Why, maſter mayor, why ſtand you in a doubt?
Open the gates, we are king *Henry*'s friends.
May. Ay, ſay you ſo? the gates ſhall then be open'd.
[*Exit, from above.*
Glo. A wiſe ſtout captain, and perſuaded ſoon!
Has. The good old man would fain that all were well,
So 'twere not long of him: but, being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we ſhall ſoon perſuade
Both him, and all his brothers, unto reaſon.
Re-enter Mayor, *below*; *Attendants with him.*
K. E. So, maſter mayor: these gates muſt not be ſhut,
But in the night, or in the time of war.
What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;
[*taking them of him.*
For *Edward* will defend the town, and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.
Drums. Enter MONTGOMERY, *and Forces.*
Glo. Brother, this is ſir *John Montgomery*,
Our truſty friend, unleſs I be deceiv'd.
K. E. Welcome, ſir *John!* But why come you in arms?
Mon. To help king *Edward* in his time of ſtorm,
As every loyal ſubject ought to do.

---

15 ſoone perſwaded

K. E. Thanks, good *Montgomery:* But we now forget
Our title to the crown; and only claim
Our dukedom, 'till God pleaſe to ſend the reſt.
Mon. Then fare you well, for I will hence again;
I came to ſerve a king, and not a duke:—
Drummer, ſtrike up, and let us march away.
[*March begun.*
K. E. Nay, ſtay, ſir *John*, a while; and we'll debate,
By what ſafe means the crown may be recover'd.
Mon. What talk you of debating? in few words,
If you'll not here proclaim yourſelf our king,
I'll leave you to your fortune; and be gone,
To keep them back that come to ſuccour you:
Why ſhould we fight, if you pretend no title? [points?
Glo. Why, brother, wherefore ſtand you on nice
K. E. When we grow ſtronger, then we'll make our
'Till then, 'tis wiſdom to conceal our meaning. [claim:
Has. Away with ſcrupulous wit! now arms muſt rule.
Glo. And fearleſs minds climb ſooneſt unto crowns.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.
K. E. Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,
And *Henry* but uſurps the diadem.
Mon. Ay, now my ſovereign ſpeaketh like himſelf;
And now will I be *Edward*'s champion. [claim'd:—
Has. Sound, trumpet; *Edward* ſhall be here pro-
Come, fellow ſoldier, make thou proclamation.
[*giving him a Paper.*
Trumpet ſounds.
Sol. [*reads.*] Edward *the fourth, by the grace of God, king of* England *and* France, *and lord of* Ireland, &c.
Mon. And whoſoe'er gainſays king *Edward*'s right,

By this I challenge him to ſingle fight.
[*throwing down his Gauntlet.*
all. Long live *Edward* the fourth !
K. E. Thanks, brave *Montgomery* ; —
And thanks unto you all :
If fortune ſerve me, I'll requite this kindneſs.
Now, for this night, let's harbour here in *York* :
And, when the morning ſun ſhall raise his car
Above the border of this horizon,
We'll forward towards *Warwick*, and his mates ;
For, well I wot, that *Henry* is no ſoldier. —
Ah, froward *Clarence!* how evil it beſeems thee,
To flatter *Henry*, and forſake thy brother !
Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and *Warwick*. —
Come on, brave ſoldiers : doubt not of the day ;
And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King Henry, WARWICK, CLARENCE, MOUNTAGUE, EXETER, *and* OXFORD.

WAR. What counſel, lords ? *Edward* from *Belgia*,
With haſty *Germans*, and blunt *Hollanders*,
Hath paſſ'd in ſafety through the narrow ſeas,
And with his troops doth march amain to *London* ;
And many giddy people flock to him.
K. H. Let's levy men, and beat him back again.
CLA. A little fire is quickly trodden out ;
Which, being ſuffer'd, rivers cannot quench.
WAR. In *Warwickſhire* I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war ;
Those will I muſter up : — and thou, ſon *Clarence*,
Shall ſtir, in *Suffolk*, *Norfolk*, and in *Kent*,

32 ſtirre up in

The knights and gentlemen to come with thee: —
Thou, brother *Mountague*, in *Buckingham*,
Northampton, and in *Leiceſterſhire*, ſhalt find
Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'ſt: —
And thou, brave *Oxford*, wondrous well belov'd,
In *Oxfordſhire* ſhalt muſter up thy friends. —
My ſovereign, with the loving citizens,—
Like to his island, girt in with the ocean;
Or modeſt *Dian*, circl'd with her nymphs,—
Shall reſt in *London*, 'till we come to him. —
Fair lords, take leave, and ſtand not to reply. —
Farewel, my ſovereign.
K. H. Farewel, my *Hector*, and my *Troy*'s true hope.
CLA. In ſign of truth, I kiſs † your highneſs' hand.
K. H. Well-minded *Clarence*, be thou fortunate!
MOU. Comfort, my lord; and ſo I take my leave.
OXF. And thus † I ſeal my truth, and bid adieu.
K. H. Sweet *Oxford*, and my loving *Mountague*,
And all at once, once more a happy farewel.
WAR. Farewel, ſweet lords; let's meet at *Coventry*.
[*Exeunt* WAR. CLA. OXF. *and* MOU.
K. H. Here at the palace will I reſt a while.
Cousin of *Exeter*, what thinks your lordſhip?
Methinks, the power, that *Edward* hath in field,
Shall not be able to encounter mine.
EXE. The doubt is, that he will ſeduce the reſt.
K. H. That's not my fear, my meed hath got me fame:
I have not ſtop'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor poſted off their ſuits with ſlow delays;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildneſs hath allay'd their ſwelling griefs,
My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears:

I have not been deſirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppreſs'd them with great ſubſidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd;
Then why ſhould they love *Edward* more than me?
No, *Exeter*, these graces challenge grace:
And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never ceaſe to follow him.
[*Shout within. A* Lancaſter! *a* Lancaſter!

Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what ſhouts are theſe?

Enter Edward, *and Soldiers, haſtily*; Gloster, *and Others, with him.*

K. E. Seize on the ſhame-fac'd *Henry*, bear him hence,
And once again proclaim us king of *England*. —
You are the fount, that makes ſmall brooks to flow:
Now ſtops thy ſpring; my ſea ſhall ſuck them dry,
And ſwell ſo much the higher, by their ebb. —
Hence with him to the tower; let him not ſpeak. —
[Henry *born off.*
And, lords, towards *Coventry* bend we our courſe,
Where peremptory *Warwick* now remains:
The ſun ſhines hot, and, if we uſe delay,
Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.

Glo. Away betimes, before his forces join,
And take the great-grown traitor unawares:
Brave warriors, march amain towards *Coventry*. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Coventry.

Enter, upon the Walls, Warwick, *and divers Others.*

War. Where is the poſt, that came from valiant *Oxford*?

How far hence is thy lord, mine honeſt fellow?
1. *M.* By this at *Dunſmore*, marching hitherward.
WAR. How far off is our brother *Mountague?*—
Where is the poſt, that came from *Mountague?*
2. *M.* By this at *Daintry*, with a puiſſant troop.
Enter Sir John SOMERVILE.
WAR. Say, *Somervile*, what ſays my loving ſon?
And, by thy gueſs, how nigh is *Clarence* now?
SOM. At *Southam* I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here ſome two hours hence.
[*Drum heard.*
WAR. Then *Clarence* is at hand, I hear his drum.
SOM. It is not his, my lord; here † *Southam* lies;
The drum, your honour hears, marcheth from *Warwick.*
WAR. Who ſhould that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.
SOM. They are at hand, and you ſhall quickly know.
Drums. Enter King Edward, *with* GLOSTER,
and Forces, marching.
K. E. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and ſound a parle.
GLO. See, how the ſurly *Warwick* mans the wall.
WAR. O unbid ſpite! is ſportful *Edward* come?
Where ſlept our ſcouts, or how are they ſeduc'd,
That we could hear no news of his repair?
K. E. Now, *Warwick*, wilt thou ope the city gates,
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee,
Call *Edward*—king, and at his hands beg mercy,
And he ſhall pardon thee theſe outrages.
WAR. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confeſs who ſet thee up and pluck'd thee down,
Call *Warwick*—patron, and be penitent,
And thou ſhalt ſtill remain the duke of *York.*
GLO. I thought, at leaſt he would have ſaid—the king;

Or did he make the jeſt againſt his will?
WAR. Is not a dukedom, ſir, a goodly gift?
GLO. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give;
I'll do thee ſervice for ſo good a gift.
WAR. 'Twas I, that gave the kingdom to thy brother.
K. E. Why, then 'tis mine, if but by *Warwick*'s gift.
WAR. Thou art no *Atlas* for ſo great a weight:
And, weakling, *Warwick* takes his gift again;
And *Henry* is my king, *Warwick* his ſubject.
K. E. But *Warwick*'s king is *Edward*'s priſoner:
And, gallant *Warwick*, do but anſwer this,—
What is the body, when the head is off?
GLO. Alas, that *Warwick* had no more fore-caſt,
But, whiles he thought to ſteal the ſingle ten,
The king was ſlily finger'd from the deck!—
You left poor *Henry* at the biſhop's palace,
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the tower.
K. E. 'Tis even ſo; yet you are *Warwick* ſtill. [down:
GLO. Come, *Warwick*, take the time, kneel down, kneel
Nay, when? ſtrike now, or elſe the iron cools.
WAR. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear ſo low a ſail to ſtrike to thee. [friend;
K. E. Sail how thou canſt, have wind and tide thy
This hand, faſt wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, whiles thy head is warm, and new cut off,
Write in the duſt this ſentence with thy blood,—
Wind-changing Warwick *now can change no more.*

Enter OXFORD, *with Drum and Colours.*

WAR. O chearful colours! ſee, where *Oxford* comes!
OXF. *Oxford*, *Oxford*, for *Lancaſter!*
[*he, and his Forces, enter the City.*

Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too.
K. E. So other foes may ſet upon our backs.
Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,
Will iſſue out again, and bid us battle:
If not, the city being but of ſmall defence,
We'll quickly rouze the traitors in the ſame.
War. O, welcome, *Oxford!* for we want thy help.
Enter Mountague, *with Drum and Colours.*
Mou. *Mountague, Mountague,* for *Lancaſter!*
[*he too enters the City.*
Glo. Thou and thy brother both ſhall buy this treaſon
Even with the deareſt blood your bodies bear.
K. E. The harder match'd, the greater victory;
My mind preſageth happy gain, and conqueſt.
Enter Somerset, *with Drum and Colours.*
Som. *Somerſet, Somerſet,* for *Lancaſter!*
[*he too enters the City.*
Glo. Two of thy name, both dukes of *Somerſet,*
Have ſold their lives unto the houſe of *York*;
And thou ſhalt be the third, if this ſword hold.
Enter Clarence, *with Drum and Colours.*
War. And, lo, where *George* of *Clarence* ſweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle;
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails,
More than the nature of a brother's love: —
Come, *Clarence,* come; thou wilt, if *Warwick* calls.
Cla. Father of *Warwick,* know you what this means?
[*taking his red Roſe out of his Hat.*
Look here, I throw † my infamy at thee:
I will not ruinate my father's houſe,
Who gave his blood to lime the ſtones together,
And ſet up *Lancaſter.* Why, trow'ſt thou, *Warwick,*

That *Clarence* is ſo harſh, ſo blunt, unnatural,
To bend the fatal inſtruments of war
Againſt his brother, and his lawful king?
Perhaps, thou wilt object my holy oath:
To keep that oath, were more impiety
Than *Jepthah*'s, when he ſacrific'd his daughter.
I am ſo ſorry for my treſpaſs made,
That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
I here proclaim myſelf thy mortal foe;
With resolution, whereſoe'er I meet thee,
(As I will meet thee, if thou ſtir abroad)
To plague thee for thy foul miſ-leading me.
And ſo, proud-hearted *Warwick*, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my bluſhing cheeks:—
Pardon me, *Edward*, I will make amends;—
And, *Richard*, do not frown upon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more inconſtant.

K. E. Now welcome more, and ten times more belov'd,
Than if thou never hadſt deserv'd our hate.

Glo. Welcome, good *Clarence*; this is brother-like.

War. O paſſing traitor, perjur'd, and unjuſt! [fight?

K. E. What, *Warwick*, wilt thou leave the town, and
Or ſhall we beat the ſtones about thine ears?

War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:
I will away towards *Barnet* presently,
And bid thee battle, *Edward*, if thou dar'ſt. [way:—

K. E. Yes, *Warwick*, *Edward* dares, and leads the
Lords, to the field; Saint *George*, and victory!
[*March. Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Field near* Barnet.

Alarums, as of a Battle join'd. Excurſions. Enter King

Edward, *bringing in* WARWICK *wounded.*

K. E. So, lye thou there: die thou, and die our fear;
For *Warwick* was a bug, that fear'd us all. —
Now, *Mountague*, ſit faſt; I ſeek for thee,
That *Warwick*'s bones may keep thine company.
[*Exit* Edward.

WAR. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,
And tell me, who is victor, *York*, or *Warwick*?
Why aſk I that? my mangl'd body ſhews,
My blood, my want of ſtrength, my ſick heart ſhews,
That I muſt yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conqueſt to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave ſhelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose ſhade the ramping lion ſlept;
Whose top-branch over-peer'd *Jove*'s ſpreading tree,
And kept low ſhrubs from winter's powerful wind.
These eyes, that now are dim'd with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day ſun,
To ſearch the ſecret treasons of the world:
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly ſepulchers;
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durſt ſmile, when *Warwick* bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory ſmear'd in duſt and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forſake me; and, of all my lands,
Is nothing left me, but my body's length!
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and duſt?
And, live we how we can, yet die we muſt.

Enter OXFORD, *and* SOMERSET.

SOM. Ah, *Warwick*, *Warwick*! wert thou as we are,

We might recover all our loſs again!
The queen from *France* hath brought a puiſſant power;
Even now we heard the news; Ah, couldſt thou fly!
WAR. Why, then I would not fly. — Ah, *Mountague*,
If thou be there, ſweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my ſoul a while!
Thou lov'ſt me not; for, brother, if thou didſt,
Thy tears would waſh this cold congealed blood,
That glews my lips, and will not let me ſpeak.
Come quickly, *Mountague*, or I am dead.
SOM. Ah, *Warwick*, *Mountague* hath breath'd his laſt;
And, to the lateſt gaſp, cry'd out on *Warwick*,
And ſaid — Commend me to my valiant brother.
And more he would have ſaid; and more he ſpoke,
Which ſounded like a clamour in a vault,
That could not be diſtinguiſh'd: but, at laſt,
I well might hear, deliver'd with a groan,—
O, farewel, *Warwick!*
WAR. Sweet reſt his ſoul! — Fly, lords, and ſave yourſelves;
For *Warwick* bids farewel, to meet in heaven. [*dies.*
OXF. Away, away, to meet the queen's great power!
[*Exeunt, bearing off the Body.*

SCENE III. *The ſame. Another Part of it.*

Flouriſh. Enter King Edward *in Triumph*; *with* CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and the reſt.*

K. E. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward courſe,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midſt of this bright-ſhining day,
I ſpy a black, ſuſpicious, threat'ning cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious ſun,
Ere he attain his eaſeful weſtern bed:

20 bids you all farewell

I mean, my lords,—those powers, that the queen
Hath rais'd in *Gallia*, have arriv'd our coaſt,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Cla. A little gale will ſoon diſperſe that cloud,
And blow it to the ſource from whence it came:
Thy very beams will dry those vapours up;
For every cloud engenders not a ſtorm.

Glo. The queen is valu'd thirty thousand ſtrong,
And *Somerſet*, with *Oxford*, fled to her;
If ſhe have time to breath, be well aſſur'd,
Her faction will be full as ſtrong as ours.

K. E. We are advértis'd by our loving friends,
That they do hold their courſe towards *Tewksbury*:
We, having now the beſt at *Barnet* field,
Will thither ſtraight, For willingneſs rids way;
And, as we march, our ſtrength will be augmented
In every county as we go along.—
Strike up the drum; cry, Courage! and away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Plains near* Tewksbury.

Drums. Enter Queen Margaret, *and the*
Prince *her Son*; *with* SOMERSET, OXFORD,
and Soldiers, marching.

Q. M. Great lords, wise men ne'er ſit and wail their loſs,
But chearly ſeek how to redreſs their harms.
What though the maſt be now blown over-board,
The cable broke, our holding anchor loſt,
And half our ſailors ſwallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot ſtill: Is't meet, that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the ſea,
And give more ſtrength to that which hath too much;

Whiles, in his moan, the ſhip ſplits on the rock,
Which induſtry and courage might have ſav'd?
Ah, what a ſhame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say, *Warwick* was our anchor; What of that?
And *Mountague* our top-maſt; What of him?
Our ſlaughter'd friends the tackles; What of these?
Why, is not *Oxford* here another anchor?
And *Somerſet* another goodly maſt?
The friends of *France* our ſhrouds and tacklings?
And, though unſkilful, why not *Ned* and I
For once allow'd the ſkilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm, to ſit and weep;
But keep our courſe, though the rough wind ſay—no,
From ſhelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
As good to chide the waves, as ſpeak them fair.
And what is *Edward*, but a ruthleſs ſea?
What *Clarence*, but a quick-ſand of deceit?
And *Richard*, but a ragged fatal rock?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.
Say, you can ſwim; alas, 'tis but a while:
Tread on the ſand; why, there you quickly ſink:
Beſtride the rock; the tide will waſh you off,
Or elſe you famiſh, that's a threefold death.
This ſpeak I, lords, to let you underſtand,
In caſe ſome one of you would fly from us,
That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,
More than with ruthleſs waves, with ſands, and rocks.
Why, courage then! what cannot be avoided,
'Twere childiſh weakneſs to lament, or fear.
Pri. Methinks, a woman of this valiant ſpirit
Should, if a coward heard her ſpeak these words,
Infuse his breaſt with magnanimity,

And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
I ſpeak not this, as doubting any here:
For, did I but ſuſpect a fearful man,
He ſhould have leave to go away betimes;
Leſt, in our need, he might infect another,
And make him of like ſpirit to himſelf.
If any ſuch be here, (as God forbid!)
Let him depart, before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of ſo high a courage,
And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual ſhame. —
O brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee; Long may'ſt thou live,
To bear his image, and renew his glories!

Som. And he, that will not fight for ſuch a hope,
Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
If he ariſe, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Q. M. Thanks, gentle *Somerſet*; — ſweet *Oxford*, thanks.

Pri. And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing elſe.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Prepare you, lords, for *Edward* is at hand,
Ready to fight; therefore be reſolute.

Oxf. I thought no leſs: it is his policy,
To haſte thus faſt, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceiv'd, we are in readineſs.

Q. M. This chears my heart, to ſee your forwardneſs.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle, hence we will not budge.

Drums. Enter, at a Diſtance, King Edward, *and Forces, marching.*

K. E. Brave followers, yonder ſtands the thorny wood,
Which, by the heavens' aſſiſtance, and your ſtrength,
Muſt by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
I need not add more fuel to your fire,

For, well I wot, ye blaze to burn them out:
Give ſignal to the fight, and to it, lords.
[*he, and his, draw off.*

Q. M. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I ſhould
My tears gain-ſay; for every word I ſpeak, [ſay,
Ye ſee, I drink the water of mine eyes.
Therefore, no more but this:—*Henry*, your ſovereign,
Is priſoner to the foe; his ſtate usurp'd,
His realm a ſlaughter-houſe, his ſubjects ſlain,
His ſtatutes cancel'd, and his treasure ſpent;
And yonder is the wolf, that makes this ſpoil.
You fight in juſtice: then, in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give ſignal to the fight.
[*Exeunt both the Armies.*

SCENE V. *The ſame. Another Part of them.*

Alarums; *Excurſions*; *afterwards, a Retreat.*
Then, Enter, as from Conqueſt, King Edward, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and Forces*; *with Queen* Margaret, OXFORD, *and* SOMERSET, *Priſoners.*

K. E. Lo, here a period of tumultuous broils.—
Away with *Oxford* to *Hammes'* caſtle ſtraight:
For *Somerſet*, off with his guilty head.
Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them ſpeak.

OXF. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

SOM. Nor I, but ſtoop with patience to my fortune.
[*Exeunt* OXF. *and* SOM. *guarded.*

Q. M. So part we ſadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in ſweet *Jeruſalem.*

K. E. Is proclamation made,—that, who finds *Edward*,
Shall have a high reward, and he his life.

GLO. It is; and, lo, where youthful *Edward* comes.

Enter Soldiers, with the Prince.

K. E. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him ſpeak:
What, can ſo young a thorn begin to prick? —
Edward, what ſatiſfaction canſt thou make,
For bearing arms, for ſtirring up my ſubjects,
And all the trouble thou haſt turn'd me to?

Pri. Speak like a ſubject, proud ambitious *York*:
Suppoſe, that I am now my father's mouth;
Reſign thy chair, and, where I ſtand, kneel thou,
Whilſt I propoſe the ſelf-ſame words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou would'ſt have me anſwer to.

Q. M. Ah, that thy father had been ſo reſolv'd!

GLO. That you might ſtill have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have ſtoln the breech from *Lancaſter*.

Pri. Let *Æſop* fable in a winter's night;
His curriſh riddles ſort not with this place.

GLO. By heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word.

Q. M. Ay, thou waſt born to be a plague to men.

GLO. For God's ſake, take away this captive ſcold.

Pri. Nay, take away this ſcolding crook-back rather.

K. E. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.

CLA. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

Pri. I know my duty, you are all undutiful:
Laſcivious *Edward*, — and thou perjur'd *George*, —
And thou miſ-ſhapen *Dick*, — I tell ye all,
I am your better, traitors as ye are; —
And thou uſurp'ſt my father's right and mine.

K. E. Take that, [*ſtabbing him.*] thou likeneſs of this railer here.

GLO. Sprawl'ſt thou? take † that, to end thy agony.

CLA. And † there's for twitting me with perjury.

Q. M. O, kill me too!

Glo. Marry, and ſhall, [*lifting up his Dagger.*

K. E. Hold, *Richard*, hold, [*ſtaying him.*] for we have done too much.

Glo. Why ſhould ſhe live, to fill the world with words?

K. E. What, doth ſhe ſwoon? use means for her recovery.

Glo. *Clarence*, excuse me to the king my brother;
I'll hence to *London* on a ſerious matter:
Ere ye come there, be ſure to hear more news.

Cla. What? what?

Glo. The tower, the tower. [*Exit* Gloster.

Q. M. O *Ned*, ſweet *Ned*, ſpeak to thy mother, boy!
Canſt thou not ſpeak? — O traitors! murtherers! —
They, that ſtab'd *Cæsar*, ſhed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by, to equal it:
He was a man; this, in reſpect, a child;
And men ne'er ſpend their fury on a child.
What's worſe than murtherer, that I may name it?
No, no; my heart will burſt, an if I ſpeak: —
And I will ſpeak, that ſo my heart may burſt. —
Butchers and villains, bloody canibals!
How ſweet a plant have you untimely cropt!
You have no children, butchers; if you had,
The thought of them would have ſtir'd up remorſe:
But, if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him ſo cut off,
As, deathsmen, you have rid this ſweet young prince.

K. E. Away with her; go, bear her hence perforce.

Q. M. Nay, never bear me hence, diſpatch me here;
Here ſheath thy ſword, I'll pardon thee my death:
What, wilt thou not? — then, *Clarence*, do it thou.

Cla. By heaven, I will not do thee ſo much eaſe.
Q. M. Good *Clarence*, do; ſweet *Clarence*, do thou do it.
Cla. Didſt thou not hear me ſwear, I would not do it?
Q. M. Ay, but thou uſeſt to forſwear thyſelf;
'Twas ſin before, but now 'tis charity.
What, wilt thou not?—Where is that butcher, *Richard?*
Hard-favour'd *Richard? Richard*, where art thou?
Thou art not here: Murther is thy alms-deed;
Petitioner for blood thou ne'er put'ſt back.
K. E. Away, I ſay; I charge ye, bear her hence.
Q. M. So come to you, and yours, as to this prince!
[*Exit, led out forcibly.*
K. E. Where's *Richard* gone?
Cla. To *London*, all in poſt; and, as I gueſs,
To make a bloody ſupper in the tower.
K. E. He's ſudden, if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence: diſcharge the common ſort
With pay and thanks, and let's away to *London*,
And ſee our gentle queen how well ſhe fares;
By this, I hope, ſhe hath a ſon for me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. London. *A Room in the Tower.*

King Henry *is ſeen ſitting at his Book, the Lieutenant attending. Enter* Gloster.

Glo. Good day, my lord! What, at your book ſo hard?
K. H. Ay, my good lord: My lord, I ſhould ſay rather;
'Tis ſin to flatter, good was little better:
Good *Gloſter*, and good devil, were alike,
And both prepoſterous; therefore, not good lord.
Glo. Sirrah, leave us to ourſelves: we muſt confer.
[*Exit Lieutenant.*
K. H. So flies the reckleſs ſhepherd from the wolf;

---

[6] that divels butcher

So firſt the harmleſs ſheep doth yield his fleece,
And next his throat unto the butcher's knife. —
What ſcene of death hath *Roſcius* now to act?
Glo. Suſpicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each buſh an officer.
K. H. The bird, that hath been limed in a buſh,
With trembling wings miſdoubteth every buſh:
And I, the hapleſs male to one ſweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.
Glo. Why, what a peeviſh fool was that of *Crete*,
That taught his ſon the office of a fowl?
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.
K. H. I, *Dædalus*; my poor ſon, *Icarus*;
Thy father *Minos*, that deny'd our courſe;
The ſun, that fear'd the wings of my ſweet boy,
Thy brother *Edward*; and thyſelf, the ſea,
Whoſe envious gulf did ſwallow up his life:
Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!
My breaſt can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that tragick hiſtory.
But wherefore doſt thou come? is't for my life?
Glo. Think'ſt thou, I am an executioner?
K. H. A perſecutor, I am ſure, thou art;
If murd'ring innocents be executing,
Why, then thou art an executioner.
Glo. Thy ſon I kill'd for his preſumption.
K. H. Hadſt thou been kill'd, when firſt thou didſt preſume,
Thou hadſt not liv'd to kill a ſon of mine.
And thus I propheſy,— that many a thouſand,
Which now miſtruſt no parcel of my fear;

And many an old man's ſigh, and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water-ſtanding eye,—
Men for their ſons, wives for their husbands' fate,
And orphans for their parents' timeleſs death,—
Shall rue the hour that ever thou waſt born.
The owl ſhriek'd at thy birth, an evil ſign;
The night-crow cry'd, aboding luckleſs time;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempeſts ſhook down trees;
The raven croak'd her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal diſcords ſung.
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth leſs than a mother's hope;
To wit,—an undigeſt deformed lump,
Not like the fruit of ſuch a goodly tree.
Teeth hadſt thou in thy head, when thou waſt born,
To ſignify—thou cam'ſt to bite the world:
And, if the reſt be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'ſt—

GLO. I'll hear no more;—Die, prophet, in thy ſpeech;
[*ſtabbing him.*
For this, among'ſt the reſt, was I ordain'd.

K. H. Ay, and for much more ſlaughter after this.
O, God forgive my ſins, and pardon thee! [*dies.*

GLO. What, will the aſpiring blood of *Lancaſter*
Sink in the ground? I thought, it would have mounted.
See, how my ſword weeps for the poor king's death!
O, may ſuch purple tears be alway ſhed
From those that wiſh the downfal of our houſe!—
If any ſpark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell; and ſay—I ſent thee thither,
[*ſtabbing him again.*
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.—

Indeed, 'tis true, that *Henry* told me of;
For I have often heard my mother ſay,
I came into the world with my legs forward:
Had I not reaſon, think ye, to make haſte,
And ſeek their ruin that uſurp'd our right?
The midwife wonder'd; and the women cry'd,
O, Jesus *bleſs us, he is born with teeth!*
And ſo I was; which plainly ſignify'd—
That I ſhould ſnarl, and bite, and play the dog:
Then, ſince the heavens have ſhap'd my body ſo,
Let hell make crook'd my mind, to anſwer it.
I have no brother, I am like no brother:
And this word—love, which grey-beards call divine,
Be reſident in men like one another,
And not in me; I am myſelf alone.
Clarence, beware; thou keep'ſt me from the light;
But I will ſort a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buz abroad ſuch propheſies,
That *Edward* ſhall be fearful of his life;
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
King *Henry*, and the prince his ſon, are gone:
Clarence, thy turn is next; and then the reſt;
Counting myſelf but bad, 'till I be beſt.—
I'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, *Henry*, in thy day of doom.
[*Exit, with the Body.*

SCENE VII. *The ſame. A Room of State in the Palace. King* Edward *is ſeen ſitting in his Throne; The* Queen, *with the infant Prince in her Arms,* CLARENCE, *and Others, by him: to them,* GLOSTER.

K. E. Once more we ſit in *England*'s royal throne,

Re-purchaſ'd with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down, in top of all their pride?
Three dukes of *Somerſet*, threefold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions:
Two *Cliffords*, as the father and the ſon,
And two *Northumberlands*; two braver men
Ne'er ſpur'd their courſers at the trumpet's ſound:
With them, the two brave bears, *Warwick* and *Mountague*,
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the foreſt tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we ſwept ſuſpicion from our ſeat,
And made our foot-ſtool of ſecurity. —
Come hither, *Beſs*, and let me kiſs my boy: —
Young *Ned*, for thee, thine uncles, and myſelf,
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night;
Went all afoot in ſummer's ſcalding heat,
That thou might'ſt repoſseſs the crown in peace;
And of our labours thou ſhalt reap the gain.
Glo. " I'll blaſt his harveſt, if your head were lay'd;"
" For yet I am not look'd on in the world."
" This ſhoulder was ordain'd ſo thick, to heave;"
" And heave it ſhall ſome weight, or break my back: —"
" Work thou the way, — and thou ſhalt execute."
K. E. *Clarence*, and *Gloſter*, love my lovely queen;
And kiſs your princely nephew, brothers both.
Cla. The duty, that I owe unto your majeſty,
I ſeal upon the lips of this † ſweet babe.
Que. Thanks, noble *Clarence*; worthy brother, thanks:
Glo. And, that I love the tree from whence thou ſprang'ſt,
Witneſs the loving kiſs † I give the fruit: —

" To ſay the truth, ſo *Judas* kiſſ'd his maſter ;"
" And cry'd — all hail, when as he meant — all harm."
K. E. Now am I ſeated as my ſoul delights,
Having my country's peace, and brothers' loves.
Cla. What will your grace have done with *Margaret?*
Reignier, her father, to the king of *France*
Hath pawn'd the *Sicils* and *Jeruſalem*,
And hither have they ſent it for her ranſom.
K. E. Away with her, and waft her hence to *France.*
And now what reſts, [*riſing.*] but that we ſpend the time
With ſtately triumphs, mirthful comic ſhews,
Such as befit the pleaſures of a court? —
Sound, drums and trumpets! — farewel, ſour annoy;
For here, I hope, begins our laſting joy.
Flouriſh. *Exeunt.*

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12 befits — of the Court

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